

THE

1507/448

Ancient and Renown'd

H I S T O R Y

OF THE SURPRISING

Life and Adventures

AND

HEROIC ACTIONS

OF

Sir WILLIAM WALLACE,

GENERAL and GOVERNOR

OF

S C O T L A N D.

A NEW EDITION.

Wherein in the Old *Obsolete Words* are rendered more intelligible ; and adapted to the Understanding of such who have not Leisure to study the Meaning and Import of such Phrases, without the Help of a Glossary.

F A L K I R K :

Printed and Sold by PATRICK MAIR,

M.DCC,LXXXV.



To the High, Puissant, and most noble Prince JAMES,
Duke of HAMILTON, CASTLERAULT, and BRANDON,
Marquis of CLIDSDALE, Earl of ARRAN, LANERK, and
CAMBRIDGE, Lord AVEN, POLMONT, MACHANSHIRE,
and INNERDALE, Baron of DUTTON.

May it please YOUR GRACE,

OF all the Induments of Nature, Heroic virtue has
justly been the most admired-

It shines in none of the Heroes of Antiquity, with a truer
Lustre, than in Sir WILLIAM WALLACE; and none of
them have deserved better of their Country, than he has done.

All his Wisdom, Valour and conduct, were still employed
for the good of his Country; and while he held the supreme
Command, by his Vigilance, defended Scotland from all Treasons
at Home, and attempts from abroad.

'Tis these Heroic Virtues of our Great GENERAL, that
make me presume, My LORD, to beg your GRACE's Patron-
age to his History done in modern Scots Verse? And I humbly
presume your GRACE will have the goodness to forgive the low
Strains of a Writer, whose greatest Motive, is to make the
History of an ancient HERO intelligible to the Age he lives in:
in order to form their Minds to Virtue, by setting so glorious a
Model before their Eyes.

If by that, I can deserve my Country-men's Thanks, or
entitle me to the least Share of your GRACE's Favour, I shall
reckon myself unspeakably happy.

I am not now, My LORD, to take up your GRACE's Time,
to offend your Modesty by recapitulating the Advantages you
have from your Birth, improved by Education, and assisted by
ample Fortune, nor of your many Princely Virtues; these,
My LORD, being every-where spoken of with the utmost
Admiration by All. That your GRACE may be your Country's
Darling, and as useful to it as any of your Illustrious Ancestors
have been, and shall be the constant Prayer of

May it please Your GRACE,

Your GRACE's most humble

GILBERTFIELD,

Sept. 21. 1721.

Most obedient, and

most devoted Servant,

WILLIAM HAMILTON.

THE INTRODUCTION.

THIS history of Sir WILLIAM WALLACE, with the other of the valiant King Robert Bruce, which followeth upon the end of it, (the former written in Latin by Mr John Blair, chaplain to WALLACE, and turned into Scots metre by one called Blind Hary, in the days of King James IV. the other written by Mr John Barbour, archdean of Aberdeen, a learned man in the days of King David Bruce, and Robert Stewart,) contain a relation of the most famous war that ever fell out in the isle of Britain, fought most valiantly for the space of forty years, betwixt the two realms of Scotland and England; the one unjustly pursuing, the other constantly defending the liberties of their country. During which broils, there happened great alterations, both in the general state of this Kingdom, and in the overthrow and advancement of particular Families, the one for betraying, the other for maintaining their country's freedom and welfare.

That the whole history may be more clear, we have thought good in a short introduction, to set down the causes, occasions, and the most memorable passages of this war. In the year 1285. Alexander the third king of Scotland, being suddenly taken away by a fall off his horse, at Kinghorn, without any issue of his body, and in him the whole posterity of his father Alexander the second, and grand-father William the Lyon being extinct, the right of the Crown fell to the heirs of David Earl of Huntington and Garioch, youngest brother to William the Lyon. He had left three daughters, the eldest Margaret, married to Allan Lord of Galloway; the second Isabel, to Robert Bruce; (surnamed the noble,) Lord of Anandale and Cleveland; the youngest Ada, married Henry Hastings, an Englishman; who having no just title to the crown, the contention rested betwixt the posterity of the two elder daughters: for Allan, Lord of Galloway, leaving no sons by his wife Margaret; his eldest daughter Dornagilla of Galloway, married John Baliol, a man of great power and lands both in Scotland, England and France, and bare to him John Baliol: afterwards King Robert Bruce, by his wife Isabel of Huntington, had Robert Bruce Earl of Carrick, (by marriage of Martha heritrix thereof,) who contended with John Baliol, and died in the time of WALLACE's wars. His eldest son, Robert Bruce, succeeded King of Scotland.

Dornagilla of Galloway claimed the crown, as heir to Margaret eldest daughter to Prince David. Robert Bruce Earl

of Carrick, albeit son to Isabel the second daughter, yet, contended that in feudal succession, the first male ought to succeed before a woman standing in the same degree, as a son excludeth his sister from succession, although she be elder: and therefore he and Dornagilla of Galloway, standing in the second degree from prince David, he ought to be preferred to her: as for her son John Baliol, he could claim no right but by her, and likewise was a degree further off from Prince David. The like practice had fallen out some ten years before, in Hugh the fourth Duke of Burgundy, whose eldest son Hugh (dying before his father) left a daughter Jola, Countess of Nevers, who claimed to succeed her grand-father Hugh IV. notwithstanding Robert, second son to the same Hugh IV. was preferred to her, and succeeded the Duke of Burgundy: if then the second son in feudal inheritance succeed before the eldest son's daughter, far more ought the nephew to succeed before the niece. The right of succession being thus made doubtful, the competitors were so powerful, that they drew the greatest part of the kingdom in two equal factions; so that it seemed impossible to settle the controversy at home, without running into a most pernicious civil war.

The States of Scotland, to prevent this mischief, thought it fittest to submit the arbitrement of the plea to Edward I. surnamed Long-Shanks, King of England, and that upon divers weighty reasons: for he and his father King Henry III. being joined by many alliances of bands and friendship to the two last Kings of Scotland, had lived in great amity and concord with them, receiving and interchanging many favours and kind duties. The two competitors also, Bruce and Baliol, had as great lands in England as in Scotland, so that he (and he only) was able to make them to stand to reason. Finally, the States of Scotland not being able to determine the plea, there was no Prince besides more powerful, and, in appearance, more like to compose the controversy, without great bloodshed. This motion was in secret very greedily embraced by King Edward, hoping in so troublesome a water to find a gainful fishing; either by drawing the Kingdom of Scotland under his direct subjection, or at least under his homage, as Lord paramount and superior: considering the difficulty to determine the question at home, and the interest he had in both the parties, being (for a great part of their estates,) his vassals and subjects; his great power also, having (besides Ireland) a great part of France under his dominion, and the low countries his assured confederates, gave him great encouragement; neither wanted he great friendship in Scotland, having at that time many of the greatest noblemen

in Scotland, vassals and feudaries to himself for many lands which they held in England, partly for great services done to himself and his father, partly lying within Northumberland, and the border Shires, then holden by the Scots in fee of England: partly also by interchange of marriage and successions betwixt the two nations, which for a long time had lived in perfect amity, as if it had been one kingdom. And to make the controversy more fearful, he stirred up eight other competitors besides Bruce and Baliol: Florence Earl of Holland (descended of Ada, sister to William the Lyon; Patrick Dumbarton Earl of March; Sir Walter Ross; Sir Nicholas Soules; Sir Roger Mondevile; Sir John Cumming of Badenach, (these five were descended of younger daughters of Allan, Lord of Galloway,) Sir William Vescie, begotten upon King Alexander III's bastard daughter, but pretended to be legitimate; and John Hastings, Lord Abergevan, descended of Ada, youngest daughter to Prince David of Huntington.

Having thus prepared matters, he came to Berwick, and met with the States of Scotland, to whom he promised to decide the controversy according to equity; which that it might seem more likely, he had brought from France sundry of the most famous lawyers of that age: he chused also out of the States of Scotland assembled, twelve of the wisest and most honourable, to whom he joined the like number of English, as assessors to him in his arbitrament. At this meeting, by the doubtful answers of lawyers, and number of new pretendents, he made the matter more difficult, and appointed a new convention at Norham, in the borders, the year following.

Difficulties thus increasing, and the Earl of Holland having on foot a great army to take the crown of Scotland by force, (which their own stories affirm, to have landed in Scotland, and to have intercepted some strengths) at the meeting of Norham, King Edward dealt secretly, and by fit agents with the States of Scotland, for eschewing of imminent mischiefs to become his subjects; he being descended of King David's sister, and so but two degrees further from the crown of Scotland, than Bruce or Baliol were. This being flatly refused by all, he betook him to his other design. And first dealt secretly with Robert Bruce, promising to discern in his favours, if he would take the crown of Scotland holden of him, and do him homage for it. But he stoutly refused to subject a free nation to any over-Lord: whereupon King Edward called for John Baliol, who knowing that he was not so much favoured of the States of Scotland, easily condescended to King Edward's desire, and being by him declared King of Scotland; the States desirous of peace, convey-

ed him to Scoon, where he was crowned, Anno 1291, and all except Bruce, swore to him obedience. Thereafter Ducan Macduff, Earl of Fife, was killed by the Lord Abernethy; (a man of great power in those times, allied both with the Cummings and Baliol :) the Earl's brother finding the King partial in the administration of justice, summoned him to compare before the King of England in Parliament: where being present, and sitting beside King Edward, (after he had done him homage) when he was called upon, thought to answer by a Procurator; but he was forced to rise, and stand at the bar. This indignity grieving him greatly, he resolved to free himself of this bondage. At the same time war breaking out betwixt England and France, King Edward sent ambassadors to the Parliament of Scotland to send aid to him, as now being their over-lord. There came also other ambassadors from France, desiring the ancient league to be renewed. The King and States of Scotland renewed the league with France which had remained, inviolably kept, for the space of five hundred years before. The King of England's suit was rejected, because the pretended surrender and homage was made by John Baliol privately, without the consent of the Parliament. A marriage also was concluded betwixt Prince Edward Baliol, and a daughter of Charles Earl of Valois, brother to the French King Philip. Edward having foreseen all these things, had drawn Robert Bruce, Earl of Carrick, with his friends, enemies to Baliol, and divers noblemen of Scotland, who held lands of him in England, to bring such forces as they could make, to assist him in the French war: but withal taking truce with the French for some months, he suddenly turned his forces destined against France, towards Scotland. His navy was vanquished at Berwick, and eighteen of his ships taken. Yet his land host, by the means of the Brucian faction, and the Englished-Scots noblemen, took the town of Berwick with great slaughter, and shortly thereafter, Dunbar, Edinburgh and Stirling. In, and about these castles, he had killed or taken captives the greatest part of the Scots noblemen: so that crossing Forth the blow being so sudden, he found no preparation for resistance. Baliol rendered himself to King Edward at Monrofs, and was sent by sea unto England, where he remained captive, till such time as by intercession of the Pope, he was set at liberty, swearing and giving hostages never to return into Scotland. King Edward came to Scoon, and took upon him the crown of Scotland, as forfeited by the rebellion of his homager Baliol. He sent for the nobles of Scotland who remained, that they, with such as were his captives, might swear homage to him, as to their liege Lord and King, these who refused, were detained prisoners.

King Edward thinking that now all was sure for him in Scotland, left John Plantagenet, (some call him Warran) Earl of Surrey, and Sir Hugh Creffingham treasurer, and returned to prosecute the French war, taking such of the nobility of Scotland as he feared along with him, with their followers. The great men of Scotland being on this manner either imprisoned by King Edward, or sworn to his obedience, and tied thereto by reason of their lands holden of the crown of England, the rest either fled into the isles and highlands, or thought it sufficient to defend their own while better times.

But while men of power neglected the public cause of the liberty of Scotland, William Wallace, a youth of honourable birth, being son to Malcom Wallace of Ellerlie, but of mean power, having first in private killed many Englishmen of the garrisons as he could overtake them, by these exploits, became so encouraged, being a man of invincible hardiness, incredible strength of body, and withal very wise and circumspect, that he gathered his friends and neighbours, and by jeopardies and stratagems, divers times cut off great numbers of the enemy: the report thereof drew to him such as affected the liberty and welfare of their country, and had courage to hazard themselves for vindicating thereof. As namely the Earl Malcom Lennox, the Lord William Douglas (who had been taken captive, at the winning of Berwick, whereof he was captain, and sent home upon assurance,) Sir John Graham, Sir Neil Campbel, Sir Christopher Seaton, Sir John Ramsay, Sir Fergus Barclay, Andrew Murray, William Oliphant, Hugh Hay, Robert Boyd, John Johnstoun, Adam Gordon, Robert Keith, Ronald Crawford younger, Adam Wallace, Roger Kilpatrick, Simon and Alexander Frazers, James Crawford, Robert Lauder, Scrimiger, Alexander Auchinleck, Ruthven, Richard Lundie, William Crawford, Arthur Bisset, James and Robert Lindsay, John Cleland, William Ker, Edward Little, Robert Rutherford, Thomas Haliday, John Tinto, Walter Newbigging, Gerdan Baird, Guthrie, Adam Currie, Hugh Dundas, John Scot, Steven Ireland, Mr John Blair, Mr Thomas Gray, and other gentlemen, with their friends and servants; who, after some valiant exploits happily atchieved, and an army of ten thousand men led by Thomas Earl of Lancaster to the Earl of Warran, defeat by WALLACE at Bigger (holding an assembly at the Forrest Kirk,) choosed WALLACE to be Warden of Scotland, and Viceroy in Baliol's absence. In which office he so valiantly behaved himself, that in a short space he recovered all the strengths on the borders, and brought the south parts of Scotland to good quiet.

The English fearing the loss of all, subtly took truce with WALLACE for one year, beginning in February. In June following they proclaimed a Justice-Air to be holden at Glasgow and Air, the 18th of that month, thinking to intrap WALLACE and all his friends, and under colour of law, to cut them off at the day appointed. All landed men, according to the custom, assembling to this court, the Englishmen condemned them of felony, and hanged them presently: among the rest, Sir Ronald Crawford, sheriff of Air, uncle to WALLACE, Sir Bryce Blair, Sir Neil Montgomery, and many of the Barons of Kyle, Cunningham, Carrick, Cliddisdale. These that escaped by flight advertised WALLACE, who chanced to come latter than the rest. He assembling such of the country, as detesting so horrible a fact, extremely hated the authors thereof, in the beginning of the night secretly entered into Air, set fire unto the place where the Englishmen, after that fact, were securely sleeping, and suffered none to escape. The Garrison of the Castle issuing forth to quench the fire, an ambush laid for the purpose, entered the house, and made it sure. The next morning WALLACE came to Glasgow, where the Lord Henry Percy had retired from Air the day before, him he expelled thence with great slaughter. The victory he so hotly pursued, that immediately thereafter he took the Castle of Stirling, recovered Argyle and Lorn, with the town of St. Johnstoun, and country about: thence he travelled through Angus and Merns, taking in all the strengths until he came to Aberdeen, which he found forsaken of the Englishmen, who had fled by sea, with the Lord Henry Bewmont, an English Lord, who had married the Heretrix of the Earldom of Buchan, named Cumming. Thus all the North country was reduced to the obedience of WALLACE, except the Castle of Dundee: while he lay at the siege hereof, news came of the approach of the English army, led by John Earl of Warran and Surry, and Sir Hugh Cressingham, with a great number of Northumberland men, and such of the Scots as held with England, to the number of thirty thousand. WALLACE having with him ten thousand men hardened in arms, met them beside Stirling, on the north side of the Forth, which having no fords at that place, was passable only by a wooden bridge. This he on purpose had caused to be weakened, so that the one half of the host being past, led by Cressingham, the bridge broke with the great weight of their baggage. These who were come over, WALLACE charged suddenly before they were put in order, and cut the most part in pieces with their leader Cressingham: the rest seeking to escape, drowned in the water. The Earl of

Warran, with those that escaped, was assailed by Earl Malcolm Lennox, captain of Stirling Castle, and being hotly pursued by WALLACE, hardly escaped himself, flying into Dunbar, a Castle then belonging to Patrick Earl of March. In this battle fought the 13th of September, 1297. there died no Scotsman of remark but Andrew Murray of Bothwell. The English garrisons hearing of this discomfiture fled from all places, so that before the last of September, all the strengths of Scotland were recovered except Berwick and Roxburgh.

After these victories he held a Parliament at St. Johnstoun, as Warden of Scotland, and settled the whole country, causing the nobility to swear to be faithful to the State, till such time as they might condescend who should be King: Earl Patrick Dunbar refusing to acknowledge the authority of this Parliament, was chased out of Scotland: and because the years by-past the ground had not been manured, and great famine threatned the land, WALLACE assembled a great host, and entered England, where he remained all the winter, and the spring following, living upon the enemies, and enriching his soldiers by their spoil: during which time the English durst never encounter him in open field: only at the first entry King Edward with a great army of raw soldiers came against him in the plain of Stanmure; but perceiving the discipline and hardy resolution of WALLACE's host, before they came nearer than half a mile, drew back his army and retired: WALLACE, for fear of ambush, kepted his soldiers in order, and pursued them not. Thus King Edward left his country to the mercy of a provoked enemy; and notwithstanding that he promised battle, yet he kept himself close till a peace was concluded for five years, Berwick and Roxburgh being rendered to the Scots.

Scotland thus enjoying perfect liberty, WALLACE being earnestly requested by the French King, to the end that his special captains might be kept in military exercise during the peace, sailed over to France, with fifty of them in his company. He was encountered on the way by Thomas of Charters (commonly called Thomas of Longoyeill,) who with sixteen sail infested the seas: but boarding WALLACE's ship, he was taken by him, and thereafter fought most valiantly under him, and King Robert Bruce, for the liberty of Scotland: after his landing in France, he was employed in war against the English, who at that time possessed the Duchy of Guyen and Burdeaux; them he defeated in sundry skirmishes. But in a few days he was called home by some of his friends in Scotland: for King Edward understanding his absence, and pretending that he had broken the peace in Guyen, dealt with Robert Bruce Earl of

Carrick, and his friends, and with such noblemen of Scotland as held lands in England, or envied WALLACE's glory, showing that it was a shame for them to suffer WALLACE, a mean gentleman, to rule Scotland, while any of the Blood-royal did remain; so promising his assistance to Robert Bruce, he sent a great army into Scotland, and by the help of the Brucian faction and Englished noblemen, he easily obtained the greatest strengths of Scotland. WALLACE returned the next summer, and secretly amassing a number of his special followers, who had lurked till his back-coming, on a sudden surprized St. Johnstoun by stratagem; and pursuing his victory hotly, chased the English out of Fife. Upon the report hereof, all the rest of his followers came from their lurking holes by whose assistance he recovered divers strengths. The Lord William Douglass took the Castle of Sanquhair by a stratagem, and finding the English Captains of the nearest garrisons to come and besiege him, he sent secretly to WALLACE, who coming with his power, not only raised the siege, but chased also the whole English garrisons out of those quarters: from hence he came to the north parts, which he recovered with small difficulty except the strong Castle of Dundee, to which he laid siege.

The King of England grieved at this fortunate success of WALLACE, and understanding that he was highly envied by the Earl of March, the Cummings, (the greatest surname then in Scotland) and divers ancient noblemen, (to whose honour WALLACE's renown seemed to derogate,) he stirred up Robert Bruce elder, his faction, persuading them that WALLACE was Bruce's only competitor for the crown. Having so made a strong party for himself in Scotland, the next spring he came with an army of forty thousand men, Scots and English, to Falkirk, six miles beneath Stirling. The Scots army was very great, being thirty thousand strong, if they had been all of one mind. For John Cumming Lord of Cumbernauld, who (had an eye to the crown) had persuaded the Lord John Steuart of Bute, being tutor and grandfather by the mother to the Lord James Steuart of Renfrew, lately deceased, to contend with Wallace for the leading of the van-guard, alledging the same belonged to the Lord Steuart's house by ancient privilege. Wallace refusing this, they parted one from another in high chaff, there remaining with him no more but ten thousand of his old soldiers. Cumming, with a thousand of his followers, after a small shew of resistance, fled treasonably, leaving the valiant Steuart inclosed by two battles of the English, by whom, after he had fought valiantly for a long time, he was cut off with all his followers. Wallace with his battle defend-

ed themselves valiantly, until they were safely retired beyond the river of Carron, losing (besides some others,) the noble Sir John Graham, the most valiant worthy of Scotland, next unto Wallace. Bruce, whom the King of England had brought with all his friends to the field, pretending to assist him for recovery of his right from the usurper, Bruce perceiving Wallace on the other side of Carron, desired to speak with him, and upbraided him with so foolish an usurpation of the Kingdom of Scotland, against so powerful a faction at home, assisted by so mighty a King abroad. I, answered Wallace, intended never to reign in Scotland, but finding my native country abandoned by you and Baliol, who have the right to the crown, have set myself to defend my friends and neighbours from the unjust tyranny and usurpation of the King of England, who setteth you forth most unnaturally to tear the bowels of your mother with your own hands. After diverse speeches to this purpose, Bruce perceiving the fraudulent and tyrannous dealing of King Edward, returned to the host. The next morning Wallace understanding that the English army was weakly entrenched, and in great security, amassing with his own army such as had escaped, set upon them in the dawning, before they could be arrayed, and killed many: so that the English King returned at that time without any further exploit. Bruce remembering what he heard of Wallace, desired King Edward according to his former promises to put him in possession of so much of the Kingdom of Scotland as then was under his power: to whom he answered in the French tongue, "Have we no more ado but "conquer kingdoms for you." By this speech the Lord Bruce conceived so great grief and anger, that within few days he departed this life, without seeing his eldest son Robert Bruce, afterwards king, being kept for assurance of his father's obedience in Calais Castle in France.

After this unhappy battle, Wallace striving to recover such Castles and strengths as King Edward had intercepted, found such opposition and backwardness by envious emulators, that he returned to St. Johnstoun, and in an assembly of the States resigned his charge of Warden, and with eighteen men passed again into France, according to a promise at his return therefrom. This fell out in the end of the year 1300. The opposite faction having gained their desire, chused John Cumming governor; the rather because King Edward had promised to assist him to the crown of Scotland. But he found him as great an enemy as he had been to Wallace. For after seven months truce, obtained by means of the French King, Edward sent Sir Ralph Confray with a great army to subdue the Scots, and to put an

end to the war, which they expected should be easy. Wallace being now out of the way, John Cumming joining with the Lord Simon Frazer, making some eight or nine thousand men, came to resist the English, who having wasted the country as far as Rosling, about five miles from Edinburgh, expecting no resistance, divided themselves into three battles, that they might spoil farther into the country. The Scots embracing the occasion, set upon the first battle, and easily discomfit them: the second also, albeit stronger by the joining of those who fled, was after a long conflict put to the rout. By this the third battle coming to the revenge, put the Scots to a great strait, as being sore wounded, wearied, and weakened in the two former battles, and having to withstand a fresh enemy of far greater number: hereupon they were forced to kill all the captives, lest they should assist the enemy, and with their weapons to arm the baggage men: And setting forward both with courage and necessity, seeing no escape, after a long and hard fight, they put the enemies to flight. This was March, 24th. 1302.

King Edward sore incensed by this evil success, sent for Robert Bruce younger, out of Calais, whom he persuaded, that he had for a long time, against Wallace, defended his father's right to the crown of Scotland; that having put Wallace out of the way, he found the Cummings as great enemies: Notwithstanding, he intended yet once more, to put that enemy out of the way, and so settle him in his kingdom. The young Prince believing him, caused all his friends and favourers in Scotland to join with him, and entering the border, spoiled the country, and took divers castles as far as Douglas. Some report that the Lady Douglas, named Ferras, an English woman, betrayed that castle to the Bruce, who took the Lord William Douglas captive, with all his children and goods. The Lord himself was kept prisoner in Berwick, and thereafter in York, while he died. Mean-time, King Edward had prepared a mighty army both by land and sea, with which he entered Scotland, and subdued all before him, while he came to Stirling, kept then by Sir William Oliphant; who after a long siege, knowing of no relief, yielded the castle upon condition that himself and all that were with him, should pass with their lives safe: Notwithstanding King Edward kept still all the noblemen, together with the captain Sir William Oliphant: and such as would not swear homage to him, (pretending to be protector of Robert Bruce's right,) he sent prisoners to London. Having in this castle intercepted divers of John Cumming's friends, he procured them to draw him to a parley with him; in which he so blinded him with the hopes of the kingdom, and with fear of

utter undoing, that he joined himself and his friends to the English: who by this accession, easily passed forward with the course of victory, as far as the utmost bounds of Ross: and in his back coming, carried away with him into England all books, registers, histories, laws and monuments of the kingdom; and among others the fatal marble chair, whereupon the former Scots Kings used to be crowned at Scoon, on which was engraved a prophecy, bearing, "That where-ever this chair should be transported, the Scots should command there." He carried also with him all the learned men and professors of Scotland, amongst others the famous Doctor John Duns, surnamed Scotus, thinking hereby to discourage and effeminate the minds of the Scots, that they should cast off all care of recovering their liberty, the memory thereof being drowned in oblivion. At his return into England, he left his cousin, Sir Aymer de Vallance, Earl of Pembroke, viceroy, having fortified all castles with strong garrisons.

The Scots who stood for the liberty of their country, being forsaken by John Cumming, sent earnest letters to France to move Wallace to return. He was then making war upon the English in Guyen: but hearing the mischiefs of his country, obtained leave of the French King to return: and secretly amassing some of the remainder of his old friends, recovered divers castles and towns in the north, and having greatly increased his army, besieged St. Johnstoun, till it was rendered. But as he proceeded in the course of his victories, he was betrayed by his familiar friend, Sir John Monteith, to Aymer Vallance, who sent him into England, where by King Edward's command he was put to death, and his body quartered, and sent into the principal cities of Scotland, to be set up for a terror to others.

Notwithstanding, this cruelty prevailed little for the assuring of King Edward's conquest; new enemies arising whence he least expected: for as he returned from his last journey into Scotland, John Cumming and Robert Bruce meeting together, after a long conference of the state of their country; perceived, that notwithstanding he had promised to each of them apart his help to obtain the crown of Scotland, yet his intention was only to use their assistance to conquer and secure to himself, as he well declared, by spoiling the country of all monuments public and private. Hereupon they agreed that Cumming should quit all his right to the crown in favours of Bruce, and that Bruce should give him all his lands for his assistance. This contract written and sealed by both parties, Bruce returned into Scotland with the host, waiting for a fit time to escape

from King Edward : in the mean time Wallace returning, and recovering many places in Scotland, sent privately for Bruce to come home and take the crown, and to his brother Edward Bruce, a most valiant youth ; who coming out of Ireland, took sundry strengths in Annandale and Galloway. Cumming who had kept old enmity with Wallace, not enduring that Bruce by his means should come to the crown, revealed the contract betwixt him and Bruce, to King Edward, who at first delayed to cut off Robert Bruce, till such time as he might get the rest of his brethren in his hands.

Bruce advertised of his danger by the Earl of Gloucester (some call him the Earl of Montgomery,) his old friend, who had sent him a pair of sharp spurs, and some crowns of gold, as if he had borrowed the same, guessing the meaning of this propine, caused by night shoe three horses backward, and posted away from Court with two in his company, and on the fifth day (the way being deep in winter,) arrived at his own castle of Lochmabane, where he found his brother Edward, with Robert Fleming, James Lindsay, Roger Kilpatrick, and Thomas of Charters, who told him how WALLACE was betrayed by Sir John Monteith, and the Cumming faction a few days before. Immediately thereafter they intercepted a messenger with letters from Cumming to King Edward, desiring that the Bruce should be dispatched in haste, lest (being a nobleman much favoured by the commons,) he should raise greater stirs. The treachery of John Cumming, before only suspected, was hereby made manifest, which so incensed the Lord Bruce, that riding to Dumfries, and finding Cumming at the mass in the Gray-Friers, after he had shown him his letters, in impatience he stabbed him with his dagger ; and others who were about him doing the like, not only dispatched him, but also his cousin Sir Edward Cumming, and others who assisted him. This slaughter fell out on the 9th of February, in the beginning of the year 1306. as we now account.

The Bruce thus rid of one enemy, found a great number as it were arising out of his ashes, even the whole puissant name of Cumming, with their allies, the Earl of March, the Lord of Lorn, the Lord of Abernethy, the Lord of Brechin, the Lord Soules, the most part of the north, and all Galloway followed the Cummings : the Earl of March, and Lord William Soules, commanded the Merse, with Berwick and the borders ; all which they yielded to King Edward, and maintained against Robert Bruce. At the same time his two brethren, Thomas and Alexander Bruce, with Ronald Crawford younger, secretly landing in Galloway, were taken by Duncan Macdougall, a great man in Galloway, and sent to King Edward, who caused

them all three to be hanged. On the other side, assembled to him, beside these above named, the young Lord James Douglas, (who hearing of his father's death, had returned from France, where he was at schools, and staid a time with his kinsman William Lambertoun, Bishop of St. Andrews,) Earl Malcom Lenox, Earl John of Athol, (although of the Cummings blood, yet being father-in-law to Edward Bruce,) Sir Neil Campbel, Sir Gilbert Hay, Sir Christopher Seaton, Sir Thomas Ronald, Sir Hugh Hay, John Somerville, David Barclay, Alexander and Simon Frazer, Sir Robert Boyd, Sir William Halyburton, with sundry who had stood with WALLACE before. With this company he past to Scoon, and took upon him the crown of Scotland in April 1306. After this he gathered an army, minding to besiege St. Johnstoun. But finding his power too weak, he retired to Methven, where he was unexpectedly assaulted and discomfited by Sir Aymer de Vallance, but with small loss of men, except some who were taken, as Randal, Barclay, Frazer, Inchmartine, Somerville, and Sir Hugh Hay, who were constrained to swear homage to King Edward. The commons discouraged with this hard success, fearing the English, forsook the new King; who had a few company of gentlemen about him, with whom he travelled towards Argyle, meaning to lurk for a time with his brother-in-law Sir Neil Campbell: but he was encountered by the way, by John of Lorn, cousin to John Cumming, and constrained to flee, albeit with small slaughter of his own folk. After this second discomfiture, he sent his Queen, (being daughter to Gratney Earl of Mar,) with his brother Sir Neil Bruce, and John Earl of Athol, to the castle of Kildrimmy, in Mar. The King of England sent his son, Prince Edward, with a mighty host to besiege this castle. The Queen hearing this, fled to the Frith of Tane in Ross; but the Earl of Ross took her, and her daughter, and sent them captives into England. The Castle of Kildrimmy was traiterously burnt by one of the garrison: all that were within it taken, and hanged, at the command of the English King.

Robert seeing winter approaching, and finding no retreat in the main land, retired with his most entire friends, to his old friend Angus, Lord of the Isles, with whom he stayed a short time in Kentire, and thereafter sailed over into the Isle of Raughline, where he lurked all the winter; every man esteeming him to be dead. The next spring he landed quietly in Carrick, and on a sudden intercepted his own Castle of Turnberry. The Lord Piercy flying home out of it to his own country. Sir James Douglas departing thence secretly, came into Douglas dale, and by means of Thomas Dickson, an old servant of his Father's, he recovered his own Castle of Douglas,

and cast it down once and again: therefore he returned to King Robert to Cumnock, shewing him, that Aymer de Valance, and John of Lorn, with an army, were coming against him. The King with five hundred valiant men kept themselves in a strong place, waiting while Sir Aymer should invade: but took no heed to John of Lorn, who fetching a compass, set upon his back with eight hundred highlandmen, and had well nigh inclosed him about. The King perceiving the danger, divided his men in three; and appointing where they should meet at night, fled three sundry ways. John of Lorn having a sloth-hound, pursued still after the King, who putting away all that were in his company, save one man, fled into the next wood, and with great difficulty escaped the sloth-hound. Sir Aymer disappointed of this enterprize, shortly thereafter, with fifteen hundred chosen men, very nigh surprized the King in Glentrole wood: But the King with his men taking courage, so resolutely defended the place, being very strong, and killed divers of the first who assaulted them, that the rest fled back. Therefore, with more courage, he went into the fields, and reduced Kyle and Cunningham to his obedience, Sir James Douglas also, with threescore men, lying in an ambush at a strait place in Cunningham, called the Nether-foord; where Sir Philip Moubray was passing, with a thousand men against the King, being then in Kyle, killed many of them, and put the rest to flight. On the tenth of May following, Sir Aymer, with three thousand men came against the King, then lying at Gauston in Kyle: King Robert hearing of his coming, albeit he exceeded not 600 men, came forth against him, at a place under Loudon-hill, which he so fortified on either hand with dykes and fousies, that the enemies could not inclose him on the sides: and so by the stout and resolute valour of so few, Sir Aymer was put to flight, which he took so sore to heart, that he retired into England, and gave over his office of Warden, or Viceroy, John of Britain, Earl of Richmond, being sent into Scotland in his place.

King Robert, after this, past into the north, leaving Sir James Douglas on the borders, who taking his own castle of Douglas by a stratagem, razed it to the ground, and in few days chased all the English out of Douglas-dale, Ettrick Forrest, and Jedburgh Forrest, and took Sir Thomas Rannald, the King's sister son, (who had followed the English ever since his captivity,) and Sir Alexander Stewart of Bonkle. Sir Alexander and Simon Frazer, meeting King Robert in the North, shewed him how John Cumming, Earl of Buchan, David Lord Brichen, Sir John Moubray, and the rest of the Cumminian faction, were gathering an army against him.

Mean-while, by the assistance of his friends in these quarters, on a sudden, he surprized the castle of Innerness, the fame of which victory caused many other strengths to yield: all which he overthrew, and greatly increased the number of his friends. In his returning, taking sickness at Innerary, Cumming set upon him. The king, after his friends had for a time defended him, recovering somewhat, went out to the field, and so hardly assaulted his enemy at Old Meldrum, that albeit their number was far greater, yet they took their flight. With the like success he set upon the king in Glenesk in Angus, where being shamefully put to flight, he fled into England, with Sir John Moubray, and died there shortly. Lord David Brechin fortified his own castle, but David Earl of Athol, forced him to yield it and himself to the King. Mean-time Philip Frazer took the Castle of Forfar: and the King pursuing this victory, reduced all the North to his obedience: and joining with Lord James Douglas, returning from the South with his two captives, he took St. Johnstoun by surprisal; from thence he passed into Lorn, the Lord whereof had ambushed two thousand men, on the side of an high steep hill, where the King behoved to enter through a narrow passage: But Sir James Douglas, with Sir Alexander Frazer, and Sir Andrew Gray, climbing the hill, came suddenly on their backs, and put them to flight. John of Lorn fled into England by sea; his father, Lord Alexander M'Dougal, yielded himself, and the Castle of Dunstaffnage to the King.

By this means, all on the north side of Forth, was reduced to obedience: Sir Edward, his brother, in the mean time, with long and hard fighting, had conquered Galloway. James Douglas, by a stratagem surprized the strong Castle of Roxburgh on the Fastens-even, while all the garrison (after the custom of the time) were feasting and playing the riot. The report whereof, so whetted the valiant Thomas Rendal, newly restored to his Uncle's favour, and made Earl of Murray, that having besieged the Castle of Edinburgh, for some months, he set himself, by all means to carry the same, which he obtained by a narrow passage up through the rock discovered by him; by which he and sundry stout gentlemen, secretly passed up, and scaling the wall, after long and dangerous fighting, made themselves master of the place. The garrisons of Rutherglen, Lanerk, Dumfries, Air, Dundee, and Bute, hearing this, yielded up these Castles, which were all raz'd. The Isle of man also returned to the obedience of the Crown of Scotland. Sir Edward Bruce having besieged Stirling Castle three months, agreed with the Captain, Sir Philip Moubray, that if the King of England did not rescue him within twelve months thereafter,

the Castle should be yielded to King Robert. Albeit this seemed a rash provocation of so mighty a King as Edward II. (who some seven years before had succeeded his father Edward Longshanks; but far degenerate from his valour,) having not only England and Ireland, and many Englished Scots, with the Dutchie of Guyen, Burdeaux, and other parts of France, subject unto him, but also the low countries strictly confederate with him: yet King Robert prepared himself to encounter him in the fields, and gathered some five and thirty thousand men, few but valiant. The King of England had above an hundred thousand foot, and ten thousand horse: with which multitude, intending to destroy the inhabitants of Scotland, and to divide the land to his followers, he came to Bannock-burn, (some two miles beneath Stirling,) where, on the 21st. of June, 1314. he was encountered by the Scots, and after long and hard fighting, his great army put to rout: himself, with a small company, fleeing into Dumbar, was sent by the Earl into England in a fisher-boat, leaving two hundred noblemen and gentlemen killed by the Scots, and as many taken. The number of the commons slain and taken was incredible: of Scots were slain two gentlemen of note, Sir William Wepont, and Sir Walter Rois, with four thousand common soldiers.

After this victory, Stirling being yielded, and Dumbarton gotten by composition, the Earl of March, the Lord Soules, and Abernethy, and others of the Cummings allies, were reconciled to the King, who past into the Isles, and brought them to obedience, taking John of Lorn captive, who died in prison in Lochleven. Thus Scotland was freed of the bondage of England, except Berwick, which was recovered four years thereafter, 1318. and the Scots making divers incursions into England, under the leading of Earl Thomas Randal, and James Lord Douglas, requitted the harms received from them before, and enriched themselves with their spoil.

As for the authority of these two histories, although they possibly err in some circumstances of time, place, and number, or names of men, yet generally they write the truth of the story of those times, both at greater length, and upon more certain information, than those who have written our Chronicles. So committing them to thy diligent perusal (gentle and courteous reader,) I wish you profit thereby, and all happiness from God. Farewel.

THE
HISTORY
OF
Sir William Wallace.

BOOK I.
CHAPTER I.



OF our ancestors, brave true ancient Scots
Whose glorious feuteheons, knew no bars, nor blots:
But blood untainted circled every vein,
And every thing ignoble did disdain;
Of such illustrious Patriots and bold,
Who stoutly did maintain our rights of old,
Who their malicious, and inveterate foes,
With sword in hand, did gallantly oppose;
And in their own, and nations just defence,
Did briskly check the frequent insolence
Of haughty neighbours, enemies profest,
Picts, Danes, and Saxons, Scotland's very pest;
Of such, I say, I'll brag and vaunt so long
As I have pow'r to use my pen or tongue;
And sound their praises, in such modern strain,
As suiteth best a Scot's poetic vein.
First, here I honour in particular,
Sir WILLIAM WALLACE, much renown'd in war:
Who's bold progenitor's have long time stood,
Of honourable, and true Scottish blood;
And in first rank of ancient Barrons go,
Old knights of Craigy, barronets also;
Which gallant race, to make my story brief,
Sir Thomas Wallace represents as chief.
So much for the brave WALLACE father-side,
Nor will I here his mother's kindred hide.
She was a lady most complete and bright,
The daughter of that honourable knight,
Sir Ronald Crawford, high sheriff of Air,
Who fondly doted on this charming fair.
Soon wedded was the lovely blooming she,
To Malcolm Wallace, then of Elerfrie;

Which am'rous pair, transported with delight,
Begot young Malcolm that same joyful night;
Then WILLIAM; who by true consent of all,
Was honour'd to be the Scottish general:
And to the nations universal joy,
At Forrest-church, made Baliol's viceroy.
Who's martial courage, with his conduct wise,
From English thraldom rescu'd Scotland thrice,
And did preserve the old imperial crown,
To his immortal glory and renown.
'Twas then, that, to the terror of his foes,
Our Thistle did drive home the insulting Rose.
But here I must beg leave to bid adieu
To good Sir WILLIAM, for some minutes few,
Till, like a just, impartial, honest man,
As I have heard, tell how the wars began.

King Alexander, at Kinghorn in Fife,
There, from his horse did lose his royal life,
Thro' which arose a grievous fore debate,
Some years thereafter, who should rule the state.
David our Prince, Earl of Huntington,
Three daughters had; whom search all Britain round,
Thro' all its corners, and its different arts,
None more excell'd in bright, and princely parts.
Bruce, Baliol, Hastings, from those ladies spring;
The Bruce and Baliol strive who shall be king.
Nor did the dispute end, but grew so hot,
The candidates in two strong factions got.
Which at that time appear'd to be so equal,
Few could foresee, or guess well at the sequel;
Here lay the great distress and misery,
The case at home could not determin'd be;
Wherefore, to void a bloody civil war,
The Scottish States esteem'd it better far,
The two contendants should submit the thing,
To the decision of the English king.
Who greedily the ref'rence did embrace,
But play'd his cards with a dissembling face:
Yea, so politic was the crafty king,
For his self-ends, things so about to bring,
That, agents he did secretly employ,
The Scottish lords with cunning to decoy
To his own measures; a pernicious plot
Quite opposite unto the trust he got;
Thinking to make (so big his hopes were grown)
The Scottish crown pay homage to his own.

Which with one voice, flatly the states refuse,
In spite of all politics he could use.
The bishop there of Glasgou, sitting by,
Said, Sir, excuse us, for we do deny
Any o'er lord, but the great GOD above,
To whom we'll homage pay, or subject prove.
Then to the Bruce, the treason was propos'd,
Which was by him most gen'rously oppos'd:
Believe me, Sir, said he, I'll hang as soon,
As I'll resign our independent crown.
Therefore leave off, your words are all in vain,
Such treachery, true honour does disdain.
Unto the Baliol next he did apply,
Who did consent, alas! too hastily,
To hold the crown of Edward, contrair right,
For which he was created king on sight:
O base decision! Shall the guise thus go!
Shall ancient Scotland hold of England? No.
On such base terms, both make a scurvy step,
Edward to grant, and Baliol to accept,
A thing which is for certain known and sure,
Was never yet in either of their pow'r,
Neither could be, without the firm assent,
Of the estates of Scottish parliament.
Since the Scots crown, our kings so long had wore,
Was to be independent as before.
An English parliament, within short space,
Is call'd, where Baliol suff'ered great disgrace,
At which affront, was so exceeding wroth,
He quickly broke his base unlawful oath:
Repented sore, and curs'd the fatal hour,
Wherein he swore, what was not in his pow'r.
Which was much better, as divines exhort,
Than to continue, and be damned for't.
On which King Edward rais'd an host with speed,
And came himself with them, to wark on Tweed,
Unto Corspatrick of Dunbar he sent,
His counsel asks, but on a bad intent,
Who, when he came in presence of that King,
Advis'd him, and inform'd him ev'ry thing:
Then like a rogue, against the light of nature,
To his own country proves a bloody traitor:
To Berwick goes the treacherous hellish knave,
To undermine, destroy, cheat and deceive:
Was welcom'd there, with more respect than due,
And thought, by Scots, both faithful, leil and true.

King Edward follows on with all his host,
 By treachery poor Berwick then was lost.
 Corispatrik rose, when all were sleeping sound,
 Drew the portculzies, let the bridges down.
 Edward, he enters, bloodily falls on,
 Eight thousand kills, and fifty, spareth none.
 Then to Dunbar he and Corispatrik rode,
 Without remorse, or any fear of God.
 There did the stout and valiant Scots conven,
 With resolution true, and courage keen,
 To fight King Edward, then the common foe,
 Who, dy'd in blood, did thro' the nation go:
 But by deceit, and a prodigious force,
 The Scots are here again put to the worse.
 The earls Mar, Monteith, and Athol brave,
 No access to their gallant men could have;
 Who in the castle closely were block'd up,
 And scarcely had whereof to bite or sup:
 So by no means unto their men could get,
 Corispatrik had the castle to beset.
 At last the armies march, and do inclose,
 Where the brave Scots, o'er-pow'ed by their foes,
 Rather than fly, or cowardly to yield,
 Do bravely fight, and die upon the field.
 Thus to Corispatrik's everlasting stain,
 Without all mercy, most of them were slain;
 For when the battle hottest was, he then,
 Plague rot him, hew'd down all his country-men.
 Great loss the Scots, at Berwick and Dunbar
 Had in this most unjust and cruel war.

C H A P. II.

*How King EDWARD and CORSPATRICK came to Scoon,
 and deposed the BALIOL.*

KING Edward and Corispatrik march for Scoon,
 And Scotland now sings a most mournful tune.
 Few Scots were left, the kingdom to defend,
 Then for the Baliol to Montrose they send;
 And to their great and everlasting shame,
 Do strip him of his royal diadem.

When thus depos'd, Edward usurps the crown,
And then, alas, all things went up-side-down.
Was crown'd upon the very self same stone,
Garbhelius sent from Spain, with his own son.
When Iber Scot first into Scotland came;
Kenneth our King, and second of that name,
Brought it to Scoon, where kings in pomp and glore,
Were crown'd for eight hundred years and more,
Even in that ancient, Royal, Marble Chair,
So famous, and so long preserved there.
Which, as a trophy, thence they do transport
To London, where King Edward kept his court.
But yet I'm told that ancient fates decree,
Where this stone stands, Scots shall the masters be.
Bruce, with eight score, the flow'r of Scotland then,
Were captives led away, with English-men.
At last the pow'rs above beheld the wrong,
And let not the usurper reign too long.
For at this time, Scotland was almost lost,
And overspread with a rude South'ron host.
WALLACE his father to the Lennox fled,
His eldest son he thither with him led,
The tender Mother's also gone at last;
And to Kilspindie, with young WALLACE past:
Into the pleasant Carle of Gowrie, where
He was brought up, with his old uncle there;
Who to Dundee him carefully does send
For education, but behold the end.
There he continues in his tender age,
Till more adult, then he does ramp and rage,
To see the Saxon blood in Scotland reign,
And govern'd by a most unrighteous king,
Who wrought great wrong in country and in town,
Wasted our lands, and broke our buildings down;
Maids, wives, and widows chastity they spill:
Nor could the nuns resist their lustful will.
King Herod's part they acted in the land,
Upon the children they before them fand;
The bishopricks that were of most avail,
From bishops, and archbishops, they took hail.
Nor could the Pope them with his threatnings scar:
They gripp'd all, thro' violence of war.
Of ev'ry benefice was worth their while,
They took the rents, left bishops the bare stile,

Our barons kill'd, without remorse, or care,
 As testify the bloody barns of Air,
 Where eighteen score were hang'd by Saxon feed,
 As in the seventh book you shall shortly read.
 But I go on, with faithful pen and true,
 And candidly my purpose do pursue:
 WALLACE, tho' young as yet for sword or spear,
 Did grieve, and groan, such injuries to hear:
 Ah! should my country suffer such distress,
 Said he, and South'ron daily thus increase.
 O had I but ten thousand at my back,
 And were a man, I'd gar their curpons crack.
 Yet e'er he was full seventeen winters old,
 He was both seemly, strapping, stout and bold:
 Was with the South'ron frequently at strife,
 And sometimes twinn'd them of their precious life.
 By hewing down, all grew above their neck;
 A certain token of true Scots respect.
 Then, left them swel'tring in their blood and gore,
 A full foot shorter than they were before;
 That they to Scots might give no more offence,
 Wherewith his priest most freely did dispense:
 Absolv'd the sin, and did remit the guilt
 Of South'ron blood; so innocently spilt.

C H A P. III.

*How WALLACE kill'd young SELBIE, the Constable's
 Son of Dundee.*

U N T O Dundee young WALLACE now is gone,
 Sprightly and gay, as could be look'd upon,
 Well shap'd and handsome, cliver neat and clean.
 Clad with a garment of a gemming green.
 The constable, old Selbie, liv'd hard by,
 That crabbed rogue, who most maliciously
 Oppress'd the Scots, with great dispute and rage;
 A son he had, near twenty years of age:
 Who some young fellows with him ev'ry day
 Took to the town, to sport the time away.
 This vain young fop, so much on folly bent,
 Young WALLACE saw, then straight unto him went,
 And with disdain, said, Scot, I pray thee stay,
 What devil clad thee in a suit so gay:
 A horse's mantle was thy kind to wear,
 And a Scots whittle at thy belt to bear.

Rough roulion shoes, or any common trash,
Did serve such whore's sons thro' the dubs to plash,
Give me that knife, under thy girdle hings,
Nay pardon me, Sir, I know better things;
Therefore forbear, I earnestly intreat,
It both defends me, and it cuts my meat.
Selbie assaults him, and would tak't by force,
And so the plea went on, from bad to worse.
Fast by the collar WALLACE did him take,
Made the young squire tremble there and shake,
His dagger with the other hand drew out,
In spite of all his men so throng about :
And boldly without either fear or dread,
Upon the spot, he stick'd young Selbie dead.
The squire fell, of him there was no more,
And then his men pursu'd young WALLACE sore ;
Who made a pair of cleanly cliver heels,
And so escap'd from all the South'ron chieles ;
The bloody dagger fast held in his hand,
And spared none that did his flight withstand.
Unto an inn he formerly did know,
Thither he fled, and could no further go.
Help, help he cry'd, when the good wife he saw,
And save my life from cruel South'ron law.
With russet gown, she quickly got him drest
Above his cloaths, which cov' red all the rest ;
A sudled curch o'er head and neck let fall,
A white worn hat then brised on withal ;
And as the South'ron came into the inn,
Gave him a rock, then he began to spin.
In quest of WALLACE they some time have spent :
But could not know at what door in he went ;
They search'd thro' all the corners of the inn,
But he sat still, and cunningly did spin ;
Tho' at the trade he was not prentice long,
He drew a thread, and cron'd away the song.
Away they went, then WALLACE did revive,
And leugh, and smirtled at them in his sleeve.
Like mad-men, then, they all run up and down,
Cry, Burn the Scots, leave none alive in town.
Yet the good wife, kept WALLACE until night.
Safe and secure, out of the South'rons sight.
Thro' a back way she did convey him fast,
Where quietly he by the water past.
Such was his mother's great concern, and care,
That she of him did almost now despair.

At length she met him, to her great surprize,
Bless me, dear son, may I believe mine eyes,
Is't possible thou hast the danger past;
Sure, Providence is more than kind at last.
There he inform'd her of his doleful case,
At which she wept, and often said, alas!
E'er thou leave off, thy foes will have thee fang'd.
Mother, he said, I'd rather see them hang'd:
These English downes that do possess our land,
Methinks we should most manfully withstand.
His uncle knew he had the squire kill'd,
Which the old man with grief and sorrow fill'd;
Yet did abate when a few days were past,
But dreaded much mischief to him at the last.
The English now most subtil ev'ry way,
A ditty great 'gainst Scots prepared they,
For, at Dundee, they call a justice eyre,
No longer then durit WALLACE sojourn there.
His mother clad herself in pilgrim's weed,
Then him disguis'd and both march'd off with speed;
Nought to defend himself he had from foes,
But a small sword he bore below his cloaths;
Away they went, none with them living moe:
When challeng'd, said to St. Marg'ret we go.
From Southern folk great friendship thus they found,
Because St. Marg'ret was of English ground.
Close by Lindores, the ferry o'er they past:
Then thro' the Ochle marched very fast;
Into Dunfermline lodged all that night,
And on the morrow, by the day was light;
They travell'd with some English gentlemen,
Who had their dwelling in Linlithgow then.
A captain's wife, who had a pilgrim been,
Was there, who, when she had young Wallace seen,
Did him admire, because he was so fair,
Handsome, genteel, and of engaging air;
There merrily they past the time around,
Then cross'd the Forth streight to Linlithgow town,
Where mutually a compliment or two
Was past, and then to Dunipace they go;
Where WALLACE's friend did dwell, a parson great,
Wallace by name, of opulent estate;
A man devout, who bravely made them fare,
And share the best, the time they tarried there.
He did inform, and made them understand
The troubles great that then were in the land,

Intreating them, in kind and homely phrase,
There to abide, till God sent better days.
WALLACE reply'd, I hasten to the West,
Our kin are kill'd, were I at home, the best
Of South'ron blood, I hope, 'twixt you and me,
To let it out; then I'll avenged be.
The parson sigh'd, and said, he much did doubt,
It would be long e'er that time came about.
Come well, come woe, my purpose I'll pursue,
Then to the honest parson bad adieu.
To Ellerslie he and his mother went,
She on the morrow for her brother sent,
Who told her, to her sorrow, grief and pain,
Her husband and her eldest son was slain.
That, when Sir Malcolm's hough-sinews were cut,
South'ron, to death, upon his knees he put:
Till with their bloody spears, they bore him down,
Then stick'd that glorious knight of great renown.
Thus at Lochmabane, for their country's sake,
A noble exit these two heroes make.
To Ellerslie I back again repair,
Where good Sir Rannald met his sister there;
Who did beseech, and humbly pray'd also,
That to Lord Piercy forthwith he would go;
For from her house she would no longer fly,
But long'd at home for to live quietly.
Sir Rannald in his sister's favours wrote,
And then to her a safe protection got;
Which the brave WALLACE highly did disdain,
Therefore no longer would with her remain.
Nor durst Sir Rannald entertain him there,
So to his shift, away does WALLACE fare.
The English had the whole strengths of the land,
And what they did, none durst, nor could withstand,
Yet WALLACE never could with them accord,
For be he squire, be he laird, or lord,
That with disdain, durst look him in the face,
He got a blow unto his great disgrace.
The English clerks, in prophecy have found,
A WALLACE, should put them from Scottish ground,
Which afterwards prov'd to be very true,
For thrice he drove away that barb'rous crew.
Sir Rannald now for him a place prepares,
To keep him safe from English trapes and snares,
With his own uncle, who at Richardtoun
Did dwell, and was Sir Richard of renown.

In heritage he had that whole estate.
 Tho' blind he was, which chanc'd thro' courage great,
 'Gainst Englishmen; whom he did daily dare,
 When he was young, and well expert in war.
 Then did he burst some veins, and lost much blood,
 A gentleman, both valiant, wise, and good.
 In Februar, WALLACE was to him lent,
 And in April, a fishing from him went;
 Which will afford some sport, as you shall hear,
 Pray listen then, with an attentive ear.

~~~~~  
 C H A P. IV.

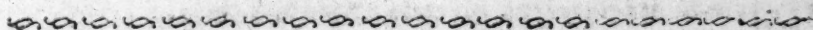
*How WALLACE fish'd in Irvine Water.*

**D**READING no harm, nor danger of his foes,  
 WALLACE a fishing for diversion goes,  
 To try what sport and pastime he might get;  
 None with him but a boy to bear his net.  
 Lucky he was, fish'd most successfully,  
 Till the Lord Piercy, and his court rode by:  
 Which hid confuse, and much perplex his mind,  
 Because he had forgot his sword behind.  
 Five of that trooping train in garments green,  
 Mounted on horse-back, having WALLACE seen;  
 To him advanc'd, and blustering language gave,  
 Then damn'd, and swore, Zounds, Scot, thy fish we'll have.  
 With modest grace, good WALLACE did reply,  
 I'll share the half with you most cheerfully.  
 One of them answer'd, that would be too small;  
 Then lighted down, and from the boy took all.  
 Which in his knapsack speedily he puts,  
 The meikle sorrow be in's greedy guts.  
 Then WALLACE said, I'm sure in modestie,  
 You'll leave us some, if gentlemen you be;  
 An aged knight, that lives in yonder house,  
 Let him have some; pray, be so generous.  
 The clown, he boasting, said not one word more,  
 But this, The river has enough in store;  
 We serve a lord shall dine on them ere long.  
 Then WALLACE fretting, said, Thou'rt in the wrong.  
 Whom thou'st thou here? Faith thou deserves a blow,  
 Poor prating Scot, how dar'est thou talk so?  
 Then at him runs, and out his sword does draw:  
 But WALLACE poult-staff kept the rogue in aw.

That trusty tree, as the poor scoundrel found,  
Laid him and sword, both quickly on the ground :  
WALLACE, the sword caught fast into his hand,  
Which did the lacy fellow soon command :  
Then a back stroke, so cleverly he gave,  
His neck in two, most cleanly there he clave.  
The other four, alighting from their horse,  
Do him attack, with all their strength and force :  
Yet tho' they him surround on ev'ry side,  
With handy-blows he paid them back and side.  
Upon the head, so fierce he struck at one,  
The shearing sword cut thro' his collar bone :  
Another on the arm, that stood near by,  
He struck, till hand and sword on the field did ly.  
Three slow he there, two fled with all their might  
Unto their horse, in a confounded fright :  
Left all their fish, no longer durst remain,  
And three fat English bucks upon the plain.  
Thus in great hurry, having got their cuffs,  
They scamper'd off in haste, to save their buffs.  
When Piercy knew, by the poor silly lowns,  
That three were kill'd, and saw two bloody crowns,  
He quickly ask'd how many foes might be ?  
They said, but one ; a devil sure was he :  
Since one has killed three, put two to flight :  
Cowardly coxcombs, pack you out of sight ;  
Most manfully, it seems, the Scot has fought,  
For me this day, in faith, he's not be sought.  
Was't ever heard before ? you whore-sons burds !  
That a Scots poult-staff, foil'd five English swords.  
To WALLACE I return, who by mere force  
Defeat the five, and pick'd up all their horse :  
Was better mounted than he was before,  
Rode to his uncle, fish'd that day no more.  
The news did so surprise the ancient knight,  
He almost fainted in his nephew's sight :  
Then bids keep secret : for such fishing sport,  
If it be known, you may pay dearly for't.  
Uncle, said WALLACE, to the good old man,  
I'll push my fortune now where best I can :  
Since I no longer may with you abide,  
I'll try these English geldings how they ride.  
A purse of gold, the knight unto him gave,  
WALLACE kneel'd down, and humbly took his leave.  
When that is done, pray nephew, send for more,  
Thus ends the first book, here I draw my score.



## B O O K II.



## C H A P. I.

*How WALLACE kill'd the Churl with his own Staff  
in Air.*

**Y**OUNG WALLACE, now cliver of lith and limb,  
 With graceful air appears, both tight and trim,  
 Which with his many other youthful charms,  
 Confounds the South'ron, highly them alarms,  
 His glorious actions early did presage,  
 A humbling stroke to cruel South'ron rage:  
 Which did to many of his friends destroy,  
 As scarce was known since Adam was a boy.  
 Yet the late fishing, makes poor WALLACE fond,  
 At Ochter-house, a little to abscond:  
 Then to Laigland-wood, when it grew late,  
 To make a silent, and a soft retreat.  
 Some little time thereafter, did repair  
 Unto the pleasant ancient town of Air;  
 Close by the wood, did there dismount his horse,  
 Then on his foot, walk'd gravely to the cross.  
 Lord Piercy did command the castle then,  
 And the whole town did swarm with Englishmen.  
 Which sight, no doubt, did WALLACE much confound,  
 Yet never dash'd, but briskly walk'd around;  
 Tho' some affirm, which I am apt to trow,  
 He in his heart, curs'd the barbarian crew.  
 And being prompted by his youthful age,  
 Could scarce refrain his passion and his rage.  
 But passing over this, I now make haste,  
 To entertain you with a handsome jest.  
 Into the town liv'd a hudge English fellow,  
 All over-grown with gutts of t—d and tallow;  
 Who greatly bragg'd of his prodigious strength,  
 Which cost him dear, as you shall hear at length.  
 A greater burden, said this prince of sotts,  
 He'd bear, than any three good sturdy Scots;  
 And with a staff, like a stage-dancer's pole,  
 For one poor great, he would permit and thole



The strongest man to beat him on the back ;  
So imprudently did the carle crack.  
Which story, when it came to Wallace ear,  
To smile and laugh, he scarce could well forbear :  
He told the fellow, that he would be willing,  
For one Scots blow, to give an English shilling.  
The greedy wretch did freely condescend,  
Which quickly brought him to his fatal end :  
Then Wallace gave him such a dreadful thump,  
Upon his back, clos by his great fat rump,  
That to the view of all were present there,  
He clave his rig bone, and he ne'er spake mair :  
Thus dy'd the wretch, for a poor price and small,  
And his great English hurdies paid for all.  
With swords round Wallace, then the English flock,  
He no ways dash'd, did his steel bonnet cock,  
And struck a South'ron with that trusty tree,  
Out o'er the head, till brains and bones did flee,  
Then cliverly, with such good will and luck,  
On the steel bayonet, hath another struck,  
Till, tho' the noble tree it crush'd and rave,  
He kill'd the fellow, and turn'd to the lave ;  
Then with an awful grace, he made a paw,  
And out his sword with majesty did draw ;  
Which clear'd his way, like a true friend indeed,  
And quickly help'd him to a sturdy steed.  
Two fouty fellows there, that griev'd him most,  
He dous'd their doublets rarely, to their cost :  
His anger kindled, to such height it grew,  
With one good stroke, the foremost there he slew.  
A blow he got upon the other knave,  
Till his good sword, down thro' his body drave.  
Five South'rons he, 'twixt hope and great despair,  
Kill'd on the spot ; now was not that right fair.  
Out thro' the town, his way did cleanly force,  
Made his escape, and then did mount his horse :  
To Langlands fled, his time he well did use,  
And left the blades all sleeping in their shoes.  
Him foot and horse pursue, to overtake,  
But the thick trees his refuge he did make.  
Provisions come to him from Ochter-house,  
And ev'ry thing that was fit for his use :  
Such necessaries they to him afford,  
As do supply him, both to bed and board.  
Good Wallace then, upon a time, at length  
Return'd to Air, as he recover'd strength,

But, ah! it prov'd a most unlucky day,  
 I wish to Jove that he had staid away.  
 Sir Rannald's servant, for some fish he sent  
 That errand: O! that Wallace had mis kent,  
 For as you'll quickly understand and hear,  
 The sauce was sharp, and cost him very dear.

---

C H A P. II.

*How WALLACE kill'd Lord PIERCY's Steward, and  
 was imprison'd in Air.*

THE fish no sooner had the servant got,  
 Than Piercy's steward called, and said, Scot,  
 For whom buys thou those fish thou carries there?  
 Who answer'd, Sir, for the sheriff of Air.  
 By heaven's King, the steward rudely swore,  
 My lord shall have them, thou may purchase more.  
 Wallace, incens'd with anger, standing by,  
 Said, why such rudness, tell the reason why?  
 This fired soon the haughty steward's blood,  
 Who thought what Wallace spoke, was next to rude,  
 And did his stomach so with venom fill,  
 As might the vilest loathsome spider kill.  
 Go hence, said he, thou saucy Scot, with speed;  
 Thee, and thy sheriff both, I mock indeed.  
 Then with his hunting staff, he Wallace smote,  
 But he had better kiss'd his bum poor sot.  
 For Wallace by the throat him quickly caught,  
 And the proud steward better manners taught.  
 Then from his pocket pull'd a dagger-knife,  
 Which twinn'd the foolish coxcomb of his life.  
 But, ah! alas, how quick assembled then,  
 Four score at least, well harness'd Englishmen:  
 Whose post it was, to watch and guard the town;  
 There suddenly poor Wallace they surround.  
 At them he star'd, and never spoke a word,  
 But boldly drew his awful daring sword;  
 And cliverly unto his feet did get,  
 And stick'd the foremost fellow that he met,  
 Upon the knee, another hit he so,  
 That moment made the bone asunder go.  
 Nor can I say the third had better luck,  
 Who got his neck in two, most cleanly cut.  
 Thus Wallace rag'd and ramped lion-like,  
 And made the carles strangely fidge and fyke.

No wonder, for they got most grievous wounds,  
So desp'rately he claw'd their South'ron crowns:  
And tho' the gate with sword and spears they keep,  
He hew'd them down like heartless silly sheep:  
Yea, when they him inviron'd round about,  
Quite thro' the press, he suddenly broke out,  
Unto a wall, was built by the sea-side,  
Where, in his own defence he did abide.  
Till, from the castle issu'd one and all,  
Got on a dyke, and then broke down the wall.  
No shift he had, but there to fight or die:  
Great numbers then he hew'd down hastily:  
So furiously out thro' the South'rons past.  
But, oh! his noble sword did burst at last;  
Broke from the hilt, he knew of no reme'd,  
Then stoutly drew his dagger out with speed.  
One there he kill'd, and other two he sent  
To death, the same way that the first chiel went.  
But at the last, his foes on ev'ry hand,  
They rudely rush with spears, and him command.  
Such was their pity, they forbid to slay,  
But starve with hunger, till he'd pine away.  
Thus they the sacred scriptures verify,  
The wicked's mercies are mere cruelty.  
With English now he's pris'ner gone at will;  
Had he got help, he would have fought them still.  
To speak of ransom, that was all in vain,  
Because that day, so many he had slain.  
His trouble here, I scarcely well can tell,  
His prison much resembled that of hell.  
Such meat and drink as they to him allow,  
Would kill and poison even a very slow.  
But here I leave him in this doleful case,  
Till providence shall order his release.  
The woeful weeping, and the piteous moan  
Was made for him, would rent a heart of stone.  
No comfort here to dissipate their fears,  
Nought to be seen but pale cheeks stain'd with tears.  
Alas! said they, can life endure to see,  
Wallace imprison'd by the enemy:  
The flow'r of youth, in sweet and tender age,  
Made subject to the cruel Saxon rage.  
Living this day, a Chieftain, there is none  
Like the young Wallace; for it's he alone,  
That's capable of Scotland to take care,  
But now he's caught into the woeful snare.



( ) ( ) ( ) ( ) ( ) ( ) ( ) ( ) ( ) ( ) ( ) ( ) ( )

### C H A P. III.

*How WALLACE was imprisoned at Air, and escaped.*

**H**ERRINGS and water, for his nourishment,  
And such sad stuff, to Wallace they present:  
Instead of what was wholesome cleanly food,  
Got the refuse of ev'ry thing was good.  
Thus in the prison, languishing he lay,  
Till death was pictur'd in his beauteous clay.  
His vital spirits almost spent and gone,  
Then to Jehovah made his piteous moan:  
Confess'd his sins, most humbly then implor'd  
Mercy thro' CHRIST, his Saviour and LORD.  
Then said, my GOD, O please for to receive  
My soul and body, I thee humbly crave.  
For if relief thou do not quickly send,  
My days in prison here I'll shortly end.  
Please to prolong my days, O GOD, to me,  
Since my belief is wholly upon thee:  
Which by thy grace, thou graciously hast wrought,  
And me from hell, by thine own blood hast bought.  
Why wilt thou give thy handy-work to those,  
Who are our nation's, and my mortal foes.  
And who maliciously this land abhor,  
Would me destroy, with many others more.  
O bruckle sword! thy metal was not true,  
Thy frusking blade, me in this prison threw:  
To Englishmen, o'er little harm thou's done,  
Of gallant Scots, who kill'd so many a one.  
Of us indeed, they have not kill'd a few,  
My valiant father, and bold brother too,  
Were at Lochmabane kill'd by South'ron;  
But death resisted, sure can be by none.  
This ancient kingdom, LORD, do thou relieve,  
From English thralldom, and deliverance give.  
Tho' now, O LORD, my power be gone indeed,  
Yet King of kings, help thou, and send remeed.  
Of worldly comforts, now I take my leave,  
I shall be shortly, where I shall not grieve:  
Thus heartily, to all I bid adieu,  
None other gift have I to leave you now.

Now all thy noble kindred, brave and bold,  
Thy freedom purchase cannot, no with gold.  
Thy tender mother, that in pain thee bore,  
In her soft arms, shall ne'er inclose thee more!  
How seemly was thou, with thy sword and shield,  
When thou kill'd numbers on the bloody field.

Complain ye poor, with rev'rence tell your tale:  
Complain to heaven, with words that cannot fail:  
Lift up your voice to the great GOD above,  
That's full of mercy, pity, and of love.  
Complain for him, that sits in dismal cells,  
And in the melancholy dungeon dwells:  
With grief and pain, which he scarce can endure,  
Pray for's relief, to the great GOD of pow'r:  
Complain ye birds, that once were blyth and glad,  
Now change your notes, and hang the drooping head.  
Complain ye lords, complain ye ladies bright,  
Complain for him that worthy was and wight:  
Complain ye men of war, in mournful song,  
For him, of Saxon's sons, that suffers wrong.  
Complain for him, who lies both day and night  
In prison for maintaining Scotland's right:  
Complain for him, who did most frequently,  
Sound up the triumphs of our victory.  
What shall I say of the brave Wallace more?  
A cruel flux in prison, and a sore,  
Did then almost reduce him to last breath,  
And left him gasping in the jaws of death.  
The jailor's now commanded with great awe,  
To bring him to the sentence of their law.  
Who, when he view'd him, to his great surprize,  
Thought, death already had shut up his eyes.  
In haste returns, and does report the news,  
That he had paid both law and prison dues.  
Persuaded thus, that he was very dead,  
For Wallace, now, there was no more remed.  
Being concluded, by consent of all,  
To throw him quickly o'er the castle-wall.  
But Providence, which interposes oft,  
Directs his fall into a place was soft:  
His nurse, which liv'd in the new-Town of Air,  
Hearing the news, in haste came running there.  
And on her knees, with face as pale as clay,  
Did purchase leave to bear his corps away.  
With sorrow him unto her house she bore,  
Then with warm water, bath'd his body o'er.

His heart, she found to flighter to and fro :  
His eyes at last, they did cast up also.  
Then on a bed she laid him, soft as silk,  
And suckled him, with her own daughter's milk.  
Her love to him, and tender care was such,  
In a short time, he did recover much.  
Thus secretly, she did him nurse and feed,  
And made the word still pass, that he was dead.  
She weeped sore in ev'ry body's sight,  
Till he became both able, stout and tight.  
Thomas the Rhymer, at that very time,  
Who prophecy'd in ancient Scottish rhyme,  
In vulgar estimation, not the least,  
Did pay a visit to the parish priest :  
Whole servant; had just at the mercat been,  
And what befel poor WALLACE there, had seen.  
The priest does on his servant quickly call,  
What news, said he? Sir, few or none at all.  
The priest said, that he never yet did know  
The Scots and English part without a blow.  
Good Wallace, quoth the lad; and shook his head,  
I saw them cast him o'er the wall for dead!  
The priest replied, with a heavy heart,  
For that I hope to see the South'ron smart.  
Wallace was wight, and come of gentle blood :  
Thomas, he said, the tidings were not good.  
The priest said, surely they would foster feud :  
But Thomas said, that Wallace was not dead.  
The servant told, he saw a woman there,  
That did belong to the New-Town of Air ;  
Upon her knees, from South'ron purchase leave,  
To carry Wallace, somewhere to his grave.  
Pensive a little, Thomas in his thought,  
By God, said he, that hath this world wrought,  
And brings to pass, each thing for his own giore,  
If he be dead, Thomas shall live no more.  
The honest priest, hearing him speak so plain,  
He charg'd his servant to return again,  
To view the woman's house, and carefully  
To look about, what he could hear or spy.  
The servant thus in haste is gone away,  
Streight to the house, and place where Wallace lay.  
Who's this lies here, he did demand, in plain ;  
The woman rose, in sorrow, grief, and pain :  
The worthy Wallace, Oh! replied she,  
Then weeped sore, and very piteously,



She on her knees did pray, for JESUS sake,  
 He would conceal, and no discovery make.  
 The servant answer'd, with a fearful oath,  
 That he to harm him, would be very loath:  
 Might he in life, but see him with his eyes,  
 He would rejoice, or curs'd might he be thrice.  
 She, to good Wallace, led him up the stairs,  
 There saw him gladly, and back repairs  
 To Thomas, and his master, who attend,  
 To hear the story all, from end to end.  
 He told them, the first tidings were a lie.  
 Then Thomas said, before that Wallace die,  
 Out of this land, he shall the South'ron send,  
 And, thousands on the field, make their last end.  
 He Scotland thrice, shall bring into great peace,  
 And South'ron ay be frighted at his face.  
 Then cheer up Scots, cast from you care and sloth,  
 And pray believe, what Thomas says, is truth.  
 When Wallace actions we to light produce,  
 We'll find him not inferior to Bruce:  
 But 'cause the Bruce was of our kingdom heir,  
 Wallace, therefore, with him we'll not compare.  
 Yet by his courage, and his conduct wise,  
 As we have heard, he rescu'd Scotland thrice.  
 Unto the nation's universal joy,  
 The time he was the Baliol's viceroy.



#### C H A P. IV.

##### *The Battle of Lowdon-Hill.*

**N**OW to my purpose, gladly I return,  
 Since I for Wallace, need no longer mourn:  
 Who when he found himself in case to ride,  
 Thought it not safe, in New-Town to abide.  
 Then to the cruel South'rons great surprize,  
 Once more appears, them frights and terrifies:  
 His nurse, her daughter, child and family,  
 He first dispatch'd away to Ellerslie.  
 When they were gone, no weapon could he find  
 There, that could suit and please his anxious mind,  
 Except a sword, that in a nook did stand,  
 O'er-grown with rust, which he took in his hand.  
 He drew the blade, and found it well could bite,  
 Which pleas'd his fancy to a very mite.

Then blythly said, Faith thou shalt go with me,  
Till with a better I provided be.  
To see his uncle, good Sir Rannald, then,  
Fain would he go, but that the English men,  
Who cunningly for him had laid the snare,  
He fear'd, might catch him in his journey there.  
At Richardtown then longed for to be,  
To get some horse, and armour quietly.  
With all precaution, Wallace ventur'd fair,  
Yet met three Southron, riding into Air :  
Long Castle bold, and with him yeomen two,  
Wallace drew back, and would not with them go.  
At him they ride, and said despitefully,  
Thou Scot abide, for sure thou art a spy :  
Or else some thief, that does not show thy face,  
But Wallace answer'd with a modest grace,  
Sir, I am sick, for God's love let me be,  
Long-Castle said, by George that shall not be.  
Thy countenance prognosticks something odd,  
To Air with me thou shalt travel the road :  
Pull'd out a sword, that was of noble hew,  
His rusty sword, good Wallace also drew.  
Then with a single, but a dreadful blow,  
He clave his neck bone cliverly in two.  
The yeomen, then in haste soon lighted down,  
The first miss'd not a clink out o'er the crown.  
Which to the craig, a clean incision made,  
A brave performance by the rusty blade.  
The other fled, and durst no longer stay,  
He scar'd at blood ; that was the reason why,  
But Wallace quickly brought the culzeon back,  
And there gave him the whistle of his plack.  
Along his ribs, he gave him such a rout,  
Till all his intrals, and his lungs hang out.  
Then took their horses, and their armour bright,  
Their noble weapons, cliver, clean, and tight.  
And all their coin, syne on his horse he cocked,  
With gold and money jingling in each pocket.  
Then in great haste, he rode to Richardtown,  
A merry meeting was at's lighting down.  
Sir Richard he was there, that noble knight,  
Who mourning for him, almost lost his sight.  
And his two sons, who never were so fain,  
As now, to see WALLACE alive again.  
Sir Rannald also came to see him fast,  
The woman told, by Crosby as they past,

How WALLACE escap'd; Sir Rannald changed hews,  
 He wanted faith to credit the good news.  
 Till he him saw, he thought the time was long:  
 But when they met, who can express with tongue,  
 How him he ha's'd and kiss'd so tenderly,  
 Till's very soul was in an extasy;  
 The tears of joy, which from his eyes did flow,  
 E'er he could speak, a long time held him so;  
 But at the last, most lovingly, said he,  
 Welcome dear nephew, welcome home to me.  
 Thanked be GOD, that hath this wonder wrought,  
 And safely out of prison hath thee brought.  
 His mother came, and kinsfolk not a few,  
 With joyful heart, to know those tidings true.  
 To Robert Boyd, that worthy was and wight,  
 WALLACE; he was a blyth and welcome sight.  
 From every different airt, they crowd and come,  
 To visit and to welcome WALLACE home.  
 Thanks be to GOD, who did to him dispense,  
 So happy, kind, and good a providence.  
 Here ends my second book, I say no more,  
 But quietly I draw, a second score.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

### B O O K III.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

#### C H A P. I.

*How WALLACE reveng'd the slaughter of his Father,  
 and of his Brother on Lowdon-Hill.*

**N**OW July deck in all her trim array,  
 On hill and dale did fruits and flow'rs display.  
 Blyth was each beast, that breaks the tender blade  
 Of grass, or nibbles in the green-wood shade:  
 And store of fish came in at ev'ry firth.  
 Most dainty chear, and got with mickle mirth,  
 But Scotland all this while, sad staid of wars,  
 Oppress'd with want, in doleful case appears.  
 For many a day throughout this hurry'd land,  
 No plough was drawn, but labour at a stand;  
 So that by August came, with lack of meat.  
 Our folk with thin chaff-blades, look'd unco' blate.  
 Bat English men, who wanted not for gear,  
 Were well-hain'd callans, and had ay good chear;



For to them duly, in good waggons came,  
 All things to gust the gab, and crame the wame;  
 Well fed they were; nor wanted to propine,  
 Among their friends; but tisted canty wine.  
 So cruce they grew, might no man them withstand,  
 But as they lik'd, they rul'd o'er all this land.  
 Till tidings came, that WALLACE stout and fair,  
 Had broke the prison in the town of Air;  
 Which when they heard, they suddenly were cast  
 Into the dumps, and stood right fore agast.  
 Earl Piercy too, when he had heard this tale,  
 E'en thol'd the loss, as he had tint his kail;  
 And thus he spoke, I meikle dread that we,  
 My merry men, this doleful day shall dree.  
 For if so be that WALLACE is not fast,  
 From Edward's yoke he'll free this land at last.  
 So prophesies of old, long-time have said,  
 As they inform, who antique legends read;  
 As tho' of legends we, and spells might doubt,  
 Yet well the lown I ken, and ken him stout.  
 And think it better, since better may not be,  
 To fleech him off, with gold and land in fee:  
 Might he stand stedfast for King Edward, then  
 Might all the land be rul'd by English men.  
 By force, his late escaping let's us see,  
 Not to be dung or vanquished is he.

Thus they, forsooth, to WALLACE we return:  
 Sore thrawn was he, and did with anger burn.  
 In Richardtown no longer would he bide,  
 For friends advice, or ought that might betide.  
 So when they saw their counsel all was tint,  
 They let him take his will and forth he went,  
 To venge him, if he might upon the plain,  
 On South'ron blood that had his kindred slain.  
 Sir Richard had three sons, as has been told,  
 Adam, Richard, and Simeon, brave and bold:  
 The eldest, Adam, might no man him flee,  
 So stout, tho' aged but eighteen was he,  
 Of person large, right hardy, wise and wight:  
 Thereafter, good king Robert made him knight.  
 For in the Bruce's wars his trusty arm,  
 On Englishmen had often wrought meikle harm.  
 This valiant squire with WALLACE forth did ride,  
 Into the field, and so did Robert Boyd,  
 A canty carle, who scorn'd, he was so cruce,  
 The English yoke, nor with their king made truce,

Cleland was there, who was of WALLACE blood,  
And had with him full oft in perils stood,  
And Edward Little, his sister's son so dear;  
A goodly gang, all graith'd in armour clear.  
Accouter'd thus, from Richardtown they rode,  
To Machline-muir, but short time there abode;  
For friends inform'd them, that in bondage were,  
How Fenwick streight was coming on to Air,  
With waggon loads of victual, and rich spoil,  
And good purvey, they brought them from Carlisle.  
This WALLACE heard, a blyth man then was he,  
And inly gran'd at bloody game to be.  
To Lowdon, then they trysted straight to ride,  
And in a shaw, a little there beside,  
They lodg'd them, and seeing it was night,  
Kept watch from glooming till the morning light.  
A good true Scot, who kept a stabling there,  
By Lowdon-hill, a true Scot late and air,  
Frae be't he saw them, came within a blink,  
And brought them wealth of meat and tosie drink,  
Syne told them, how the carriage men in haste,  
Had sent for tidars, who to Air had past,  
Leaving the rest with pow'r of great avail,  
Who were by then, he trou'd, in Annandale.  
Then WALLACE said, we must not sojourn here,  
Nor change our weeds, but wear our ilk-day gear.  
For ay since from his prison he got free,  
A summer weed, was all the weed had he,  
Harness except, which still he wore for life,  
To work his will in case of sudden strife:  
A good habergion cover'd with his gown,  
Was in his hand, a steel cap on his crown.  
Two gloves of plate, his hands did guard full well;  
Close was his doublet, and the collar steel.  
His face, when he came in among strange folk,  
He held it best to hide within his cloak,  
Else in the battle, it was ever bare:  
On foot, no champion might with him compare,  
So strong he was, so terrible and sture:  
His dreadful dints were gruesome to endure.  
More did they set, if WALLACE had'been tane,  
Than if a hundred South'ron lowns were slain.  
These worthy Scots, would now no longer stay:  
To Loudon-hill they past by break of day,  
Devis'd the place, and loose their horses turn,  
And thought to win, or never home return.

Two scouts they sent, to visit well the plain,  
But they right soon returned in again,  
Reporting, how the foes were coming fast;  
Then quickly on the ground, they all them cast.  
Praying with humble heart, the GOD of might,  
Them to protect, and Scotland's broken right.  
In harness bright, they graith'd them readily,  
Nor flinch'd there one of all the company.  
Said WALLACE then, here was my father slain,  
And brother dear, which doth me meikle pain;  
So shall myself, or veng'd be on that head,  
The traitor here, that caus'd the felon-deed.

No longer tarrying, now with hearty will,  
Incontinent, they hy'd them up the hill,  
Fenwick the knight, the convoy did command;  
And meikle dole had he wrought in the land.  
The sun was up, and dight in bright array,  
When Englishmen saw them upon the brae.  
Them as he saw, said Fenwick to his men,  
Yon WALLACE is, for well the lown I ken.  
Tho' he so lately did our prison break,  
Soon gripp'd again, he's no have leave to crack.  
His head, I ken, would better please our king,  
Than gold, or land, or any earthly thing.  
With carriage, he his servants bade bide still,  
Then with the lave he thought to work his will.  
Ninescore he led, in harnish burnish'd bright;  
And fifty were with Wallace in the right.  
Unrebuted the South'ron were in weir,  
And fast they came, full awful in effeir.  
A dyke of stones they had quite round them made,  
And proudly there, with great rampaging rade.  
The Scots on foot, the pass took them before;  
The South'ron saw their courage was the more.  
In prideful ire, they thought o'er them to ride;  
But not as they did wish, it chanc'd that tide.  
For Scots on foot, great room about them made,  
With prancing spears, and fore upon them laid.  
The South'ron, who were arm'd in plates of steel,  
That day did reckon to avenge them well,  
And rudely on their horse about them rade,  
That scarce with ease upon their feet they bade,  
Wallace, the foremost met so fell and keen,  
The wayward spear went thro' his body clean,  
Then swords were drawn, both heavy, sharp and lang,  
On either side, full cruelly they dang.



A fore assailzie then there might be seen,  
Of horse and men, as e'er was on the green.  
The Englishmen, who were expert in weir,  
Thought by main force, the Scots quite down to bear,  
And with their horse environ'd them about,  
That of the day they made no longer doubt.  
But our men stoutly to their orders stood,  
And dy'd the field that day with South'ron blood.  
Fenwick their captain, dight in glittering gear,  
Did on a prancing steed that day appear;  
Forth to the thickest fight, he hies him fast,  
And syne his spear with dreadful fury cast.  
A cruel chiel he was, and unco keen;  
Of Wallace father he the death had been,  
And brother also, whom he held so dear,  
Who, when he saw the traitor knight was near,  
Outragious as a hungry lion grew,  
And at full speed, to claw his noddle flew;  
Syne at the lown, a fearful fleg let flee,  
That from his rumple shear'd away his thigh.  
Ere he was dead, a throng came in so fast,  
Poor Robert Boyd, was almost smor'd at last.  
Wallace was near, and turned in again,  
To rescue him, then chas'd them thro' the plain;  
The remnant follow'd after them full fast,  
And drove the South'ron, till they were aghast.  
There Adam Wallace, heir of Richardtown,  
And Beaumont strake a squire of much renown,  
Right belly slaught, so that withouten mair,  
The burnish'd weapon him in sunder share.  
Some English yet, altho' their chief was slain,  
Them still abode, as men of meikle main;  
Where Wallace was, their deed was little ken'd,  
Tho' they did all themselves for to defend.  
For he behav'd himself so worthily,  
With Robert Boyd, and all their chivalry,  
That not a South'ron ere ev'n-tide,  
Might any longer in that stour abide,  
But thought their part was plainly for to flee,  
Which ev'n as many did, as could win free.  
An hundred at this bruilliment were kill'd;  
Three yeomen Wallace left upon the field.  
Two were of Kyle, and one of Cunningham,  
Who left to follow Wallace their own hame,  
Of Englishmen fourscore escap'd that day,  
Leaving their convoy to the Scots a prey,

Who there got wealth of gold, and other gear,  
 Harness and horse, and other things of use in weir.  
 The English knaves, they made the carriage lead  
 To Clyde's green wood, till they were out of dread,  
 Syne fair and fast with widdies they them band,  
 To boughs of trees, and hang'd them out of hand.  
 None did they spare that able was for weir;  
 But priests and women they did ay forbear.  
 When this was done, full blyth they went to dine;  
 For they no scant of victual had, or wine.  
 Ten score of harness horse, they got that day,  
 Beside good provender and other prey.

The South'ron now, who from the field did fly,  
 With sorrow to the town of Air they hie.  
 There to Lord Piercy, dolefully relate  
 Their sad disaster, and unsonsy fate,  
 What skaith he got, and who were slain in fight;  
 And how his men were hang'd by Wallace wight.  
 Said Piercy then, if Wallace long we bear,  
 Out of this land he shall exile us clear.  
 Certes, when lately he our prisoner was,  
 O'er slothfully our keeper let him pass.  
 Not safe ev'n in this fortress shall we be,  
 Since now our victual, we must bring by sea.  
 Besides, it grieves me, for our men so true,  
 Our kin, the day that we came here, may rue.

---

## C H A P. II.

*How the Englishmen made Peace with WALLACE.*

**W**HEN WALLACE now, had vanquish'd in the field  
 The traitor false, that had his father kill'd,  
 And brother, alas! that brave and worthy knight,  
 With many more, that all were men of might;  
 He caus'd provide, and distribute their store,  
 To go on new exploits, and purchase more.  
 In Clyd's green wood, they did sojourn three days;  
 No South'ron might adventure in those ways.  
 Death did they thole, durst in their gate appear;  
 And WALLACE word did travel far and near.  
 When it was heard, he living was again.  
 The Englishmen thereof had meikle pain.  
 Earl Piercy streight to Glasgow did him sare,  
 And of wise lords, a council summon'd there.

And tho' they had ten thousand men, or moe,  
 Would yet no chiftain out on WALLACE go,  
 So did they dread the carle. Then did devise,  
 How they by wylie gates might him surprize.  
 Sir Aymer Vallance, that fallie knight and strong,  
 In Bothwell dwelt, and then was them among;  
 He said, My lords, my counsel I'll propone,  
 Which if ye take, ye meikle skaith shall shun;  
 Peace must be made withouten more delay,  
 Or he more wicked pranks than these will play.  
 Lord Piercy said, with him no truce can be,  
 A carle so haughty, and so fell is he.  
 More mischief he will do before he blin;  
 For South'ron blood to shed, he thinks no sin.  
 Reply'd Sir Aymer, truce ye sorely need;  
 Thereafter ye may find out some remeed.  
 I think 'twere best, so gentle he's and true,  
 To try what good his kin with him can do.  
 This matter bid Sir Rannald take in hand,  
 With his nevoy, or forfeit all his land,  
 Until such time as he the work hath wrought.  
 Sir Rannald streight was to the council brought,  
 Where him they charg'd with WALLACE peace to gain,  
 Or he in London, prisoner should remain.  
 Sir Rannald said, my lords ye know right well,  
 For my advice he will not do a deal.  
 His worthy kin ye cruelly have slain,  
 And caus'd himself in prison thole much pain.  
 How think you then he'll do this thing for me,  
 Now he's at large, altho' you caus'd me die.  
 Lord Piercy then did speak Sir Rannald fair;  
 Make but this peace, thou sheriff art of Air.  
 And if the bus'ness can accomplish'd be,  
 Under my seal, I shall be bound to thee,  
 That Englishmen shall do him no distrefs,  
 Nor any Scot, withouten due redrefs.  
 Sir Rannald knew, he could not them gainstand,  
 So undertook what Piercy did command;  
 Piercy, who true and valiant still had been,  
 And mild in peace, altho' in battle keen.

Hy'd then Sir Rannald to the woods of Clyde,  
 Where WALLACE wight did with his men abide,  
 With whom foregathering, as to dine he went,  
 He sat him down, and shar'd their merriment,  
 And feasted was with dainties rare and fine;  
 King Edward's self, drunk never better wine.



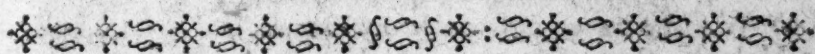
( ) ( ) ( ) ( ) ( ) ( ) ( ) ( ) ( ) ( ) ( ) ( ) ( )

*How WALLACE slew the Buckler-player in the Town  
of Air.*

BUT WALLACE wight, still tholing in his breast  
His country's wrongs, at Crosbie could not rest,  
Much did he grane in travel for to be,  
And sorely long'd the town of Air to see.  
So with Sir Rannald passing on a day,  
Fifteen he took, and to the town went they.  
Disguis'd they went, and in the gate they saw,  
An English fencer at the weapon-shaw;  
There as he stood, his buckler in his hand,  
WALLACE near by, a looker on did stand.  
Lightly he said, Scot dar'st thou 'fye a stroke?  
Quoth Wallace yea, gin thou dar'st with me yoke,  
Smite on, he said, thy nation I defy:  
Wallace therewith, a fleg at him let fly;  
The sword so fell was on the buckler cast,  
Clear thro' his harns it to his shoulder past.  
Lightly returning to his men again,  
The women made a din, our fencer's slain.

The man is dead; what need's of words mair?  
Fell men of arms then round him 'sembled there.  
Eight score at once upon sixteen they set,  
But Wallace quickly with the foremost met,  
And lent him with good will a fearful blow,  
That thro' the helmet shatter'd all his pow.  
Syne strake another so, the breast aboon.  
The sword went clear throughout the unfonfy lown,  
Great room he made, so did his trusty men,  
Till many a seekful chiel that day was slain.  
For they were wight, and well train'd up in weir,  
On Englishmen right boldly did they bear.  
Great slaughter of the enemies they made;  
Their hardy chief so well about him laid;  
Till from the castle new recruits-they spy'd.  
Which Wallace seeing, wisely turn'd aside,  
Thinking it safest to evite surprize;  
For he in war, was not more wight than wise.  
Then thro' the throng, as by main force he past,  
Their harns and heads afunder hew'd he fast.  
Himself return'd the hindmost in the rear,  
Till he had brought his men quite out of fear:  
Then to their horse they went; thereafter rode  
For better safety to the Laglan wood.  
Twenty and nine they fell in that day's feed,  
Of South'ron men, that nevel'd were to dead.  
The remnant to the town did flee amain,  
Cursing the peace with Wallace they had tane.  
Earl Piercy at the heart, was sorely griev'd,  
To find his men thus wofully mischiev'd.  
Three of his kinsmen, whom he held full dear,  
Were slain that fatal day in armour clear.  
Great moan he made, then to Sir Rannald sent  
A herald, charging him incontinent.  
Wallace to keep from market, town and fair,  
(Skaith to prevent) whete South'ron did repair.  
The South'ron knew it Wallace was alone,  
That them on this mischance had overthrown,  
And therefore kept the truce made on their word,  
And liv'd with other Scots in good accord.  
Now Wallace on a night, from Laglan rade  
To Crosbie, where the knight his uncle bade.  
Upon the morn, by it was peep of day,  
Came in Sir Rannald where wight Wallace lay,  
Shew'd him the writ Earl Piercy to him sent,  
And did entreat, that he would give consent,

To do no skaith to any English born,  
 Until the truce were ended which was sworn.  
 Said WALLACE nought of harm's be done by me,  
 That you may grieve, while I abide with thee.  
 His uncle with him then accorded was,  
 And bade him welcome there, his time to pass.  
 There did he bide the space of seventeen days,  
 Obey'd in ilka thing that might him please.  
 But in his mind remain'd another thing;  
 Nor could he rest him, tho' he were a king;  
 Till he his friends, and native land might see,  
 From thralldom, and proud English louns set free.



## B O O K IV.

### C H A P. I.

*How WALLACE won the Peel of Gargunnoch.*

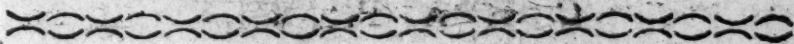
**T**WAS now September, crown'd with fruits and corn,  
 For sustenance of every creature born.  
 When many English peers of high renown,  
 In council did convene in Glasgow town.  
 Behov'd Sir Rannald Crawford then be there;  
 For he of right, was sheriff born of Air.  
 With him his nephew W. M. WALLACE went,  
 And only servants three, that their intent  
 Might not misconstru'd by proud Southron's stand,  
 And thereby bring new mischiefs on the land.  
 But long they on their journey had not been,  
 Ere Piercy's baggage passing by was seen.  
 Five men, that were its convoy, march'd beside,  
 Of these, two walk'd on foot, and three did ride.  
 With tedious journey, now their horse were tir'd,  
 So they Sir Rannald's from his men requir'd;  
 Which mildly when refus'd, with might and main,  
 They robb'd these honest Scots upon the plain.  
 This WALLACE saw, and sorely griev'd was he,  
 Such mischief, wrought upon his men to see.  
 But mindful how his uncle did engage  
 His word, he now restrain'd his deadly rage;  
 Yet from his party, presently withdrew,  
 Burning with anger, and revenge in view,



To ly in wait for the rapacious breed,  
Who thus had perpetrate, this foul misdeed.  
Near to Cathcart did he them overtake,  
And rudely streightway in among them brake.  
A burnish'd blade that tide did he unsheath,  
Which none provok'd, that e'er evited death,  
Their foreman first, with such good will he gave,  
That hat and head together off he drave.  
Syne on the ground, two of his comerades laid,  
The others fled discomfit, and afraid.  
While WALLACE seizing on their gold and gear,  
And passing Clyde, got into Lennox clear.  
Leaving his friends, his absence to lament,  
With WALLACE to pass on is our intent.  
To Malcolm then of Lennox, mighty Earl,  
His way he took, this Chief, the Scottish pearl.  
The Earl receiv'd him in a courteous way,  
And much entreated still with him to stay,  
Off'ring that he his men should all command;  
But Wallace grieving for his native land,  
Resolv'd what store of men he might to raise,  
To combat in the field for Scotland's praise.  
Stephen of Ireland, exil'd from his home,  
Did there into a league with Wallace come.  
So did Faudon, a man of dreadful size,  
Of threatening aspect, and iniquious eyes;  
Seldom he smil'd, was gruesome to the sight;  
And blood and batt'ry was his sole delight.  
With these and sixty more, went Wallace forth,  
Their valiant march directing to the north.  
Full in their way, upon Gargunnock hill,  
The South'ron bands had fortify'd a peel,  
With chambers meet, and hall commodious built:  
And strength of men, and store of victual fill'd.  
Wallace this piece determin'd to take in,  
Could it be silyly done withouten din.  
Spies having sent, and finding all was right,  
Resolv'd on th'enterprize that very night.  
His hardy men at arms were sent before,  
To break a bar that held the out-most door.  
But they in vain to break it did essay,  
Till Wallace fretting at the long delay,  
Came on himself; and with a furious shock,  
The bar and steeple all in flinders broke,  
Then open drave the gate, and there withal,  
Came tumbling down three ell breadth of the wall.

Much marvel did his men, who saw this storm,  
 And him do more than twenty could perform.  
 The passage clear'd, into the house they rush'd,  
 And all that did oppose before them push'd.  
 A watch-man had a felon staff of steel,  
 Wherewith he Wallace thought at once to kill;  
 But he recoiling with a little pains,  
 Soon rest it from him, then dang' out his brains.  
 The captain syne he in the throng did meet,  
 And with the staff soon laid him at his feet.  
 His men pursuing, slaughter'd all the lave;  
 No men at arms, they order'd, were to save,  
 Women and bairns he would not doom to die,  
 But let them safely pass unhurt and free:  
 The gold and wealth the soldiers prey became;  
 But Wallace fought for Scotland, and for fame.

Sojourning here four days, the val'rous crew,  
 Upon the fifth, northward their march pursue,  
 The Teth they cross'd, and the clear running Ern,  
 The motions of their South'ron foes to learn:  
 In Methwin forrest chuse their next retreat,  
 And for the hunting there, had store of meat.  
 Wallace was pleas'd, he now a place had found,  
 Where for his men, provisions did abound;  
 Where now at rest, refresh themselves they might,  
 Nor more be forc'd at once to fast and fight.  
 Yet for himself, no dainty fare he sought,  
 So did his country's cares possess his thought;  
 But wet or dry, was still with him the same,  
 And cold and hunger welcome, if they came.  
 So did he grieve for Scotland's woeful case;  
 And such his hatred to the South'ron race.



## C H A P. II.

*How WALLACE past to St. Johnstoun, slew the Captain,  
 and won Kinclavin.*

NOW Wallace grieving idle thus to be,  
 Resolv'd at length St. Johnstoun for to see.  
 Seven men went with him graith'd in armour clear;  
 The rest he left to Stephen of Ireland's care.  
 Changing his name, he entrance soon obtain'd;  
 Oft heard himself miscall'd, and sore disdain'd.  
 But well dissembling his intent, he chose  
 At a young maiden's mansion to live close:

A gentle loving creature, mild and meek,  
 Who often squeez'd his hand, and clap'd his cheek;  
 From her he learn'd, how things with South'rons went;  
 For ay to do them skaith, his will was bent.  
 Butler he heard, an aged cruel knight,  
 Kinclevin kept a castle wond'rous wight.  
 Glad of the tale, he straightway did repair  
 To Methwin wood, among his comrades there.  
 Syne drew them up, and march'd in good array,  
 Along the green and bonny banks of Tay.  
 Approach'd the castle silently and slow,  
 That of his coming South'rons might not know.  
 But they within, fearful of sudden harms,  
 Were quickly all a-stir, and up in arms.  
 Then did a fierce and cruel fight ensue,  
 As ever was maintain'd among so few.  
 But WALLACE still the foremost of the fray,  
 Soon gave the English lowns, right Scot's man's play.  
 Oft did he pierce their battle thro' and thro',  
 And at each onset, many back'd and flew.  
 Butler himself, came WALLACE to withstand,  
 But who could grapple WALLACE hand to hand?  
 Sore did the knight the rash adventure rue;  
 For with one stroke, his head in funder flew.  
 Their chiftain slain, the remnant English fled.  
 Behind them leaving threescore soldiers dead.  
 The castle yielding, after some short stay,  
 They set on fire, then brought their gear away.  
 Syne WALLACE wisely all his men withdraws,  
 And lodges safely in the Short-wood Shaws.

(x)(x)(x)(x)(x)(x)(x)(x)(x)(x)(x)(x)(x)(x)(x)(x)

### C H A P. III.

#### *Short-Wood Shaws.*

**T**HE English then, that in St. Johnstoun lay,  
 Soon hearing of this fierce and fatal fray,  
 Vowing revenge, a thousand men of weir,  
 Sent towards the wood, right awful in effeir.  
 These partly, Sir John Butler did command.  
 A valiant chief, as any in the land.  
 Seeking on WALLACE well aveng'd to be,  
 Who at Kinclevin, caus'd his father die.  
 The like sought Loran, who from Gowrie came;  
 For th' umquhile Sir James Butler was his aim.



Into the Shaw, their men came pouring in,  
 Archers and spearmen, with a dreadful din.  
 But WALLACE undismaid so plac'd his crew,  
 Best to defend themselves, for they were few.  
 Then did a fell and bloody stour begin,  
 As scarce before on Tay was ever seen.  
 Such deeds were wrought, as truly 'twere a crime,  
 Them to describe in our unlearned rhyme.  
 How arms met arms, and swords went clisny clash,  
 For rural lays to sing, would be too rash.  
 Of WALLACE is my chief intent to speak,  
 Much did he toil, and oft their ranks did break.  
 Upon young Butler lighting at the length,  
 Against him sole he guided all his strength;  
 A manful stroke at him then letting flee,  
 Defended underneath a bowing tree,  
 The branch came down so weighty on his head,  
 As in an instant fell the chiftain dead.  
 Loran to see his friend so fall was woe,  
 So flew on WALLACE an enrag'd foe.  
 But he defending with his awful blade,  
 Dead at his feet, the dauntly younker laid.  
 The worthy Scots did nobly all that day,  
 And drove their foes with shame at length away.  
 Seven of their number fell in fight, no more;  
 But of the South'ron race at least six score.  
 Now fearing lest their foes should gather new  
 Recruits, and them with numerous bands pursue,  
 To Methwin wood they went e'er it was dark,  
 And thence retreated into Elchoke park.



## C H A P. IV.

*How Wallace was sold to the Englishmen by his Leman.*

**H**ERE while they tarry'd WALLACE took a bee  
 Into his head, that maiden for to see,  
 Of whom we spoke before: a friar's gown,  
 He to disguise his personage, puts on.  
 Then hies him to St. Johnstoun might and main;  
 To meet the dame, he was so wondrous fain.  
 There having past a night in wanton play,  
 He made a tryst to come another day.  
 Mean-time the South'rons did corrupt the maid  
 With gold, to have him, when he came, betray'd.

According to his tryft, he came in hafte,  
 Incontinent into her chamber paff.  
 What they did there, who reads, may rightly fpell,  
 And certes 'twere unmeet for me to tell  
 Their dalliance paff, it fmote the damfels mind,  
 To lofe a love fo trusty and fo kind.  
 With bitter wailings, then to him made known  
 The cafe, and pray'd him quickly to be gone.  
 Her crime he pardon'd with a loving kiſs,  
 Wipt off her tears, nor took her fault amifs.  
 Then ſtraightway putting on her female weed;  
 Betakes him to the gate with utmoſt ſpeed;  
 Paſs'd unſpeſt'd by all the watch but twain,  
 Who wonder'd much at ſuch a ſturdy quean.  
 Him they purſu'd, till getting out of cry,  
 He faces him about, their ſtrength to try;  
 Pulls out a brand, was hid beneath his weed,  
 And laid upon them, till they both were dead.  
 Then haſtes him to his men he left behind,  
 Such hazard is in truſting woman-kind.

) (X) (X) (X) (X) (X) (X) : (X) (X) (X) (X) (X) (

## B O O K V.

*How WALLACE eſcaped out of St. Johnſtoun, paſt to  
 Elchocke-Park, and killed FAUDON. Paſt to Loch-  
 mabane. How he won the Caſtle of Crawford, and  
 killed the Captain thereof.*

**C**OLD Winter now his hoary aſpect ſhows,  
 Froſt bound the glibe, whiſt Boreas fiercely blows;  
 Sweeping the ſnow along the riſing hills,  
 Which ev'ry glea, and ſtanding hollow fills:  
 Cold grew the beams of the far diſtant ſun,  
 And day was done, ere it was well begun.  
 Long, dark and hateful, was the gloomy night,  
 Uncomfortable, to each baniſh'd wight:  
 Who durſt not truſt a roof to hide their head,  
 But ſeulk from hill to hill, with cautious dread.  
 Brave WALLACE having plac'd his ſentries right,  
 Deem'd it not ſafe to leave his hold that night:  
 For after his eſcape, full well he knew,  
 His diſappointed en'mies would purſue:  
 And ſo it happen'd. After they made ſearch,  
 Finding him gone, they arm'd, and made their march,

Amidst the throng, his subtle mîs, with speed,  
Convey'd herself away, and sav'd her head;  
Whilst they enrag'd the South-Inch way have tane,  
Where their two men, they found by Wallace slain.  
Six hundred strong they were, well arm'd and bold,  
Who round beset our Champion in his hold.  
A hound they had of wondrous bloody scent,  
Would trace the slayer's steps, where'er he went:  
A guard he had. The rest the wood beset,  
Looking on WALLACE now as in a net;  
Around the strength, Sir Gerard Heron lay,  
While with three hundred, Butler made his way,  
Into the wood, where valiant WALLACE stood,  
In shining arms, few were his men, but good:  
Not one to seven. Now past their pow'r to fly,  
Resolv'd to cut their way, or bravely die;  
The hardy Chief, unsheath'd his conqu'ring sword,  
Besought the aid of heav'n, then gave the word.  
Fiercely he met his bold attacking foes,  
And quick as lightning dealt his fatal blows:  
With horrid din, the temper'd edges clash,  
On coats of steel, whence hasty sparkles flash,  
But massy armour, and defensive shield,  
Must to the nervous arm of WALLACE yield.  
Like a swollen current, rushing from a hill,  
Which does with wreck, the lower valleys fill:  
Thus thro' the martial press, he made a lane,  
Who durst oppose, no sooner did than slain:  
Forty of which insatutely bold,  
With gaping wounds, upon the earth lay cold:  
Thrice five there fell of Scots men, brave and true,  
Too great the loss, when good men were so few.

Our martial Hero, thus cuts out his way,  
His men with hasty strides made towards Tay,  
Thinking to pass, but the attempt was vain:  
Rather, said he, let's die upon the plain,  
Than sink one single drop of Scottish blood,  
Without revenge, in the relentless flood.  
Then with new courage, in defence they stand,  
For Butler in array, was near at hand.  
Bathed in blood, and panting for revenge,  
Hastily they meet again, and deaths exchange:  
The youthful captain of the Scots in ire,  
Us'd to the wars, exerts his glorious fire,  
Runs thro' the croud, mows them down like grass,  
Whilst he invulnerable stands like brass.



But many of his few with grief he spy'd,  
Whose gushing wounds, their shields and coats had dy'd:  
No way he thought on, could bring them relief,  
Unless the downfall of the South'ron chief:  
Him keen he sought, thro' throngs, from place to place:  
Butler, tho' bold, declin'd to see his face.  
Amidst strong guards, beneath an aged oak,  
Evited at this time, the fatal stroke.  
Stephen Ireland here, and faithful Kierly, shew'd  
Their valour brave, and firm by WALLACE stood:  
Upon the ground, at this bout, sixty more  
Of English slain, lay welt'ring in their gore:  
Nine more of Scots were of warm life bereft,  
And only sixteen now with WALLACE left,  
Who got clear off, whilst Butler's wearied rout,  
Confus'dly fled, 'twixt parties they got out.  
The Englishmen not knowing where they went,  
Set the sloth-hound upon the bloody scent,  
With nose a-ground, closely she did pursue,  
Till soon both parties were in others view;  
The enemy pursued on couriers fleet,  
While the brave Scots depend on nimble feet:  
Of rising ground, they had two miles in length,  
Before they could arrive at any strength;  
Good hope they had, for day was nigh expir'd,  
But to their grief ill-fated Faudon tyr'd;  
WALLACE was loath to leave him on the way,  
Lest to approaching foes he'd fall a prey,  
Urg'd him t' exert his strength, with words of love,  
But all in vain, no further would he move:  
The Chief enrag'd, his sword with fury drew,  
And at one stroke the lagging traitor slew;  
Backward, a lifeless, headless lump he lay,  
While the twinn'd head babled its life away.  
Just was the act, he was a villain found,  
Useful in this, his blood would stop the hound.  
Sure proof of falsehood, short way had they gone,  
In prime of years, strong muscles clad each bone.  
Him thus dispatch'd, WALLACE his followers cheers,  
Then sprung the mountain swift as bounding deers.  
Ireland, mean-time, and gallant Kierly stood,  
Eastward of Dupline, in a scroggy wood:  
By this the stars were twinkling from on high,  
From every opening of the cloudy sky.  
Soon as the English came where Faudon lay,  
The blood-hound ceas'd to track the flyer's way;

Nor farther mov'd, her scent now being sunk,  
 In this new steam of blood her nose had drunk:  
 And now they deem'd, that the despairing Scots,  
 Had fighting been, and cut each others throats.  
 Kierly and Stephen, unknown, mixt with the croud,  
 That press'd about, and Faudon's body view'd,  
 And as Sir Gerard bow'd to take a look,  
 Kierly a dagger in his bosom struck,  
 Beneath his armour, upward gave the wound,  
 And brought this leader stagg'ring to the ground.  
 Soon as his men the accident espy'd,  
 Treason around, with mournful shrieks they cry'd.  
 Justly convinc'd that this audacious blow,  
 Was giv'n by WALLACE's self, or such a foe.  
 'Midst their confusion, aided by the gloom,  
 The two brave Scots escap'd impending doom.

With grief and madness, Butler's colour chang'd,  
 While he saw gasping, Heron unreveng'd.  
 Part of his host he sent, t' inter the slain,  
 Some to the woods dispatch'd, some to the plain.  
 Whilst he himself, with a strong party lay,  
 To guard the passes, till returning day.

Good WALLACE ever careful of his train,  
 Missing his two brave men, was filled with pain;  
 For much he fear'd they taken were or slain.  
 After vain search, into the wood he past,  
 And safely at Gaskball, arriv'd at last:  
 Flint gave 'em fire, and hunger made 'em bold,  
 To take two wedders from a neighbouring fold,  
 On which they supp'd. Mean-while they heard a blast  
 Of a loud horn, at which they stood aghast!  
 Two were dispatch'd, to learn who blew this horn,  
 And long they waited for the spy's return.  
 The noise continu'd still, and drew more near,  
 The horrid din, disturb'd the Chiftain's ear.  
 Two more he sent, but none return'd again;  
 Which fill'd his doubtful mind with rage and pain.  
 The other nine, he sent 'em one by one,  
 To find the rest. Thus he was left alone.

The awful sound increas'd still more and more,  
 Louder and louder swell'd the dreadful roar,  
 Which made him tremble, who ne'er shook before.  
 But soon his dauntless soul he did collect,  
 Then sword in hand, with daring front erect,  
 Mov'd to the gate. Where, to his odd surprize,  
 The frightful Faudon stood before his eyes,

Holding his bloody head in his right hand !  
 Soon WALLACE drew a cross, and made a stand.  
 At him the apparition threw its head,  
 Which WALLACE caught up by the hair with speed,  
 And threw it back. But dreadful was his fright ;  
 For well he knew, it was some hellish spright,  
 Which mock'd his sword. Strait up the stairs he flew,  
 And soon himself out of a window threw.  
 Thence up the river hastily he ran,  
 Never so affrighted since he was a man.  
 Backward he turn'd his eyes, from whence he came,  
 And thought he saw the tower all in a flame,  
 While on the top, did frightful Faudon stand,  
 With a prodigious rafter in his hand.

But whether vested with compacted air,  
 In Faudon's shape, some Dæmon did appear,  
 Or, if the ling'ring soul, expell'd with pain,  
 Strove to reanimate the corpse again,  
 Leave we to those, who with unwearied eye,  
 Explore the latent depths of dark Philosophy.

And now his follow'rs lost, the mournful Chief,  
 Stood wilder'd in his thought, o'erwhelm'd with grief.  
 Darkling he took his way, depriv'd of rest,  
 While black ideas rankled in his breast.  
 His soul was in a maze, nor could he find,  
 What heaven, by this mysterious scene design'd.  
 Yet still his rage, the distant en'my sought,  
 And fierce revenge boil'd up in every thought.  
 As thus he roam'd, with clashing doubts oppress'd,  
 That tore his soul, and battell'd in his breast ;  
 Gay morn awakes, and with enlivening ray,  
 Smiles on the world, and guides the rising day.  
 Butler, invited by the smiling scene,  
 Forsook his bed, and sought the plains unseen ;  
 There view'd how pensive WALLACE all alone,  
 Incessant sigh'd, and made a piteous moan :  
 And rightly guessing that he was a foe,  
 Demands his business with contracted brow,  
 Nor stopt. But spurring quick his fiery horse,  
 With rapid haste precipitates his course.  
 WALLACE unmov'd, th' impetuous shock sustains,  
 While awful joy his gloomy brow serenens.  
 Streight rising to the blow, he aim'd a wound,  
 And brought his en'my stagg'ring to the ground.  
 Now seiz'd his horse, mounted, and with loose reins,  
 Forsook the place, and shot across the plains.



A soldier view'd his hapless leader's fate,  
 With ardent eyes, and kindling into hate,  
 Wing'd forth his spear, that whistled in the wind,  
 Drove o'er the knight, and miss'd the mark assign'd.  
 But now the en'my with superior might,  
 Besets the roads, and intercepts his flight.  
 Collecting all himself, brave WALLACE stood,  
 Saw how they rag'd, and panted after blood;  
 And drew his sword, that with tempestuous sway,  
 Dealt fate around, and cut a sanguine way.  
 Three prostrate on the plain, of sense bereft,  
 And stiff'ning unto death, the victor left:  
 The tainted grass imbibes the flowing blood,  
 That gush'd amain, and ting'd the ambient flood.  
 But as a torrent with impetuous pride,  
 From some steep mountain pours its rapid tide,  
 Then swell'd by meeting riv'lets rows amain,  
 With tenfold roar, and swallows up the plain;  
 So with successive troops, the foe renew'd,  
 Condense apace, and thicken to a crowd.  
 The Chief retires, intrepid and serene,  
 While twenty foes unsoul'd, adorn the fatal scene.  
 Fearless, he inches back. His sword on high,  
 Refulgent, flaming, adverse to the sky,  
 Still ey'd his enemies, with greedy view,  
 And Parthian-like, still wounded as he flew.  
 And now the foes no more inflame the war,  
 But roar in fainter sounds, and menace from afar.  
 The panting knight now ceas'd from warlike care,  
 Reclines supine, and breathes the cooling air.  
 Now had the night assum'd her still command,  
 And spread her sable conquests o'er the land;  
 Darkness alone sat lowring all around,  
 And more than midnight horror cloath'd the ground.  
 Our Hero, weak and faint, pursues his way,  
 Involv'd in gloom, without one glimpse of day.  
 The dreary wilds, with fens and mire o'erspread,  
 Retard his passage, and his steps mislead.  
 His horse grown restive, and o'ercome with pain,  
 Fell giddy to the ground, and press'd the plain.  
 WALLACE on foot toils out his lonesome path,  
 Now plung'd in fens, now lost in rising heath.  
 Reviv'd by Heav'n, at length to Forth he came,  
 That thro' the country rolls its awful stream.  
 Circling it runs, and with majestic pride,  
 Into old ocean, disembogues its tide.

Upon the gloomy margin, Wallace stood  
 Along the margin into the flood.  
 With nervous arms, he stems the surging waves,  
 Dashes the tide, and all its horrors braves.  
 His well-try'd sword cuts out a liquid path,  
 And guides his course thro' wat'ry scenes of death.  
 Fainting, he made the land; his veins all chill'd,  
 With numbing colds, that thro' his vitals thrill'd;  
 For winter now had tempested the air,  
 And with bleak aspect froze the aged year:  
 While the far distant sun, with slanting ray,  
 Obliquely shone, and scarcely lift the day.

The Knight from towns and cities keeps aloof,  
 Secure beneath a widow's lowly roof;  
 Who with a liberal hand, reliev'd his wants;  
 Fondled his breast, and sooth'd his bursting plaints.  
 To needful rest he now applies his head.  
 But first the maid dispatch'd, with cautious dread,  
 To view Gaskhall, that burning seem'd of late;  
 To trace his followers, and learn their fate.  
 Now coming sleep, spreads all her balmy charms,  
 And clasps the Hero in her silken arms;  
 Within a darksome wood securely laid,  
 The shrubs his pillow, and the grass his bed:  
 Attending, the kind widow's sons stood near,  
 And guard his slumbers with officious care.

A priest beheld the Chief compos'd to rest,  
 Drew near, and thus his pony fears exprest:  
 Behold the patriot now, whose puissant hand,  
 Must rid us of the foe, and free our land!  
 Alas! good vent'rous youth, how weak he lies,  
 Expos'd to raging storms and wintry skies!  
 Trembling he sleeps, and verging on despair;  
 Obnoxious now to every female snare.  
 The Chief wak'd at the sound, flung up, enrag'd!  
 I'm not, he cry'd, so feebly equipag'd:  
 My arm and fortitude assert my right,  
 And all my honest actions dare the light.  
 While Scotland's wrongs, edge-keen, my well-try'd sword,  
 I'll never poorly own a foreign lord.  
 And thou, inglorious priest untouch'd remain,  
 And owe thy life alone to my disdain.  
 He said, and with his nephew turn'd aside,  
 Recounting how he plow'd the foamy tide,  
 Dark and alone; while his poor ebb of blood,  
 That flow'd amain, distan'd the crystal flood:

And how to finish all his other woes,  
 His men had fallen a prey to cruel foes.  
 The priest o'erhearing, cry'd, Dear son, behold  
 How Heaven confirms what I but now foretold.  
 Thy friends are lost, thyself aloof from aid,  
 To all th' assaults of fortune open laid,  
 Forbear to tempt thy fate, give up thy sword,  
 And own great Edward for thy rightful lord.  
 No more. Fierce Wallace stern'd his brow and cry'd,  
 My life alone shall the long strife decide.  
 Thy tainted words venom the ambient air;  
 Cut thro' my soul, and aggravate my care.  
 My country's wrongs, cry for revenge aloud,  
 And this good sword is keen. It thirsts for blood,  
 And only can be sat'd with a flood.  
 But while he spake, with hasty strides drew near,  
 Ireland and Kierly, still to Wallace dear.  
 As sorrow late a sovereign sway possesst,  
 Smiles kindle in each cheek, and joy in every breast,  
 While the vast pleasure that each aspect wears,  
 Too big for words, now vents itself in tears:  
 The chief beheld the scene of grateful woe,  
 And now his kindly show'rs with theirs united flow.  
 The wond'rous friends their dubious fate review,  
 And with amusing talk prolong the interview.  
 How they had mingled Heron with the slain,  
 And, unobserv'd, escap'd the fatal plain,  
 By this came back the servant, and reveal'd  
 What dismal scenes she every-where beheld.  
 How goary corsees strew'd the purple ground,  
 And death in bloody triumph stalk'd around.

No longer here the Hero would remain,  
 But left the wood, with his small faithful train,  
 And here the widow merits endless fame,  
 Who chearful with her sons to Wallace came,  
 Both in the bloom of life and sprightly youth,  
 Endu'd with courage, loyalty and truth:  
 Then she made over to his guardian care,  
 To bear fatigues, and learn the arts of war,  
 Brave Heroine, with manly virtue blest,  
 Her country drove the mother from her breast!  
 The Chief set forth, adorn'd with arms and horse,  
 And held that night, to Dundaff heath, his course.  
 \* Graham then possess'd these lands; an aged knight,  
 Who with reluctance, own'd tyrannic might,

\* Sir JOHN.

F



But now, alas! in his last ebb of life,  
He liv'd aloof from glorious feats of strife,  
His arm no longer could the faulchion wield,  
Nor shine in fulgent arms, and sun the field.  
A son he had, with every grace endu'd,  
Youth, honour, gallantry and fortitude:  
His country's welfare triumph'd in his breast,  
Tinctur'd each thought, and all his soul impress.  
Him the old sire, with ceremonial care,  
On his good sabre drawn, oblig'd to swear.  
The rugged paths of honour still to tread,  
Wherever Wallace and his virtue lead.  
Three times the night renew'd her gloomy reign,  
While here the gallant Warrior did remain.  
As the fourth morn her purple charms displays,  
And paints the cheek of day with orient rays.  
The Chief set out, his pupil by his side,  
Propos'd among his friends with him to ride.  
Wallace yet conscious of his recent fault,  
How into jeopardy his men he brought.  
Deny'd the suit, until his better care,  
Could with new force of arms revive the war.  
Now to Kilbank, he bent his course apace,  
In martial pomp, and quickly reach'd the place.  
The Knight, to every soul a welcome guest,  
Enjoys the love of all, and fills each breast.  
His nephew here, resides in bloom of years,  
And chearful gladness in his aspect wears.  
Mean-while the unwelcome news to Piercy came,  
Of our young Hero's acts, and growing fame.  
How with a run of conquests, he had slain  
His foes, and all their cities storm'd and ta'en:  
Alper in speech, and swell'd with vengeful spite,  
Piercy demands what shelter held the Knight?  
And sure, cry'd out, would he his warfare cease,  
Acknowledge Edward, and accept of peace.  
Soon might our king with unresisted sway,  
Thro' Scotia's bleeding vitals urge his way,  
Wallace would quickly tame the rugged north,  
Inspire our men, and call their courage forth.  
But still his rage, a cruel rancour feeds,  
And bursts in winged thunder on our heads  
Sages illumin'd with interior light,  
Who search the depths of fate, immers'd in night,

These have foretold, how Wallace, great in arms,  
Shall fill our plains with war and fierce alarms.  
The Chief, mean-while with active thoughts employ'd,  
A messenger dispatch'd to Blair and Boyd.  
Fame catch'd the news, and spread the welcome sound,  
In buzzing whispers, quickly all around:  
His friends convene apace, in gath'ring swarms,  
Inur'd to war, and bred to feats of arms.  
But Blair, above the rest, for learning fam'd,  
The first place in our Hero's bosom claim'd:  
With early infancy their love began,  
And grew as ripening youth shot up to man.

Thus danc'd the rosy minutes, and the chief,  
Securely liv'd at large, remote from grief:  
His transports now run high, his cares decrease,  
And every hour is mark'd with smiling ease.  
His friends with chearful looks his orders wait,  
And all his wants well pleas'd anticipate.

But now far diff'rent cares engross his soul,  
And all the manly rage of war controul.  
Love bound the Hero in his flow'ry chains;  
For over all the god-unbounded reigns.  
In Lanerk dwelt the fair. Well known to fame,  
For matchless beauties crown'd the charming dame.  
Now in her spring of life, she grew apace,  
Spreading to bloom, and crown'd with every grace.  
The Syrens with persuasive eloquence,  
Charm'd from her lips and beautify'd her sense,  
While piety adds lustre to her name.  
Wallace beheld and own'd the pleasing flame,  
The print of love new stamp'd his ductile breast,  
And with soft characters his soul imprest.

As waves, impell'd by waves, his mind is tost,  
And in the spreading sea of passion lost,  
Love tears his bosom, shoots along his veins,  
And a wild anarchy of thoughts maintains:  
Now with fresh warmth his martial flames awake,  
And he th'ignoble chain attempts to break.  
The fair arises now in all her charms,  
And with soft fires his languid bosom warms,  
The youthful Knight impatient of his wound,  
With strange disorder rows his eyes around;  
Tries every mean, and strives to quell the smart  
That tore his breast, and stung his bleeding heart.

Now maz'd in doubts, and with strange tumults fill'd,  
The lover thus his secret pangs reveal'd.

“What shall I then give up my breast to joy,  
And all my schemes of future wars destroy?  
Shall I thus lose myself in pleasing dreams,  
While Scotia's welfare all my bosom claims?  
No. Thus I stifle the inglorious flame,  
And raze the image of the beauteous dame.  
Rise glory, rise! assume thy wonted charms,  
And take me panting to thy sanguine arms,  
I'll drown each thought of her in war & loud alarms.”

Kierly beheld how the young Warrior strove  
In vain to quell th' unruly pangs of love,  
How obstinately good, he scorn'd to know,  
All but the dear unhappy country's woe.  
No cheering blefs gilds o'er his gloom of cares,  
No sprightly joys his anxious bosom shares,  
Fain would the friend his dreary cares beguile,  
When thus he answer'd, with an artful smile.  
And what can wound the strictest patriot's name,  
By wedding virtue in so fair a dame?  
Since all your thoughts, impress'd by love arise,  
Enjoy the maid, bound yours in nuptial ties.  
She's chaste and virtuous, innocent and good;  
Nor can her lineage ever stain your blood.  
“Ungen'rous man, reply'd the wondring Chief,  
And wouldst thou have me dissipate my grief?  
While Scotland weeps, weeps out her dearest blood,  
And floats to ruin, down the crimson flood.  
Th' important now, decides her future state,  
And see the scales are hung to weigh her fate.  
While we're the only friends that she can boast,  
To counterpoize a hardy numerous host.  
Our every thought, in such an enterprize,  
Or big with conquest, or with death should rise.  
And sure while Scotia's enemies remain,  
Unnerving love should ever sue in vain.

And what is love?

Nothing but folly, glaring emptiness,  
Effeminate and frothy all its blefs;  
A fleeting joy. Sure then it cannot be,  
That love and war at once should reign in me.  
Yet love, they say, our brutal rage disarms,  
Refines our ardour, and our courage warms,



But that is only when the fair one's kind,  
 When blooming hopes distend the lover's mind.  
 When bless, and beauteous conquest stand confess'd,  
 And life redoubled, heaves within his breast.  
 But when the virgin, nought but frowns bestows,  
 Nor hears his am'rous plaints, or dying vows:  
 'Tis then, his very manhood melts away,  
 In tears by night, and mournful sighs by day.  
 No more his breast the sprightly trumpet charms,  
 No more he joys in war and shining arms.  
 Our nation groans beneath a load of woes,  
 And calls on us, against her cruel foes:  
 And could such conduct suit a warrior's mind,  
 (For women are unconstant, or unkind.)  
 Who, before man, and heaven's all seeing eye,  
 Must bravely conquer, or as bravely die."  
 The Warrior spoke, with indignation spoke;  
 While anger from his eyes like lightning broke,  
 Yet in his bosom, love the tyrant play'd,  
 And laugh'd secure, at what his fury said.  
 The Chief at last, perceiv'd with anxious pain,  
 That still imperious love maintain'd his reign.  
 What could he do? with outmost care he strove,  
 Now to oppose, and now to fly from love,  
 In vain. The god, still with the angler's skill,  
 Or mock'd his force, or play'd him to the full.  
 Kierly beheld, how love his strength defies,  
 Battles his soul, and triumphs in his eyes,  
 And whil'st the Chief, who ne'er before had sigh'd,  
 Groan'd with a load of grief, he fondly thus reply'd,  
 "Why does my lord create himself this pain?  
 Why strive with love? yet ever strive in vain,  
 Give up thy conquest, dissipate thy care.  
 Make way for bless, and for the lovely fair:  
 The fair makes all the Hero's rage refin'd,  
 New-strings his arm, and cheers his drooping mind.  
 While in his soul the awful goddess reigns,  
 A double life his bosom knows, a double life his veins.  
 This said, th' advice with tender zeal express'd,  
 With poison'd steps, stole silent to his breast,  
 And joy, unbidden, all his soul possess'd.  
 Mean-while, with ebbing force as thus he strove,  
 To stem the rage of fierce prevailing love.

A maid approach'd, who from the fair one came,  
(For love had fir'd her breast with hidden flame,)  
And brought this message from the beauteous dame.

"Miranda sends, to honest fame well known,  
Fond to behold her country's bravest Son."

The Chief amaz'd, impatient of delay.

"I go, he cried, and bid her urge the way."

Thro' secret paths they went, and shunn'd the town,  
And reach'd the house, secure, perceiv'd by none.

While she severely good, and wond'rous kind,  
Wish'd for his safe approach with anxious mind,

The lovers met, and now a modest kiss,  
Lifts up the Hero's soul to laughing-bless.

Love feels th' alarm, starts up in fond surprise.

And thro' his veins, a-new impetuous flies,  
Inflames his soul, and sparkles thro' his eyes.

His sparkling eyes, that gently rolling, play'd,  
In hers beheld bright virgin love betray'd,

And whilst a blush that reddened on her face,  
Paints out a modest flame with rosy grace.

Screw'd to the highest strain of bliss, his soul  
Could scarce th' impetuous tide of joy controul,

But all was still, and all was calm around,  
When thus the Syren spoke in nectar'd sound :

"I own indeed, I love, nor blush to tell,

The man that loves my country's peace so well.

And would be fond, ev'n with my life, to please,

The Chief that bravely scorns inglorious ease.

While Scotia calls.

Alas! how much she needs, unhappy now ;

So good a Warrior and a friend as you.

Her bravest sons by cruel foes are slain,

And few her friends, ah! hapless friends remain.

Even while I speak, I scarce can boast an hour,

Or of my life or honour in my pow'r."

The loving Chief return'd, "Oh! maid divine,  
Your bleeding wrongs the glorious cause shall join;

And whilst the thundering battle loudest rings,

And thousand deaths appear on fatal wings;

Inflam'd by am'rous rage, and aiding love,

Like death himself, thro' groaning bands I'll move.

And while the thoughts of thee wing every blow,

How well I love, the gasping wretch shall know.

But by yon awful Heavens, had not my mind,  
With hopeless Scotia, 'gainst her foes combin'd.  
I'd never leave thee, by th' immortal powers,  
My soul would mix, and lose itself in yours.  
Yet next to God, and to my country's care,  
You all my thoughts, and all my breast shall share."  
With fond discourse, thus talk'd they out the day,  
While hours, well pleas'd to hear, croud hours away.  
Till Wallace saw the night on high display'd,  
And with reluctance, left the weeping maid.  
With heavy heart he held the dreary way,  
And join'd his friends that wondred at his stay.  
Now from the fair remov'd, our Hero strove,  
By warfare, to divert the pangs of love.  
Fir'd with the thought, he chokes the rising sigh,  
And fondly hopes the distant enemy;  
Who in Lochmabane, lorded it secure,  
Full grown in arrogance, and flush'd with power.  
Clifford, inhumane youth, bore chief command,  
And spread his cruel conquests o'er the land.  
Now Wallace scarce had reach'd the guilty town,  
(Conceal'd his name, his country only known,)  
When swell'd with malice, Clifford sought the place,  
And brands the Scots, and loads them with disgrace,  
Appriz'd, the Knight pursues the haughty lord.  
Th' affront lent weight and fury to his sword;  
Urg'd home, the thirsty faulchion sought his side,  
Transpierc'd his heart, and drunk the vital tide.  
Sated, the Cliftain left the town. And now,  
Wing'd with revengeful spite, his foes pursue:  
The Knight serene, thus warn'd his faithful friends,  
"Behold the raging en'my this way tends,  
Leave we the plains, and yonder thickets climb,  
Trusting th' event to providence and time,"  
His friends reluctant, hear the strict command,  
Sternly retire, and eye the approaching band.  
By this, with hasty stride the foe drew near;  
Their burnish'd arms reflect a gleam severe:  
With fulgent light they shone. The steely blaze,  
Shot full against the sun with mingling rays.  
Their arrows now with certain speed they aim'd,  
And wounded Blair, for wit and valour fam'd.  
Wallace beheld him bleed, and fir'd to rage,  
Turn'd instantly, in order to engage.



His little band in dubious war well tried,  
 Rush on the num'rous foe with gen'rous pride.  
 And now, with adverse shock, the warriors met,  
 Each urg'd the fight, nor thought of base retreat:  
 The South'ron army, thin'd with num'rous slain,  
 In multitudes lay grov'ling on the plain.  
 But still, in gath'ring crowds, now troops advance,  
 The fields resound, the neighing courfers prance.  
 Moreland, the flower of arms, moves to the field,  
 Lightning his eyes, his arms keen splendor yield:  
 His waving plume, nods terribly from far,  
 And whitens with its foam the tide of war.  
 With boiling rage, his heaving bosom glows,  
 And martial terror glooms upon his brows.  
 The English rais'd to hope, their chief survey,  
 And meditate the ruin of the day.

In vain the dauntless Scots attempt to fly,  
 Clos'd wedg'd they stand, resolv'd to win or die.  
 And now both sides assault, and proudly vie;  
 Thickens the combat, and resound the sky,  
 Wallace distinguish'd by his orby shield,  
 Rode thund'ring thro' the tempest of the field.  
 Where Moreland rag'd; and with a pond'rous blow,  
 Full on his neck, divides the bone in two.  
 No more the joints the dizzy head sustain,  
 The haughty chief rush'd head long to the plain.  
 Seizing his horse, the Knight, with active care,  
 Revives again the thunder of the war:  
 Inspir'd from Heaven, with more than human might,  
 His arm alone, inclines the scale of fight.  
 Around, the verdant grass, is sanguine dy'd,  
 And heaps on heaps expire on every side.  
 The English now, their chiftain lost, give way,  
 Dead'ned with fear, and fall an easy prey:  
 Now to the town, their rapid steps they bend,  
 Throng to the castle, and in haste ascend.  
 Their hagar'd eyes their inward fears disclose,  
 And look a voice, and speak their direful woes.  
 Graystock, their gen'ral here, at ease resides,  
 Who scorns their terrors, and their fears derides,  
 And now his soldiers arm'd, the fort he leaves,  
 And with fresh powers the fainting war revives.  
 Wallace, mean-while the bloody scene had left,  
 With victory, nor of one friend bereft.

And clad in arms, she shot an iron light ;  
The en'my saw, and curs'd the unwelcome sight.  
" Oh ! don't, they cried, our doom anticipate,  
Return, nor brave th' impending burst of fate.  
Yonder ! behold the valiant god-like Knight,  
Whose mighty arm alone lays waste the fight."  
" Ha dastards ! cried the gen'ral, with a frown,  
His strength owes being to your fears alone."  
And spur'd his horse. Now Wallace from afar.  
Beheld th' increasing tumult of the war ;  
Nor could he tempt the storm, that with new roar,  
Row'd dreadful menacing his scanty pow'r,  
And now o'ercome with toil, his horse gave o'er.  
Mean-time, dispatch'd by heaven, immortal Graham,  
Bask'd with his friends, a brave retinue came,  
Thrice ten he led, a small, but faithful train,  
Each could mark red the field with num'rous slain,  
And the whole tempest of the war sustain.  
The battle joins. And clamours, shouts and cries,  
Ring thro' the plains, and tear the vaulted skies.  
Graham now, with ardent eyes his friend survey'd,  
And sent to every quarter timely aid,  
Himself, mean-while, from place to place engag'd,  
Where the storm roar'd, and where the thickest rag'd,  
Rush'd thro' the war that bleed in every vein,  
Like some fierce tide, and sweep'd the standing plain.  
Wallace on foot cuts out a sanguine path,  
And stems the flood of war, and braves impending death.  
Restless he fights, with blood and dust besmear'd,  
Reaping the field, where nought but fate appear'd.  
And thus th' intrepid few still urge their course,  
Each in himself, a war, an army's force.  
But now the foe repuls'd with foul disgrace,  
Their champion in the front, retreat apace,  
While Wallace yet unwearied urg'd the chace.  
Before him Graham active as lightning flew,  
Mix'd with the crowd, and all promiscuous flew.  
The knight beheld, and check'd his vulgar rage,  
That stoop'd with the low rabble to engage.  
" Away, he cried, nor thus disgrace thy sword,  
Yon flying chiefs will nobler stores afford,"  
He said. The youthful heroes shoot along  
With rapid haste, and reach the distant throng.  
Fierce Graystock now abandon'd by his pride,  
Nought but despair appear'd on every side.

Graham fought the haughty chief. And now on high,  
 His sword that flam'd and lighten'd in the sky  
 With whirlwind sound descends, and cleaves his head;  
 No force of motion could the stroke impede:  
 The yawning chasm well'd out a purple flood,  
 Forth rush'd the soul effus'd with gushing blood.  
 Wallace, mean while, dealt ruin all around:  
 And with dead corpes strew'd the blushing ground.  
 The en'my still experienc'd his pow'r,  
 And those who felt his arm harass'd the Scots no more.

The chase now finish'd, the brave warriors meet,  
 And with kind intercourse of souls unite.  
 The Knight well pleas'd his panting friends espies,  
 With joy his bosom glows, with transports glut his eyes,  
 His visage roughn'd into frowns e'er while,  
 Assumes the softer beauties of a smile,  
 Fair victory sat blooming on his head,  
 And all around her, sacred blessings shed..  
 But now the sun rowl'd down the fading light,  
 Red Vesper took his post. Arose the night.  
 On hills of slain the scarlet heroes fate,  
 Pond'ring new toils of war in close debate.  
 Pale Scotia still her bleeding veins display'd,  
 And pointing to the foe, and call'd aloud for aid.  
 Fird with her wrongs, and with new anger fraught;  
 They steel their hearts, and bar each milder thought,  
 Nor sated with the vengeance of the day,  
 To Lochmabane directly take their way.  
 And now to aid their rage, a night of shades  
 Muffles the sky, and the pale moon invades,  
 No stars appear'd in the dark firmament,  
 As if their everlasting oil were spent:  
 Lone midnight silence quell'd each whisp'ring sound,  
 And spread his gloomy pinions all around.  
 Conceal'd, the wary spies rode on before,  
 The destin'd town in order to explore.  
 With darkness velop'd, soon they reach'd the gate,  
 Where watching, all alone the keeper sat.  
 With silent rage they aim'd a random wound,  
 And laid the felon prostrate on the ground.  
 The following band came on with hasty pace.  
 Breathing revenge, and quickly made the place.  
 The gleanings of the field they here surprise,  
 Resounds the house with clamour, shrieks and cries,  
 While terror wildly peeps forth from their eyes.



Nought but the groans of wretches now is heard,  
Where mirth and ill-tim'd riot late appear'd.

'Twas now past ebb of night, and dawning morn  
Appear'd on infant smiles, and blushes born,  
The victors now quite spent with toils of war,  
Give o'er, and panting breathe the fragrant air.  
Reclin'd, they gladly take a short repast,  
To satiate nature's call, not please the taste.

That done, with gen'rous wine they brim the bowl,  
Each quaffs and sucks the nectar to his soul:  
The dancing tide rowls thro' each languid vein,  
And swells them with o'erflowing streams again.

Sated, at length they leave the humbled town.  
The fortress taken, and their foes o'erthrown,  
And bent their course to where impetuous Clyde,  
Thro' precipices pours its foamy tide.

With many wandering rowls, the circling stream,  
The pride of rivers, and the poets theme.

Now grateful slumber creeps o'er all apace,  
And fonds their senses with a soft embrace.

Within a darksome vale, retir'd, they lay  
At ease from all the busy toils of day:

Thro' every limb the soft infection crept,  
And guardian angels watch'd 'em as they slept.  
A fort remain'd where fill'd with rage and spite,  
The en'my rul'd and triumph'd in their might.

While thus secure the slumbering warriors lay,  
Wild fancy now assumes internal sway:

Still to their sleeping thoughts the fort arose,  
And hag'd their dreams, and shook them from repose.

The inverted scale of heav'n now weigh'd up night,  
Sunk was the sun, and faded was the light.

Walking at length, unseen they leave the vale,  
The fated place determining t' assail.

Wallace before the rest went forth alone,  
With eager speed, and reach'd the guilty town.

And here a hideous noise insults his ear.  
Of drunken mirth, unlike the voice of war.

Enrag'd the chieftain gave the order'd sign,  
His friends throng in, and all their powers combine.

With active care the gates they first possess,  
Then guard the passes, and the strength invest.

Wallace first sought the house inflam'd with hate,  
Where sunk in luxury the captain sat.

Unsheath'd his sword, and aim'd a certain blow,  
 That hur'd the shades of night th' abandon'd foe.  
 With equal rage he gave to fate the rest,  
 And mingled with their blood their horrid feast.  
 Their mangled bodies strew'd the sanguine floor,  
 Grinning in death, and weltring in their gore.  
 Mean time, without, Graham plies the lofty fort,  
 Built up of beams, and fortify'd by art.  
 Streight flung triumphant from his thund'ring hand,  
 Full to the steepy roof, a flaming brand;  
 The red contagion, blazing, flew along,  
 With crackling roar, and scorch'd the trembling throng.  
 And now the ruddy ruin whirls on high,  
 Swells in the wind, and triumphs to the sky.  
 Wield shrieks within, and yellings of despair,  
 A blended horror! rends the midnight air.  
 And now the turret, ground, and all around,  
 With burst of thunder, tumbled to the ground;  
 It fell, and crush'd the wretches underneath,  
 With wild destruction whelm'd and fiery death.

Soon as the radiant morn renew'd the day,  
 The victors, on each side the place survey,  
 That now in smoking heaps and rubbish lay,  
 The works that stood they levell'd with the ground,  
 And spread a gen'ral ruin all around.

---

---

## B O O K VI.

---

---

### A R G U M E N T.

Winter being past, and the summer advancing, Wallace returns again to Lanerk. to visit his mistress. An account of the first beginning of his passion. is to be found in Book V. where meeting with a kind reception, he marries her.

But the English, during that time he had spent in his courtship, having occupied and taken possession of all the forts and towns in Scotland, obliged him to rise again in arms to vindicate his country. But before he took the field, he thought it necessary to remove his

wife from the hazard of the war; which occasions a moving colloquy betwixt them, she earnestly imploring him to take her along with him, and he declaring to her the ill effects of it.

The morning arriving, Wallace goes out to the fields, where having implored Heaven for the success of his undertaking, he blew his horn, to call his followers he had with him together; where discovering his intent, they all, with one consent, agree to the war, and make preparations for it.

The English perceived their intent, and under the command of Hefilrig and Thorn make head against them, and the Scots overpower'd with multitudes, retreated to Cartlane-craigs. The night approaching, Hefilrig insulting Wallace's wife, most barbarously kills her, when behold Wallace after expressing his sorrow for her loss, resolves to revenge it, and coming back in the night-time, slew Thorn, Hefilrig, and the Englishmen, in Lanerk. This being told King Edward, he gathered a great army, and came to Bigger, where Wallace, being now joined with a considerable number, met him and encouraging his men fought and defeat them, but the English being told by spies, that the Scots had intoxicated themselves with the wine left in the camp, returned and were again defeat. After this, Wallace took in a castle on a rock, and with continued debates, so weakned the English, that they were content, at Rutherglen Kirk, to conclude a peace for a year: that both should rest from committing any hostilities.

## C H A P. I.

**N**OW had cold February spent its store,  
And Boreas rushing blasts offend no more;  
No more the hurricane embroils the deep  
And driving winds on its smooth surface sleep:  
No more the plains in standing lakes appear,  
And March had spent the winter of the year.

Now April, joyous month; its course begun,  
And hoary snows now melted to the sun,  
A springing verdure crown the happy land,  
And smiling nature own'd the Summer's hand.

G



While thus the earth smiles in its gaiety.  
 And Summer weeds adorn each springing tree:  
 The busy Nymphs renew their annual toil,  
 And build their grott's perfum'd with balm and oil,  
 Each blythsome hour, in ranks they dance along,  
 And the pleas'd hunter listens to their song.

In this blest June, when all conspir'd to move  
 His manly soul, with the soft flame of love,  
 Our Knight to Lanerk went of new again,  
 Seiz'd with the pangs of his returning pain,  
 He runs with joy to meet his lovely fair,  
 Nor reck'd he of his English foes since he was there:  
 The subtle flame fierce roll'd within his breast,  
 Hot in his pain, he thought ne'er one so blest,  
 Sometimes the thought of conquest wou'd return,  
 And fierce ambition in his bosom burn;  
 His country's glory rise before his sight;  
 And love's soft joys, yield to the toils of fight;  
 At other times, love would usurp again,  
 Fair glory's charms decay, and war subside again.  
 Shall I no more hear the fierce battle's rage,  
 No more in bloody fields my foes engage,  
 Shall love's imperious powers thus controul  
 My easy heart, and move my pliant soul;  
 What plague is this? this bane of mortal's love?  
 That me from arms and glory would remove.  
 My honour calls, and nothing e'er shall make  
 Me lose my honour, for my pleasure's sake;  
 To war I will, and shine in arms again,  
 And love shall spread its silken chains in vain.

While thus the Hero spent his anxious life,  
 And love and honour held the doubtful strife,  
 Alternate passions rul'd his wav'ring mind,  
 And now to this, and now to that inclin'd.  
 At last resolv'd to finish all his grief,  
 And give his mourning soul a sure relief:  
 To wed with holy love, the beauteous dame,  
 Give loose to his desire, and quench the sacred flame.  
 And now the morning in fair beams display'd,  
 And music wakened into bless, the maid.  
 Connubial Hymen wav'd his torch on high,  
 And bad their future life, compleatest joy:  
 Now live in strictest unity of love,  
 And from all jarring dissonance remove.

Let wing'd with pleasure, the softest minutes flow,  
And lasting bless no interruption know.  
A rising joy now dawns within his breast,  
Of all that heaven could bestow, possest:  
With pleasure, now he runs his dangers o'er,  
And fortune's various face offends no more;  
In her alone, he places his delight,  
And joy arises from her only sight:  
While with like heat, her faithful bosom warms,  
For in his time he was the flower of arms:  
Thus blooming love extends his soft command,  
And joyful Hymen reigns with equal hand.

While now the Hero, far from war's alarms,  
Enjoys all pleasure in his consort's arms;  
His former love of glory fires again  
His martial soul, and prompts him to the plain;  
To bear aloft again the patriot shield,  
And vindicate his country in the field:  
His burning breast, glows yet with fields unfought,  
And future triumphs rise upon his thought,  
Now leave thy mirth, and seek thy country's foes,  
Tho' round thy head the gath'ring battle glows,  
Go leave thy love, or glorious freedom lose.  
Which ne'er on earth can be redeem'd again.  
Go live in war, go live in cruel pain:  
And then just God, who does this world sustain,  
Let not this thirst of vengeance be in vain.  
Let heaven with due success still crown the just,  
And lay the proud oppressor in the dust.

But now his faithful wife employs his care,  
Expos'd to all the common ills of war;  
Should he by adverse fate be forc'd to yield,  
And to the foe give up the vanquish'd field:  
A thousand sad corroding cares infest,  
And fate hangs gloomy on his anxious breast.  
Far from the hoarse noise of the thund'ring war,  
He would remove the object of his care;  
But sad with grief, relents his bleeding heart,  
And his thoughts shrink at the dread word, to part.  
'Twas now the time when all to rest repair,  
And weary wretches laid aside each care;  
When with fond arms, the fair Fidelia prest,  
Her panting Hero to her snowy breast;

With grief she found the rising tears bedew  
His manly face, and heard the sighs he drew :  
With frequent sobs her heaving bosom rose,  
And catch'd the dear infection of his woes ;  
On her pale cheeks does livid paileness rise,  
And sorrow speaks in silence from her eyes ;  
Then with a groan, thus he, " Long I've suppress'd,  
The struggling passion in my labouring breast ;  
But now all sad restraints at once give way,  
Fierce sorrow bids me speak, and I obey ;  
Behold our native country drown'd in tears,  
Around, one general face of woe appears.  
In vain we're blest with kind indulgent skies,  
And suns in vain with genial ardour rise.  
In vain a yellow harvest crowns the plain,  
And nodding boughs their golden load sustain :  
The peasant comfortless repining stands,  
And sees his harvest reap'd by other's hands.  
See the fierce soldier rages o'er the land,  
The flames wide spreading from the hostile hand :  
Those shining spires who lately pierc'd the sky,  
Now equal with the ground in ruins ly.  
O dire and curst effects of slavery.  
Yet once I nobly durst assert her right,  
Bold in her cause, and dauntless in each fight :  
But now the useless sword is laid aside.  
And my once faithful helm long been untry'd.  
But now the tyrants pow'r we dare restrain,  
And liberty shall rear her head again :  
With fell revenge, another war prepare,  
Bend the long unstrung bow, and launch the rusty spear.  
But various cares sollicitate my breast,  
Invade my heart, and rob my soul of rest ;  
While to my drooping mind's prophetic eyes,  
A thousand griefs in fatal prospect rise :  
Methinks I view the cruel raging foes,  
End that dear life to finish all my woes.  
Methinks I see that sacred blood now spilt,  
To fill up Heflrig's black scene of guilt :  
And now to save thee from the coming blow,  
And shield thee from the malice of the foe :  
I have prepar'd, of youth, a chosen band.  
Ready to march where-e'er thou shalt command ;



Some well-built tow'r, a hospitable seat,  
 Shall prove from war's alarms a safe retreat;  
 There, nor the battle's voice shall wound thy ear,  
 Nor the fierce spoiler, black with guilt, appear.  
 There may thy constant prayers bleis my sword,  
 And waft thy kindest wishes to thy lord;  
 Till circling time bring back the happy day,  
 When Scotland shall be free from English sway;  
 Till her extended plains be call'd her own,  
 And yet a Scottish king ascend a Scottish throne."  
 He said, and ceas'd, nor groan'd, but deep suppress'd,  
 Each rising passion, in his manly breast:  
 But fiercer grief, her tender heart assail'd,  
 She wept, and the frail woman all at once prevail'd.  
 "And wilt thou, then, she said, and wilt thou go.  
 Where thunders call thee, and where battles glow,  
 And leave me here expos'd to every foe.  
 See Heselrig with lustful rage appears,  
 Derides my passion, and insults my fears.  
 With hasty steps he comes to be possess'd,  
 Or stab his poinard in my hated breast;  
 In vain with piteous shrieks, I fill the air,  
 And stung with sorrow, my bare bosom tear,  
 When he that should revenge me is not near.  
 Hast thou forgotten how his ruthless sword,  
 In my dear brother's blood has deep been gor'd.  
 Fir'd with bright glory's charms both met the foe,  
 And sunk beneath the mighty warrior's blow;  
 'Tis true, that fighting for their country's right,  
 They glorious dy'd, nor recreant left the fight:  
 That thought indeed shou'd flowing grief restrain,  
 But nature bids me, and I must complain.  
 But say, in vain is all this flow of tears,  
 Fantastic passion, a weak woman's fears;  
 No, Heselrig, red with my kindred's stain,  
 No friends destroyed, and no brothers slain.  
 Yet with her Wallace let his consort go,  
 Join with his ills, sad partnership of woe!  
 Or if propitious heaven shall deign to smile,  
 With faithful love reward my Hero's toil.  
 What tho' my tender nerves refuse to bend,  
 The twanging yew, and the fleet dart to send;  
 Round thy distinguish'd tent, yet will I stay;  
 And wait impatient for the decisive day:

When freedom on thy helm shall crested stand,  
Nor fortune linger with her doubtful hand.  
But canst thou, thou wilt say, endure alarms,  
Hear war's rough voice, and the hoarse sound of arms.  
When the big drum, and sprightly pipe prepare,  
In dreadful harmony to speak the war.

Then shall thy breast with trembling heaving rise,  
And female sorrow gather in thy eyes:

But let the war's rude shock assault my ears,  
The woman, Wallace, shall throw off her fears,  
On this weak breast shall love new force impress,  
Nor let that doubt repel my happiness.

But whether can I go, or where retreat,  
From following vengeance, and impending fate:

Even, should I go, where dreary caves forlorn,  
Horrid with night, exclude the joyous morn.

And lonely hermits never cease to mourn.

Yet would keen Heflirig find out the place,  
And in my ruin finish all my race:

What tho' the bounding vessel waft me o'er,  
To lands remote, and some far distant shore:

What tho' extended tracts of lands and sea,  
Divide the war, and my dear lord from me.

The wife of Wallace can't be long conceal'd,

But soon by babling fame shall stand reveal'd;

Then take me with thee, what-e'er chance betide,  
Firm to thy cause, and honest I'll abide:

Nor let me mourn, alone, when I am left

Of thee, and ev'ry joy with thee bereft.

She said, and wept, nor yet his sorrows rise,  
But awful grief sits decent in his eyes:

"Cease, cease he cry'd, nor urge a vain relief,  
Nor by thy lingering doubts increase my grief.

Now if kind heaven shall bless my enterprize,  
Nor fate look on me with her envious eyes:

In flowing ease, shall end our hated strife,

And joy conduct us to the verge of life.

But if just heaven shall otherwise ordain,

'Tis heaven that wills it—why should we complain."

Thus while the faithful pair their grief express,  
And sooth'd the passions in each others breast.

The beauteous morn disclos'd its early ray,

And the gray east shone with the future day.

The Hero rose, and with becoming art,  
 Feigns a false joy, at the same time his heart  
 Was fill'd with grief, which touch'd each tender part.  
 Then to the fields he went with sorrow fraught,  
 While thousand woes surcharg'd each rising thought.  
 With patriot groans he fills the morning air,  
 And spreading both his hands to heaven, this was his  
 prayer,

“Hear me, kind heaven, if still my feet have trod,  
 In virtues paths, nor devious from my God:  
 Since first with floods of tears, and constant prayer,  
 My weeping parents gave me to thy care.  
 When round my head, the guardian angels flew,  
 And conscious heaven approv'd my little vow;  
 That if propitious fate, increas'd my span,  
 And length'n'd tender childhood out to man.  
 My country's foes, should always feel my might,  
 Nor my sword sparkle in another fight:  
 Thence soon commenc'd my woes, and hateful strife.  
 With war embroil'd my tender years of life.  
 Oft has the foldier, under my command,  
 From slav'ry base redeem'd his native land;  
 But now oppress'd with foes we droop again,  
 And panting liberty forsakes the reign.  
 Yet bold in virtue's cause, we nobly dare,  
 To raise the sleeping embers of the war:  
 No impious itch of empire fires our mind,  
 Nor are our hearts to those base thoughts inclin'd:  
 But our fierce breasts glow with a holy rage.  
 Thine are the fields we fight, and thine the war we wage.  
 But if alas! Some unforeseen offence,  
 Lies latent in the book of providence;  
 For which the trembling Scot shall shameful fly,  
 And leave the field to the fierce enemy;  
 Then let me die, preventing all my foes,  
 And close these eyes, nor see my country's woes.”  
 He ceas'd when he observ'd thro' the sky,  
 A strange prodigious meteor to fly;  
 The chief beheld it kindling as it flew,  
 And from the sight a happy omen drew:  
 “And does consenting heaven yield,” he cries,  
 “And better hours from better omens rise.  
 Now, now, the English shall the danger fear,  
 And trembling fly before the Scottish spear.



And now a growing hope springs in my mind,  
And leaves vain jealousy and fears behind."  
Then blew his horn, well known in wars alarms,  
To call the hardy soldier to his arms.  
To the shrill notes heav'n answers all around,  
And Scotia takes new vigour from the sound.  
Spreads wide the noise, and undulates on high,  
And reach'd the soldiers where dispers'd they ly,  
Inflaming ev'ry breast with love of liberty.

Now all around the Chief they list'ning stand,  
Each his keen sabre threat'ning in his hand,  
And eagerly devour his last command.  
"Enough my friends, enough has Scotia born,  
The foes insulting and her sons forlorn.  
The trembling peasant, wild with dread, affright,  
Shrink from the war's rude shock, and ruthless light,  
Religms his riches to the oppressor's hand,  
And sees another's sickle reap his land.  
And long we not to urge our fate again,  
Glow not each breast, and swells not ev'ry vein?  
Does not our heart with love of freedom burn,  
And once again our exil'd souls return:  
Where are those trophies by our fathers won,  
Triumphs related down from son to son.  
Where is that crown, the first fam'd Fergus bore,  
And that fierce scepter stain'd in Pictish gore.  
Should these old rev'rend forms again arise,  
In mystic vision dreadful to our eyes.  
What sad reproaches justly would they give,  
To those who chuse in bondage thus to live:  
How would their cheeks blush with a kindred shame,  
And throw us back the hated father's name.  
And are we so degenerate from our race,  
Such sons begotten to our sire's disgrace.  
That thoughts like these shan't force us yet to arm,  
And liberty thus want the power to warm.  
Let the pale coward own a panick fear,  
Of unknown wars, and distant triumphs hear.  
Let this heart startle at the trumpet's voice,  
And shrink unequal to the battle's noise.  
Can souls like these, alas! assist us now,  
Or rise to dangers which they never knew;  
But we, whose courage bids us pant for fame,  
And be distinguish'd by the patriot's name,

How should our breast with sacred fury glow,  
 And rush undaunted on the guilty foe,  
 The lawless rage of tyrants to restrain,  
 Nor let fair liberty thus court in vain.  
 He said. A generous ardour stood confess'd,  
 And a fierce patriot twin'd in ev'ry breast.  
 Revenge alone employs each warrior's care,  
 Bends ev'ry bow, and sharpens ev'ry spear.  
 Some scour the flying horse along the plain,  
 And bids his haughty neck obey the reign.  
 With goring rowels urge him in his speed,  
 And stop in full career the bounding steed.  
 Wallace beheld the auspicious fury rise,  
 And rage redoubled flushing in their eyes.  
 With joy he hears this omen of success.  
 And saw just heaven decree his happiness.

Nor do the English with less studious care,  
 Observe the growing progress of the war,  
 And for the fierce encounter all prepare.  
 Keen Hæfstrig, arms all their glitt'ring bands,  
 A thousand swords shine in a thousand hands.  
 A savage fury brandishes each dart,  
 And recking slaughter steels each impious heart.  
 But oh! ye Gods, shall yon weak bands prevail,  
 When hot with rage more numerous troops assail.  
 May righteous heaven still blast the lawless might,  
 And the just patriots vanquish in the fight:  
 But now advancing near, they other meet,  
 And with no friendly salutation greet.  
 Stern vengeance, lowering, frowns on ev'ry brow,  
 And hate arms ev'ry visage like a foe,  
 Behold what diff'rent passions now excite,  
 And join two nations in the toils of fight.  
 Here pride, ambition, arms each guilty foe,  
 And tyranny attends on ev'ry blow.  
 Here patriots stand, and boldly dare restrain,  
 The tyrant's growth, and check th'oppressor's reign,  
 And the fair cause of freedom to maintain.  
 Now all the plains with arms are cover'd o'er,  
 And the bent bow unloads its feathered store.  
 From well stor'd quivers, but declining light,  
 And ruddy vesper led the starry night;  
 Wallace withdrew, where Cartlane rocks on high,  
 Erect their shaggy tops, and threat the sky.

Safe shelter'd, there the Scottish heroes stay,  
And wait impatient for the rising day.  
Mean while, Fidelia, with sad cares oppress'd,  
Had sunk into the silken arms of rest;  
A thousand spectres dance before her sight,  
And add to the pale terrors of the night;  
Sword, shield and helms, in mix'd confusion rise,  
And blended horrors stare before her eyes,  
Even in that time, when all should be at rest,  
When not one thought should discompose her breast.  
Even then she shakes at Hefilrig's fierce hate.  
And her soul shrinks, as precious of her fate.  
Now fierce with rage the cruel foe draws near,  
Oh! does not heav'n make innocence its care!  
Where fled thy guardian angel in that hour,  
And left his charge to the fell tyrant's power?  
Shall his fierce steel be red'ned with thy gore,  
And streaming blood distain thy beauties o'er?

But now awakened with the dreadful sound,  
The trembling matron threw her eyes around,  
In vain, alas! were all the tears she shed,  
When fierce he waves the faulchion o'er her head.  
All ties of honour, by the rogue abjur'd,  
Relentless deep, he plung'd the ruthless sword:  
Swift o'er her limbs, does creeping coldness rise,  
And death's pale hand seal'd up her fainting eyes.

Now born upon the mournful wings of fame,  
To Wallace the unhappy tidings came,  
The rising woe sore thrill'd in ev'ry part,  
And sought its painful passage to the heart.  
Graham and his mourning friends with tears o'erflow,  
And join society of great grief and woe.  
When Wallace them beheld, he hush'd in peace,  
And kindly bad their growing sorrows cease,  
"This waste of tears, alas! he cry'd, is vain,  
Nor can recal the fleeting shade again,  
Could that vain thought afford the least relief,  
How would I mourn; but impotent is grief:  
Then let those tears, to wars rough toil give way,  
And the fierce sword perform what words would say.  
Hear me, brave Graham, companion of my arms,  
Whose soul alike is fir'd with glory's charms.  
To thee I swear, this sword I'll never sheath,  
Till I revenge my dearest, dearest's death.



Heavens! what new toils of death and war remain?  
Rivers of floating blood and hills of slain.  
But, steel'd with rage, to slaughter let us fly,  
And for her sake there shall ten thousand die,  
When men thus weep their courage grows the less,  
It flakes the ire of wrong they should redress,  
But let us haste while yet the dusky night,  
Extends her friendly shade, and drowns the infant light."

He said, the melancholy troops around,  
With pleasing anguish catch the mournful sound,  
A fierce revenge, bends ev'ry warrior's bow,  
And steely vengeance sends him to the foe:  
For now the armed warrior's careful tread,  
And march undaunted thro' the murky shade:  
No light in the high firmament was seen,  
And like their vengeance low'ring was the scene;  
To Lanerk swift they shape the destin'd way,  
The town defenceless, all before them lay:  
Opprest with sleep, the weary English lay,  
Nor knew, sad wretches! that their death drew nigh.

Now in two bands, they part their hostile force,  
And to these sleeping tyrants bend their course;  
Where Heselrig, the cruel murd'rer lay.  
Eager on slaughter Wallace wings his way,  
A thousand ills the traitor's mind infest,  
And warring furies combat in his breast;  
There, slaughter, rage, rapine together roll,  
And guilt sits heavy on his dreadful soul.  
Full on the gate a stone the Hero threw;  
Swift to the stroke the rocky fragment flew.  
Bars, bolts, and brazen hinges soon were broke,  
And tumbl'd down before the sweepy stroke.  
Surpriz'd he stood, and list'ning to the noise,  
With beating heart, he heard the warrior's voice,  
Anon, beheld the distant beaming lance,  
And trembling saw the injur'd man advance:  
"And thought'st thou traitor, fierce the Hero cry'd,  
When by thy murd'ring steel she cruel dy'd;  
When thy fell hand her precious blood did spill,  
Wallace tho' absent, would be absent still."  
Furious he spoke, and rising on the foe,  
Full on his head discharg'd the pond'rous blow;  
Down sinks the head-long felon to the ground,  
The guilty soul flew trembling thro' the wound,

Mean-while, enraged, Graham, from his flamy hand,  
 Full on the roof directs the hostile brand.  
 Inclos'd within, Thorn saw with dire amaze,  
 The spreading ruin, and the rolling blaze.  
 Consum'd in flames, he yields his latest breath,  
 And sinks into the fiery arms of death.

But now the morning rais'd her beamy head,  
 Around them lay vast heaps of slaughter'd dead.  
 Freed Albion's ensign glitter in the wind,  
 And a new hope exults in ev'ry mind,  
 The soldier views with joy the sanguine plain,  
 And Scotia well redeemed with heaps of slain.  
 The willing nation own him for their lord,  
 And joyful crowd to his auspicious sword.  
 With grief, fierce Edward heard his mighty name,  
 And burns invidious at his growing fame.  
 He bids his haughty soldiers come from far,  
 Blacken the field, and call forth all his war.  
 None can the dictates of his soul controul,  
 While his high conquests urge his rap'd soul.  
 Swift to fair Scotia's plains he bends his way,  
 By fate reserv'd for Biggar's glorious day.

## C H A P. II.

*The Battle of Biggar.*

NOW Biggar's plains with armed men are crown'd,  
 And shining lances glitter all around.  
 The sounding horn, and clarions all conspire,  
 To raise the soldier's breast, and kindle up his fire.  
 The Hero tir'd of Lanerk's luckless land,  
 Swift now to Biggar leads his conquering band;  
 Each heaving breast with thirst of vengeance glows,  
 And in their tow'ring hopes already slay their foes.  
 The careful warrior on a rising ground  
 Encamp'd, and saw the dreadful foes around,  
 Stretch'd out in wide array along the plain,  
 And his heart biggens with the glorious scene.

But now the morning in fair beams array'd,  
 Rose on the dark and chas'd the nightly shade,  
 Each eager soldier seiz'd his ready shield,  
 Draws the fierce blade, and strides along the field;

In blackening wings extend from left to right.  
 Condense in war, and gather to the fight;  
 Thick beats each heart, waiting the least command,  
 And death stands lingering in the lifted hand.  
 Wallace then threw around his skilful eyes,  
 And saw with joy their eager passions rise.  
 "To-day, my friends, to-day let's boldly dare,  
 Each doubtful hazard of the uncertain war;  
 Let our fierce swords be deeply drench'd in gore,  
 And then our toils and labour shall be o'er.  
 See round our heads the guardian angels stand,  
 And guide the javelin in each eager hand.  
 To Edward shall they bear the flying dart,  
 And with the pointed javelin pierce his heart,  
 Let glorious liberty each soul inspire,  
 Raise ev'ry heart, and rouse the warrior's fire."

He said,———

And kindling into fury rose each breast,  
 With love of virtue all at once possess'd,  
 Eager they thicken on the mountain's brow,  
 And hang impendent on the plain below.  
 The foe surpriz'd, look up and see from far,  
 The progress of the swift descending war.  
 They run, they fly, in ranks together close,  
 And in a steely circle meet their coming foes;  
 But now the Scottish heroes bend their way,  
 Where in his tent, the royal monarch lay,  
 There rose the battle, there the warriors tend,  
 A thousand deaths on thousand wings ascend;  
 Swords, shields and spears, in mix'd confusion glow,  
 The field is swept, and lessens at each blow.  
 Wallace's helm, distinguish'd from afar,  
 Tempests the field, and floats amidst the war,  
 Imperious death attends upon his sword,  
 And certain conquest waits her destin'd lord:  
 Fierce in another quarter, Kent employs  
 The wrathful spear, nor fewer foes destroys,  
 Where-e'er he conquering turns, recedes the foe,  
 And thickned troops fly open to his blow.  
 His bounding courser thundering o'er the plain,  
 Bears his fierce rapid lord o'er hills of slain;  
 Scarce can the weak retreating Scots withstand,  
 The mighty sweep of the invader's hand.



Wallace beheld his fainting Squadron yield,  
And various slaughter spread along the field;  
Furious he hastes, and heaves his orb'd shield:  
Resolv'd in arms to meet his enemy,  
Before his spear they rush, they run, they fly.  
And now in equal battle meet the foes.  
Long lasts the combat, and rebound their blows:  
Their dreadful faulchion brandishing on high,  
In wavy circles highten to the sky.  
With furious ire they run the field around,  
And keen on death explore each secret wound.  
They heave, they pant, they beat in ev'ry vein,  
While death sits idle on the crimson plain.  
Long in suspense the uncertain battle hung,  
And fortune, sickle goddess, doubted long,  
On whom she should the laurel wreath bestow,  
Whom raise as conqueror, whom depress as foe;  
At last the Hero tyr'd with forc'd delay,  
At his full stretch rose, and with mighty sway,  
Bore from the foe his shield's defence away.  
Now high in air the shiny sword he rear'd,  
Ponderous with fate, the shiny sword appear'd:  
Descending full, it stop't his stifled breath,  
Giddy, he turns around, and reels in death.  
The stringy nerves are wrapt around in gore,  
And rushing blood distain'd his armour o'er.  
Now all is death and wounds, the crimson plain,  
Floats round in blood, and groans beneath its slain.  
Promiscuous crouds one common ruin share,  
And death alone employs the wasteful war.  
They trembling fly, by conq'ring Scots oppress'd,  
And the broad ranks of battle by defac'd.  
A false usurper sinks in ev'ry foe,  
And liberty returns with every blow;  
Before their prince, the mangled subjects die,  
The slaughter swells, and groans ascend the sky:  
The king beheld with sad astonish'd eyes,  
The havock of the various battle rise:  
Unable to sustain, fain would he stay,  
And yet again retrieve the vanquish'd day.  
At last, behind his back he threw the shield,  
Spurs on his rapid steed, forfakes the field.  
The Scots pursue, and follow fast behind.  
The rattling noise swells dreadful in the wind.

## Sir WILLIAM WALLACE.

87

With grief, Longcastle saw the foul retreat.  
 Restrain their flight, and durst prolong their fate.  
 "Whence does our hearts this coward terror know,  
 Defeat ne'er stain'd our conquering arms till now:  
 Stay recreant, stay, nor thus ignoble fly,  
 But bravely conquer, or yet bravely die."  
 Scarce had he spoke when quivering all with fear,  
 'Scap'd from the foe, two fugie friends appear:  
 'Stop, stop, they cry'd, your hasty flight restrain,  
 And with sweet vengeance meet your foes again:  
 Opprest with wine the Scottish Heroes ly,  
 And feel the soft effects of luxury:  
 With ease we may return again, and spread  
 The crimson plain around with heaps of dead."  
 Long Castle took the word, and led them on,  
 Resolv'd to fight, with ardent haste they run.  
 The Scottish watch men from afar descri'd  
 The rallying foe, and swift to Wallace cry'd:  
 He seiz'd his horn, and gave the signal sound,  
 The summon'd soldiers gather fast around;  
 A fiercer fury kindles in their eyes,  
 And once again their madding passions rise:  
 So Triton, when at Neptune's high command,  
 He heaves the swell'd surge above the land.  
 When with full breath he bids the tempest roar,  
 And dash its sounding billows to the shore:  
 His angry waves the wrinkled seas deform,  
 They rise, they roar, and blacken to a storm,  
 A marsh now does either host divide,  
 Eager they view, and frown from either side,  
 But the fierce duke, unable to restrain  
 This rising passion, gave it the full reign,  
 And first encouraging his troops around, (ground,  
 He spurs his thundering steed, and dares the faithless  
 All plunge at once, resound the assaulted skies,  
 And thousands sink, doom'd ne'er again to rise:  
 The thundering couriers roar, and neigh aloud,  
 And then with foamy rage o'erlay the croud.  
 While those who struggling with the miry tide,  
 And with strong sinews gain the further side:  
 Tho' landed, only meet a change of death,  
 By the fierce Scots depriv'd of fleeting breath.  
 But now Long Castle gain'd the dryer land,  
 And plunging stood upon the shoaly strand:

88      The HISTORY of

Graham soon perceiv'd, and hast'ning rais'd a blow,  
 And with his sword received the rising foe,  
 Back sinks the foundering courser down again,  
 O'erlays his lord, he tumbles 'midst the slain.  
 Thus Edward the important day has lost,  
 And to his kingdom leads his remnant host:  
 While the glad nation smiles in liberty,  
 And send their humble thanks to heaven with joy.  
 Now where the Cree rolls down its rapid tide,  
 And sees the herds adorn his wealthy side,  
 A towering rock uprears its bending brow,  
 And throws its frowning terror down below,  
 Deep in the earth is fix'd its ample bed,  
 And murky night involves its airy head.  
 Their alder and tough oaks conspire with art,  
 To raise on high the rock, a steepy fort;  
 Where a great gate its brazen arms oppos'd,  
 And from the victor's rage, defends the inclos'd.  
 Safe in their planky tower, they shelter'd ly,  
 And from the oaky wall, the Scottish power defy;  
 Wallace beheld, and eager to obtain  
 The airy fort, he swell'd in ev'ry vein.  
 And when the night o'erspread the silent ground,  
 And on black wings dark vapours sweep around.  
 Eager he bids the weary soldiers rise,  
 And with slow heavings labour up the skies.  
 Himself and Kierly led the airy fight,  
 Strain up the steep, and toil with all their might.  
 The sentinel lay sleeping at the gate,  
 Doom'd ne'er to wake, unconscious of his fate.  
 Deep in his breast was plung'd a shining sword,  
 The ruthless steel his bleeding bosom gor'd:  
 Then entering in, they slay each foe they meet,  
 The trembling wretches groan'd beneath their feet:  
 They all give way, and thundering down the steep,  
 Shoot in the waves, resound the parted deep.  
 But, O how quickly alter'd is the case!  
 The English now, most humbly sue for peace,  
 Worn with defeats, their stubborn passions yield,  
 Nor dare appear within the bloody field.  
 Their hoary senators, whose early care,  
 Wou'd stay the fatal progress of the war.



In suppliant words, the Scottish Hero greet,  
 And lay their laurels low beneath his feet.  
 At Ruglen church it was where they did meet,  
 The Hero to the terms of peace agreed,  
 And with an oath the truth is ratify'd:  
 That either nation shall from battle cease,  
 And death should hang his weary wings in peace,  
 But soon these vows shall all dissolve in air,  
 And the returning year bring back the war;  
 The thundering battle spread along the plain,  
 And the brave Hero shine in arms again.

B O O K VII.

C H A P. I.

*How WALLACE burnt the Barns of Air, put Bishop  
 BEIK out of Glasgow, and killed Lord PIERCY.*

WITH Wallace now concluded is the truce,  
 But mark what treachery it does produce:  
 To English faith, the great seal they append  
 In February; yet March doth scarcely end,  
 When they of new, contrive a hellish plot,  
 Do break their faith, and murder many a Scot.  
 The English king takes journey in April,  
 And holds a mighty council in Carlisle.  
 To which the English captains hastened fast,  
 And privy were to every thing that past.  
 None other to be present thought he good,  
 But such as were of true born English blood.  
 Except Sir Aymer Vallance, as I'm told,  
 Who to the Scots a traitor was of old.  
 The South'rons here, consult him, how and where,  
 They might cut off the barons bold of Air.  
 Who, when he had in Pluto's myst'ry div'd,  
 Gave such advice, as hell and he contriv'd.  
 "Four barns, he said, built by the king's command,  
 At the head burgh of that old county stand.

Where, at one time none but a single man,  
 May enter in, or see another can  
 That is, said he, pox on his bloody face,  
 I think, the only, and the proper place,  
 To call the barons to a justice ayre,  
 And then dispatch them at your pleasure there."  
 To which they all, with spite and malice fill'd,  
 Consent, and vote them basely to be kill'd.  
 Except Lord Piercy, who, the curs'd design,  
 And villany, pretended to decline.  
 "The Scots, said he, have keep'd faith so long  
 With me, I'll not be witness to such wrong,  
 But at the time appointed will withdraw  
 To Glasgow town, from such a bloody law."  
 Fy on thee, Piercy, that was so unkind,  
 Not to reveal the barbarous design.  
 Where were thy bowels of compassion then?  
 That might have sav'd four or five thousand men;  
 Of Scots and English, that no harm did fear,  
 As by the tragic story shall appear.  
 A cruel justice then, they choos'd, and fierce,  
 Whose bloody acts, a heart of stone wou'd pierce:  
 Lord Arnulf, whom Beelzebub scarce could match,  
 He undertook the barons to dispatch.  
 Another ayre in Glasgow order'd they,  
 For Clyddale men upon the self same day.  
 Thus they like devils sit in human shape  
 And charge that Wallace by no means escape.  
 For well they knew, if he were overthrown,  
 They might possess all Scotland as their own.  
 Thus they conclude, to other give the hand,  
 And set their seals on this black hellish band.  
 To Air the justice speedily comes down,  
 And Piercy marches off for Glasgow town.  
 The justice ayre, on June the eighteenth day,  
 Was set, proclaim'd, no baron was away.  
 The Scots they wonder'd, in a peaceful land,  
 Why English men should rule with such high hand.  
 Sir Rannald did appoint before this ayre,  
 At Monkton kirk, his friends to meet him there.  
 Wallace was present 'mongst those gentlemen,  
 He Warden was of Scotland, chosen then.  
 Good Mr John, who surnamed was Blair,  
 Discharg'd his friends from going to that ayre:

And did suspect since Piercy left that land,  
He was no friend to Scots, did then command,  
Wallace from them, went to the church with speed,  
There said a Pater Noster, and a Creed.  
He lean'd him down upon a place hard by,  
Then in a deep sleep fell immediately :  
Into that slumber Wallace thought he saw,  
A Stalwart man, that towards him did draw :  
Who hastily did catch him by the hand,  
“ I am, he said, sent to thee by command,”  
A sword he gave him of the finest steel,  
“ This sword, said he, son, may thou manage well :”  
A topas fine, the plummet he did guess,  
The hilt and all, did glitter o'er like glass.  
“ Dear son, he said, we tarry here too long,  
Shortly thou must revenge thy country's wrongs.”  
Then led he him unto a mountain high,  
Where he at once might all the world see.  
Where left he Wallace, contrair his desire,  
To whom appear'd a very dreadful fire,  
Which fiercely burnt, and wailed thro' the land,  
Scotland all o'er, from Ross to Solway sand.  
Quickly to him, descended there a queen,  
A shining bright, and with majestic mein :  
Her countenance did dazzle so his sight,  
It quite extinguish'd all the fire light.  
Of red, and green, gave him with modest grace,  
A wand, and with a sapphire cross'd his face.  
“ Welcome, she said, I chuse thee for my love,  
Thou granted art by the great God above,  
To help and aid poor people that get wrong,  
But with thee now I must not tarry long :  
To thine own host thou shalt return again,  
Thy dearest kin in torment are and pain.  
This kingdom, thou redeem it surely shall,  
Tho' thy reward on earth shall be but small.  
Go on and prosper, sure thou shall not miss,  
For thy reward, the heaven's eternal bless.  
With her right hand, she reached him a book,  
Then hastily her leave of him she took.  
Unto the clouds ascended out of sight ”  
Wallace the book embrac'd with all his might.  
The book was writ in three parts, and no less ;  
The first big letters were, and all of brass :



The second gold, silver the third most fine,  
At which he greatly wondred in his mind :  
To read the book, he made great haste, but as  
He did awake, behold a dream it was.  
Quickly he rose, and there a man he found,  
Who did his dream and vision all expound.  
The Stalwart man, who gave thee that fine sword,  
Was Fergus King of Scots upon my word.  
The mountain does prognosticate no less,  
Than knowledge how our wrongs thou must redress.  
The fire hasty tidings doth presage,  
The like of which was not heard in our age  
The bright and shining queen, whom thou didst see,  
Was fortune, which portends great good to thee.  
The pretty wand which she unto thee sent,  
Betokens pow'r, command, and chastisement.  
The colour red, if I rightly understand,  
Means bloody battles shortly in our land :  
The green, great courage to thee does portend,  
And trouble great, before the wars shall end.  
The sapphire stone, she blessed thee withal,  
Is happy chance, pray God it thee besal,  
The threefold book, is this poor broken land,  
Thou must redeem by thy most valiant hand.  
The great big letters which thou saw of brass,  
Prognostic wars, that shall this land oppress.  
Yet every thing to its true right again,  
Thou shalt restore ; but thou must suffer pain.  
The gold betokens honour, worthiness,  
Victorious arms, manhood, and nobleness.  
The silver shows clean life, and heavenly blefs ;  
Which thou for thy reward shalt never miss.  
Then do not fear, or in the least despair,  
He shall protect thee, who of all takes care.  
He thanked him, then committing all to God,  
Home unto Crosby with his uncle rode.  
Both blyth and glad, all night they lodged there,  
And on the morn made ready all for Air.  
Wallace, he ask'd Sir Rannald at Kincafe,  
Where was the English charter of the peace :  
At Crosby, said Sir Rannald in the chest,  
Go seek it there, thou'll find it if thou list.  
None but thyself where it does ly doth know,  
Then by good luck he back again did go.

Sir Rannald he rode on, and rested not,  
Then came to Air, knew nothing of the plot.  
Into the town he did not tarry long,  
Went to the bloody barns, dreading no wrong.  
A baulk was knit with cruel ropes and keen,  
O! such a slaughter-house was never seen,  
Strong men to keep the entry they prepare.  
And none but one at once, must enter there.  
Sir Rannald first, that ancient knight comes in;  
And then the bloody murder does begin.  
A running cord they slipped o'er his head,  
Then to the baulk they haled him up dead,  
Sir Bryce the Blair after Sir Rannald past,  
The cruel dogs to death him hastened fast.  
No sooner enters, but he's in the snare;  
And on the bloody baulk was hanged there.  
A gallant knight, Sir Neil Montgomery,  
Was hanged next, which pity was to see.  
Great numbers more of landed men about,  
Went in, but none alive at all came out.  
The Wallaces and Crawford, stout like steel,  
Great cruelty from barbarous South'ron feel.  
The Kennedys of Carrick slew they also,  
And the kind Campbells that were never false,  
Nor did rebel against the righteous crown,  
For which the South'ron hang'd and hew'd them down,  
The Barclays, Boyds, and Steuarts of good kin,  
No Scot escap'd, that time, that enter'd in.  
Unto the baulk they hang'd up many a pair,  
Then in some ugly by-nook cast them there  
Since the first time that men did war invent,  
To so unjust a death, none ever went.  
Thus to the gods of their most cruel wrath,  
They sacrific'd the Scots, and broke their faith,  
Such wickedness each Christian's soul must own,  
Was ne'er before in all the world known,  
Thus eighteen score to death they put outright,  
Of barons bold; and many a gallant knight.  
Then last of all with great contempt and scorn,  
Cast out the corps, naked as they were born.  
Good Robert Boyd with twenty gallant men,  
Of Wallace's house, went to the tavern then.  
Brave, stout, and bold, the choice of all the land,  
He them in Wallace's absence did command.

Kierly who did the South'ron often mall,  
Cleland and Boyd were all upon a call:  
And Stephen of Ireland, who upon the street,  
With a good woman and a true did meet.  
He asked at her what news there was in Air?  
"Nothing, said she, but sorrow, dole, and care."  
All frighted like, she look'd him in the face:  
Then ask'd for Wallace in a little space:  
Who told, his uncle, the good ancient knight,  
Had sent him home, but would be back on fight.  
"Pray charge his men, said she, to leave this place,  
I'll Wallace watch as he comes from Kincaise:  
And him acquaint with ev'ry thing that's past,  
The sad barbarities from first to last.  
Now quietly together call your force,  
Get all to arms, and quickly mount your horse."  
He with the woman did no longer stay,  
But to his comrades posted fast away:  
Told the sad news; who, without speaking more,  
March all to Laglan wood, with hearts full sore.  
Now with the charter, Wallace hastes to Air,  
But little knew the massacre was there.  
Then loudly on him the good woman calls,  
"Nothing hut breach of faith within those walls.  
Our barons bold, thro' horrid treachery,  
Are kill'd and hang'd like beasts, up to a tree,  
Most basely murdered as they went in."  
Then Wallace wept for loss of his good kin.  
Unto the woman, up he gallops fast,  
To understand the truth of all was past.  
"Is my dear uncle dead, or how befel  
The case: good woman pray make haste and tell."  
"Out of yon barns, with great contempt and scorn,  
I saw him cast, naked as he was born.  
His cold pale lips, with grieved heart and fore,  
I kiss'd: then spread a cloath his body o'er.  
His sister's son, thou worthy art and wight,  
Revenge his death, I pray, with all thy might.  
I shall assist, as I'm a woman true."  
Then he enquir'd at her if she knew  
Good Robert Boyd, and if she saw him there;  
Or William Crawford, if he living were:  
Or Adam Wallace, a good friend indeed,  
But true and trusty in the time of need.



"Send them to me, with little noise and din;  
Then cunningly spy out the justice inn.  
See what discoveries thou of them can make,  
And then I'll see the next best course to take."  
This in great haste he spake, and said no more,  
Then wheel'd about with griev'd heart and sore.  
To Laglan woods, then pleasant, sweet and green,  
Which oft his refuge had, and safety been:  
Therefore his friends did mourn, with grief and woe,  
Till his proud breast was like to burst in two.  
Lord Arnulph, quickly after him does send,  
Fifteen hand-wall'd, well mounted Englishmen:  
A maceer also, to bring him back to law;  
Who, furiously, towards good Wallace draw;  
With sword in hand, among them soon he went,  
And paid them soundly to their heart's content.  
One thro' the middle there he cut in two,  
Unto the second gave a deadly blow:  
The third he struck, down thro' the body clave,  
The fourth, unto the ground he quickly drave:  
The fifth, he smote in such great wrath and ire,  
He on the spot did presently expire.  
Three men he had that killed other five,  
With much ado the rest escap'd alive:  
Fled to their lord, told all the passage o'er,  
How ten of fifteen men, were kill'd by four:  
And had it not been for their horse, that they,  
The other five had gone the self-same way.  
A right Scot's stroke, none of us sooner got,  
Than without mercy we lay on the spot.  
So fierce they fought it, and so furiously,  
At every stroke they made a man to die.  
Then thought they all it must be Wallace wight,  
To whom reply'd an ancient English knight:  
And said, if Wallace hath escap'd this ayre,  
All that is done is adding grief to care.  
Then spoke the justice when this rumour rose,  
"What would ye do if there were many foes?  
That for one man, so frighted seem to be,  
And are not sure as yet if it be he.  
And tho' it were, I count the matter light:  
Each gentleman who stays here shall be knight.  
And so soon as the morrow come, I'll then  
Deal the Scots lands to true-born Englishmen."

Thus spoke that cruel, indeferate beast,  
 But was mistaken, faith, for all his haste  
 Which minds me of a saying, sage and wise;  
 "Who counts before the rolt, he counteth twice."  
 The South'ron to their quarters now repair,  
 Four thousand strong that night did lodge in Air.  
 And in the bloody barns, without the town  
 Where the proud justice caus'd proclaim around:  
 The walls and garrison, on every side,  
 That no Scotlman within them should abide.  
 By Providence that night it happen'd so,  
 The justice to the castle would not go:  
 Lodg'd in the barns, knew not of Wallace's plot,  
 Who long ere morn gave him a wak'ning hot.  
 At supper they eat a prodigious deal,  
 Then plenty drank of wine and English ale.  
 No watch they set, having no fear or doubt  
 Of harm from Scots, who lodged all without.  
 The great fatigue and toil, that bloody day  
 The rogues had got, and too much wine, which they  
 Drank off in bumpers, lull'd them so asleep,  
 They quite forgot that night a guard to keep:  
 Thus all secure, they snorting lay like swine,  
 Their chiftain was great Bacchus, god of wine.  
 So soon's the woman saw them lying so,  
 Some men she warn'd, and made to Laglan go.  
 Foremost she went, her faithfulness was such,  
 At which, good Wallace was comforted much.  
 He thanked God whenas he saw them there,  
 "What news good woman hast thou brought from Air?"  
 "Yon bloody hounds (said she) are all so drunk  
 With wine, they're now all in a deep sleep sunk;  
 When I them left, could not so much as see,  
 One single Scotlman in their company."  
 "If that be true, it's time to steer my stumps,  
 And set a fire to their English rumps."  
 To him resort three hundred chosen men,  
 Willing and ready, their best blood to spend.  
 Out of the town there came good ale and bread,  
 And each thing else whereof they stood in need:  
 They ate and drank, and welcome were, for nought,  
 The gentry then, Jop unto Wallace brought.  
 "Alas! said Wallace, my dear friends you see,  
 Our kin are slain and murd' red barb'rously;

Therefore, I pray, for our poor country's sake,  
Let's now advise what course is best to take.  
Your Warden, tho' I chosen was to be,  
Yet in the place since I so many see,  
Of as good blood, and ancient Scots descent,  
And ev'ry way on honour as much bent.  
Forward and brave, in all good likelihood,  
As ever I; then let us here conclude  
To choose us five of this good company,  
And then cast lots who shall our captain be."  
Wallace and Boyd, and Crawford of renown,  
And Adam, then the Lord of Richardtown,  
And Auchinleck in war a skilful man;  
To cast the lots about these five began.  
On Wallace still, unto their great surprize,  
The lot did fall, tho' it was casten thrice.  
Then Wallace rose, and out his sword he drew,  
And solemnly d'd to his Saviour vow,  
And to the virgin Mary, that e'er long,  
He shou'd aveng'd be on the South'ron.  
"I do protest, he said, to all that's here,  
For my brave uncle's death, they shall pay dear.  
And many more of our good worthy kin,  
Who's blood they shed, and did not mind the sin.  
For which I'll play them such an after game,  
Shall make them all pass thro' the fiery flame.  
Before I either eat, or drink, or sleep:  
This solemn vow, most sacredly I'll keep."  
Then all most humbly, and with one accord,  
Receiv'd him as their Chiftain, and their Lord.  
Fine chalk the woman quickly does procure,  
Wherewith she chalked ev'ry English door;  
And all the gates which led unto the streets,  
Where South'rons sleep'd securely in their sheets.  
Then twenty men he caus'd widdies throw,  
No sooner spoke, than's word it was a law.  
With which the doors they instantly made fast,  
To hasp and staple with a sicker cast.  
Boyd to the castle past, the safest way,  
With fifty men, and there in ambush lay.  
That in revenge of his poor slaughter'd kin,  
None might escape of all that were within.  
The rest with Wallace, all the barns surround,  
And noble service from the woman found.



Who flax and fire brought unto their mind,  
And all combustibles that she could find.  
Wallace commanded all his men about,  
On pain of death no South'ron should break out.  
Nor rescu'd be, tho' he were of their kin,  
From the red fire, or they should burn therein.  
The conflagration shin'd so clear and bright,  
"Is not, said Wallace, this a pleasant sight!  
Our former wrongs, this will in part redress  
When these are gone, their pow'r will be the less."  
Then Wallace call'd with majesty and awe,  
"Brave Justice, Sir, come execute your law,  
'Gainst us that live, and are escap'd your ayre,  
Deal not our lands, for, faith that were not fair.  
Thy cruel bloodshed now confess and mourn,  
And take thy choice whether thou'll hang or burn."  
With that the fiery flames ascend aloft,  
To sleeping folk, such wakening was not soft.  
The sight without was terrible to see,  
Then guess what cruel pain within might be.  
Which to the bloody monsters there beset,  
Next to the torments I may say, of hell.  
The buildings great were all burnt down that night,  
None there escaped, squire, lord or knight.  
When great huge roof trees fell down them among,  
O such a sad and melancholy song.  
Some naked burnt to ashes all away.  
Some never rose, but smother'd where they lay.  
Others attempting to get to the air;  
With fire and smoke were burnt and choaked there,  
Their nauseous smell, none present could abide,  
A just reward, for murder will not hide.  
With sorrow thus, and many a grievous groan,  
They languish'd till their sinful days were gone.  
Some sought the door, endeav'ring out to get,  
But Scotsmen them so wisely did beset,  
Out of the burning flames whoever got,  
Immediately was cut down on the spot;  
Or driven back, with fury in the fire.  
Such wages got these hangmen for their hire.  
A friar, Drumlaw, who prior was of Air,  
Sevenscore that night upon him lodged were,  
Of South'ron lowns, for he an inn did keep,  
But watch'd them well till they fell all asleep.

The smoke and flame no sooner there arose,  
Then he contriv'd revenge upon his foes.  
Unto his brethren seven, the secret told,  
All stately fellows, sturdy, brisk and bold.  
Who soon the English armour do command,  
And a choice sword each one takes in his hand.  
In harness thus, they do themselves infold,  
And then the friar leads on the brothers bold.  
These eight brave friars to sundry places go,  
With sword in hand to ev'ry house went two,  
Wherein the bloody drunken South'rons were,  
And them dispatch'd, as they lay sleeping there.  
Some did awake into that doleful case,  
Who naked fled, and got out of the place.  
Some water sought, confus'dly thro' their sleep,  
Then drown'd in the Friar's well both large and deep.  
Thus slain and drown'd were all that lodged there.  
Men call it since, the Friar's blessing of Air.  
Few in the castle that were men of note,  
Remain'd alive, but burnt were on the spot.  
Some, when the furious fiery flames were out,  
In haste came forth, not having the least doubt  
Of harm from Scott, either by lass or lad,  
But far less from good Boyd, his ambuscade;  
Who like a soldier prudent, wise, and douse,  
Let them alone, then streight march'd to the house,  
And won the port, enter'd with all his men,  
Where only left were keepers nine or ten.  
The foremost soon he seiz'd in his hand,  
Made quite of him, then slew the rest he sand.  
Arnulph, who did refuse his lodging there,  
Was burnt to ashes in the barns of Air.  
Provisions in the castle there was none,  
Not long before, from it was Piercy gone.  
Boyd, there made twenty of his men to stand,  
Then went and waited Wallace's command.  
Who kept the town, till nothing left was there,  
But raging fire, and brave buildings bare.  
Of Englishmen, in spite of all their might,  
By sword and fire, five thousand died that night.  
When Wallace men together all were met,  
Good friends, he said, you know an ayre was set;  
That Clidisdale men to Glasgow shou'd repair,  
To Bishop Beik, and the Lord Piercy there.

We'll thither haste, therefore, tho' we be few,  
Of our good kin, some killed are e'er now.  
The burgeses, he caus'd unto him call,  
And gave command in gen'ral to them all;  
Safely to watch and guard the house of Air,  
With utmost caution, diligence, and care.  
To which they all consented, and did say,  
With cheerful heart they'd his command obey.  
Wallace's men, refresh'd themselves, and so  
For Glasgow town prepar'd in haste to go.  
Choice of good English horses to their mind,  
They took along, and left the bad behind.  
In haste away rides that brave cavalry,  
Three hundred strong was the good company;  
To Glasgow town march these good men and true,  
And pass the bridge before the South'ron knew.  
Lord Piercy soon, with diligence and care,  
His men conven'd all in good order there.  
Who do conclude, that it must Wallace be,  
Prepare for fight, either to do or die.  
Then Bishop Beik, and Piercy upon sight,  
Led on a thousand men in armour bright.  
Wallace views their force, then back does ride,  
And in two squadrons did his horse divide.  
Harnish'd his men, who were in number few,  
Then call'd on Auchinleck, both stout and true.  
"Uncle, he said, e'er we these men assail,  
Whither will ye bear up the bishop's tail,  
Or with the foremost will ye galiop on,  
Kneel down, and take that prelate's bennison."  
Quoth Auchinleck, "I'll not ambitious be,  
Yourself may take his blessing first for me.  
That is the post of honour, and your right,  
I shall bear up his tail with all my might."  
"Since we must part, you'll be much in the wrong,  
Good Wallace said, if you stay from us long,  
Your men will not regard their number vast,  
For God's sake then march on your squadron fast.  
Our parting, I wou'd not the South'ron saw,  
March you behind in thro' the north cast raw,  
Good men of war are in Northumberland."  
Thus parted, and took other by the hand.  
Quoth Auchinleck, "We'll do the best we may,  
I will not be right if we stay long away."



There's be a reel among us speedily,  
But to the right almighty God have eye."  
Then Adam Wallace and good Auchinleck,  
With seven score, men of note and good respect;  
Brave cliver boys, stout, able, hail and sound,  
March briskly up the backside of the town:  
Till they were fairly out of South'ron sight,  
The other squadron drefs with all their might.  
Wallace and Boyd up thro' the plain street go,  
The English wond'red when they saw no moe.  
An ensign was with Beik and Piercy there,  
Who boldly call'd, and challeng'd what they were.  
A fierce encounter then and sharp, between  
The Scots and English, as was ever seen,  
Quickly ensues, with such a dreadful dint.  
Till from their swords the fire flew like flint.  
The hardy Scots most manfully they fought,  
And to the ground heaps of the South'rons brought.  
Pierced their plates with pointed swords of steel,  
At ev'ry blow, they made them there to kneel.  
The stour like smoke arose among them fast,  
Dark'ned the sun, and to the clouds it past.  
Honour to gain, each Scotsman did his best,  
Tho' with great numbers they were sadly prest.  
Yet gallantly they fought and pushed on,  
With sword in hand, and charg'd the South'ron.  
Lord Piercy's men, expert in war I wot,  
Most fiercely fought, and flinched ne'er a foot.  
Then Adam Wallace and good Auchinleck,  
Their duty next, in truth do not neglect.  
But like brave soldiers do obey command,  
And boldly enter all with sword in hand.  
Amidst the contest hot, and fierce dispute,  
At which some South'ron bravely fac'd about;  
Who stoutly charg'd the Scots, and very fast,  
But were oblig'd to yield their ground at last.  
This fresh relief so eager fought and keen,  
And made such flaps as never yet was seen,  
'Mongst Englishmen, that to their very will,  
The Scots got room to fight and slay their fill.  
Then Wallace 'mids that cruel bloody throng,  
With his good sword, that heavy was and long,  
At the Lord Piercy, such a stroke he drew,  
Till bone and brain in different places flew.

Whom, when his men perceiv'd that he was dead,  
With Bishop Beik all marched off with speed.  
By the friar church, out thro' a wood they throng,  
But in that forrest durst not tarry long.  
Thus in a hurry, all to Bothwell scour,  
The Scottish swords were sharp for to endure.  
So cruel was the skirmish and so hot,  
The English left seven hundred on the spot.  
Wallace he follow'd with stout men and tight,  
Altho' fore-foughten, marched all that night;  
Many he slew into the chase that day,  
But yet with Beik, three hundred got away.  
The traitor Vallance he escap'd also,  
To all true Scotsmen still a mortal foe.  
Five thousand South'rons Wallace burnt at Air,  
At Glasgow town seven hundred killed there.  
The South'ron chas'd to Bothwell that strong place,  
Then did return within a little space.  
Thus with fatigue, and want of sleep oppress'd,  
Rode to Dundaff, and there took him some rest.  
Told good Sir John of all besel in Air,  
Who did regrave he was not with him there.  
Wallace he sojourn'd in Dundaff at will,  
Five summer days, with pleasure there until,  
He tidings got, from good men all forlorn,  
Buchan was up, Athol, Monteith and Lorn.  
That on Argyle, a furious war they make,  
All for King Edward's cruel bloody sake.  
Campbel the knight, that witty was and smart,  
Staid in Argyle in spite of Edward's heart.  
And kepted still his heritage Lochow,  
In spite of the M'Fadzean's sword and bow.  
Who 'cause he had unto King Edward sworn,  
Gave him Argyle, and all the lands of Lorn.  
False John of Lorn to that gift did accord,  
Because in England he was made a lord.  
Duncan of Lorn, he stood up for the land,  
Who when o'ercome by the M'Fadzean;  
Did join himself to Campbel that brave knight,  
In war, who was both worthy, wise and wight.  
M'Fadzean now with diligence and care,  
His five new lordships 'bout him 'sembles there.  
That tyrant to the land no sooner comes,  
Than he packs up an army of vile scums:

Full fifteen thousand cursed rogues indeed,  
Of omne-gat-hums after him does lead.  
Many of whom he had from Ireland got,  
Man, wife, nor child, these monsters spared not.  
Wasted the land, where-e'er they came, at will,  
Nothing they knaw, but burn, destroy and kill.  
Into Lochow they enter speedily,  
Which, when the good knight Campbel did espy,  
In Craigmure three hundred men he puts,  
And holds that strength in spite of all their guts.  
Then broke the bridge, that o'er they might not pass,  
But thro' a foord, that deep and narrow was:  
Securely there, and safe made his abode,  
Aufe did defend him, that was deep and broad.  
M'Fadzean was on the other side,  
And there, per force, obliged was to bide.  
Till 'twixt a rock and a great water side,  
Where none but four in front could either march or ride,  
M'Fadzean has a little passage found,  
Were he o'er that, he thought all was his own.  
Where plenty, he, of cattle for no cost,  
Might get to maintain his savage host.  
Duncan of Lorn, unto his travels got,  
In quest of Wallace to prevent the plot:  
For speedy succours to the knight's relief,  
Against M'Fadzean, that false traitor thief.  
Gilmichael then, a footman clean and tight,  
With Duncan went, to guide his way aright.  
Thus cliverly away the couple trudg'd,  
Till they came streight where the wight Wallace lodg'd.  
There they, tho' weary, all fatigu'd and faint,  
Against M'Fadzean table their complaint.  
When Earl Malcom he the tidings knew,  
To Wallace hastes, with his men stout and true.  
Sir John the Graham there does him also meet,  
M'Fadzean wars so griev'd his noble sp'rit.  
Richard of Lundie came the self same day,  
Who all with Wallace boldly march away.



## C H A P. II.

*How Wallace slew M'Fadzean.*

**T**HEN Wallace march'd to view M'Fadzean's host.  
Of savages and knaves made up almost,  
By Stirling castle held to the south hand,  
Which that great rogue old Ruickby did command.  
To Earl Malcom, Wallace looking back,  
What would you think this fortress to attack.  
And it reduce by some new stratagem.  
All good, said he, so said Sir John the Graham.  
Wallace his men then he divided so,  
That his true strength the English should not know.  
The Earl lay in ambush out of sight,  
Wallace with him took good Sir John the knight.  
A hundred brave bold Scots do him attend,  
Who never turn'd their backs on Englishmen.  
Thro' Stirling town, straight to the bridge rode they.  
In noble order, and in good array.  
Whom when old Ruickby narrowly did view,  
Caus'd seven score archers presently pursue.  
And them engage, but Wallace, void of fear,  
Into his hand holding a noble spear,  
He fiercely to these proud archers drew,  
And on the spot the first that met him slew.  
Sir John the Graham, none could him there withstand,  
Who also had a good spear in his hand:  
The first he met to present death was sent,  
His spear in pieces on the second went.  
His gallant sword then drew he out with speed,  
A noble friend to him in time of need.  
Fresh English archers round about them drew,  
And with their arrows his brave horse they slew.  
When Wallace saw that good Sir John was put  
To such distress, and that he fought on foot,  
He with some others from their horse alight,  
And quickly put the South'ron all to flight.  
Who to the castle back thought to repair,  
But Earl Malcom baulk'd their fancy there.  
Betwixt them and the castle gate he got,  
Where he kill'd many Englishmen of note.

Into the throng Wallace with Ruickby met,  
Of the old rogue, there such a stroke did get;  
As made his head upon the field to dance,  
But his two sons, by accident and chance,  
Into the castle whence they came before,  
With thirty men escap'd, and no more.  
The Lennox men, both stout and bold also,  
There from the castle would not stir nor go,  
But carefully besieg'd it round about,  
As knowing well it could not long stand out.  
The siege goes on, unto the Earl's mind,  
But Wallace he pursues his first design.  
To fight M'Fadzean, that most bloody rogue,  
Who for his villany did bear the vogue.  
Against him Wallace vow'd and swore revenge,  
From which his mind ne'er alter shou'd, nor change.  
That till he had the honour to put down,  
That wicked tyrant he shou'd ne'er sleep sound.  
At Stirling Bridge, assembled to him then,  
Two thousand brave, and valiant Scotsmen.  
Who to Argyle in noble order ride:  
Duncan of Lorn, he was their trusty guide.  
By this time, Ruickby's sons did fancy that  
It was time for them to capitulate,  
And with the Earl Malcolm for to treat,  
Who were both destitute of men and meat,  
That on condition he their lives wou'd spare,  
And mercy grant to all the rest were there,  
And give them safe-guard to their native land,  
They would resign both castle and command.  
The articles were sign'd that very day,  
Then bag and baggage, they march all away.  
Now Wallace he is gone with all his force,  
Against the rogue M'Fadzean, foot and horse.  
Duncan of Lorn, Gilmichael, as a spy  
Has sent, who knew the country perfectly.  
Scarce by Strathfillan was the army gone,  
Till horse and foot were like to faint each one.  
Brave lads, said Wallace, it's not time for us,  
In broken ranks to meet the en'my thus.  
The feeble sort let them still following be,  
The rest shall march into divisions three.  
Five hundred first unto himself he told,  
Of Westland men, all sturdy stout and bold.

Five hundred next, Sir John the Graham he got.  
 Lundie five hundred more, all men of note.  
 'Mongst whom was Wallace stout of Richardtown,  
 Who at a pinch a sturdy friend was found,  
 Five hundred of the weak was left behind,  
 Tho' cross unto, and sore against their mind.  
 Thus Wallace host began to take the height,  
 Then o'er a mountain march'd out of sight,  
 Into Glendocher, they met with their spy,  
 And good Lord Campbel who courageously,  
 Led now three hundred valiant chosen men,  
 A merry meeting was betwixt them then.  
 "Chear up, he said, and never dread your foes,  
 Yon silly beasts have neither arms nor cloaths,  
 Soon shall they fly, and shortly we pursue."  
 Then to Lochdocher speedily they drew,  
 Where Wallace said, "One fate to all shall be,  
 Since here is none will from his fellow flee."  
 Upon the moss, an out spy does appear,  
 To see if roads and passes all be clear.  
 M'Fadzean for that purpose had him sent,  
 Who shortly after thought his time ill spent.  
 Gilmichael at the rogue nimbly did make,  
 With a good sword, and did him overtake:  
 Thro' fear the fellow there beshit his trues.  
 And ne'er return'd to tell his master news.  
 The cavalry are forced now to light,  
 And quit their horses, tho' both fresh and tight.  
 The moss and craigs them to their shifts did put.  
 "Let's see quoth Wallace who walks best on foot."  
 Out thro' the moor his men does bravely lead,  
 Into a strength, which service did indeed.  
 In along the shoar, three in the front they past,  
 Till all the men march'd safely up at last.  
 "Yon folk, Lord Campbel said, I'll pawn my neck,  
 Shall get a meeting they do not expect,  
 I see no way they have from us to fly,  
 But waters deep, and craigy mountains high.  
 Then eighteen hundred valiant Scots indeed,  
 Attack M'Fadzean's numerous host with speed.  
 Upon their front great havock soon did make,  
 The frighted foes surpriz'd with terror shake,  
 Yet boldly ralzie, and together rush,  
 Till Wallace does them with such fierceness push,



That furiously, with dreadful strokes and fore,  
He drove them back five acres breadth and more :  
In modest speaking, with good swords of steel,  
He made them dance a fore and bloody reel.  
Whom e'er he hit no longer there could stand,  
Made room about him a large rood of land.  
Sir John the Graham did show his warlike art ;  
Lord Campbel also, and Lundie plaid their part.  
Stout Adam Wallace, and good Robert Boyd,  
Where e'er they came, cut down, and all destroy'd.  
The conflict grew so very sharp and hot,  
And the M'Fadzean, fought so on the spot,  
With Irish men that hardy were and stout,  
The victory for some time stood in doubt.  
The bloody streams from front to rear did run,  
And many a man lay gasping on the ground.  
For two long hours, they fought it hand to fist,  
Until the very stoutest gladly wish'd  
For some respite, their wearied arms to rest,  
As yet none knew which of them had the best.  
So fiercely fought M'Fadzean's cruel curs ;  
But Wallace men together stuck like burs.  
So hardy were, so valiant and so good,  
Made great effusion of the en'my's blood.  
With sword in hand, they fiercely forward throng.  
Made fearful stops their cruel foes among.  
Numbers of Irish sleep'd in a cold bed,  
The rest wheel'd to the left about and fled.  
O'er craigy rocks, some fell thro' great despair,  
And in the water drown'd two thousand were.  
M'Fadzean's Scots-born men staid on the field,  
Threw down their arms, and on their knees they kneel'd :  
On Wallace loudly cry, and mercy crave,  
Who gen'rously them gallant quarters gave  
" They're our own blood, he said, both man and boy,  
Such penitents can any heart destroy ?"  
Then ordered all Scotsmen that were found,  
To save alive, but foreigners cut down.  
M'Fadzean fled, and is with fifty gone  
Under Craigmure, unto a cave of stone.  
Duncan of Lorn, from Wallace asketh leave,  
To pay a visit to this ancient cave.  
Which Wallace grants, then quickly does him send,  
With a detachment of some sturdy men.

Who soon dispatch'd the fifty, kill'd them dead,  
And then brought back the rogue M'Fadzean's head.  
Thro' all the field, they show the villain's face  
Upon a spear, unto his great disgrace.  
High on Craigmure, Lord Campbel made it stand,  
Upon a pole, for honour of Ireland.  
The best men there that were of Scotland born,  
To Wallace they fidelity have sworn.  
He did protect all came unto his peace,  
So pitiful he was, and full of grace.  
Then after all, streight-way to Lorn he went,  
And rul'd the land unto their great content.  
A council at Archattan did proclaim,  
Where many came, so soon's they heard his name,  
From ev'ry art: and humble thanks they gave,  
With joyful hearts unto their Warden brave.  
All Lorn he gave to Duncan stout and wight,  
Who always acted what was just and right.  
Brook thou this land, as thy true heritage,  
And for thy brother's son, that taketh wage  
From Edward: if he will return, shall have  
His lands, I'll lose no man that I can save.  
Of worthy Scots, to Wallace not a few,  
Unto Archattan, from their strengths withdrew.  
Brave Sir John Ramsay, who with heart and hand,  
Did still stand up for his true native land:  
Of noble blood and ancient pedigree,  
To Wallace there with sixty men came he.  
Who 'gainst the English did great danger risk,  
And was so stout, courageous, and brisk:  
He from his faith was never known to flinch,  
Nor to King Edward ever yield an inch.  
Into Strochane, a long time there did ly,  
And fought the South'ron always valiantly.  
Who him and his did grievously oppress,  
His son was call'd the flow'r of courtlines:  
Who otherways, dare say, do him traduce,  
If they'll but read the history of Bruce  
They'll find recorded there his glorious fame,  
Brave Alexander was his Christian name:  
In peace and war, he always ruled well,  
Such was his courage, conduct, and his skill.  
In time of war for honour did contest,  
Of the crown's friends, was thought one of the best.

In time of peace he never had a peel,  
So courteous he was, and so genteel.  
Ambitiously, each his acquaintance sought,  
Of manners, he was quintessence thought.  
Freely and truly at all times he spoke,  
And what he promis'd, never ru'd nor broke.  
Roxburgh he won, and held it faithfully,  
Till traitors thro' their treason caus'd him die.  
But in what cursed way and manner how,  
It is not proper to relate it now.  
And on that subject we shall talk no more.  
His father came, as I have told before:  
Who cheerfully, great willingness did show,  
For to assist against the common foe.  
Each man did him esteem, and highly prize,  
In war; for sober vigilant and wise,  
A prelate next, unto Archattan came,  
Who of his lordship nought had but the name.  
He worthy was, both prudent, grave, and sage,  
Of Sinclair blood, not forty years of age.  
The Pope, to save poor sinful souls from hell,  
Did him create Lord Bishop of Dunkell.  
But Englishmen thro' greed and avarice,  
Depriv'd him basely of his benefice.  
Not knowing then to whom to make his suit,  
To save his life, dwelt three full years in Bute.  
During which space he was kept safe and sound,  
And under the Lord Steuart shelter found.  
Till Wallace, who won Scotland back with pain,  
Restor'd him to his livings all again,  
With many more, who were all overthrown  
By English, and restored unto their own  
Wallace's small host, of whom I spoke of late,  
Having the rogue M'Fadzean now defeat:  
Return'd unto the field where they had fought,  
Got arms and spoil, behind them left they nought.  
Thro' Lorn they march, as handsome as they can,  
And of their number scarce had lost a man.  
On the fifth day, unto Archattan went,  
Where they found Wallace blyth and well content.  
His men he welcomes, highly sounds their praise,  
Who did behave themselves so well always.  
"Take all the spoil, said he, falls to my share,  
I fight for honour, and for no more I care."



## C H A P. III.

*How Wallace won St. Johnstoun.*

**W**HEN Wallace quite had clear'd the highland coast,  
 Kill'd the M'Fadzean, and defeat his host:  
 And wisely settled all Argyle and Lorn,  
 In spite of all that rogue's contempt and scorn.  
 Nothing he long'd so much to see on-earth,  
 As sweet St. Johnstoun, now the town of Perth.  
 Ramsay he calls, both trusty, true and kind,  
 And there to him discloses all his mind.  
 Bonny St. Johnstoun, on the river Tay,  
 Where South'ron rule with arbitrary sway.  
 There captive Scots I've set at liberty,  
 And made ten English for one Scotsman die.  
 But yet methinks I want sufficient mends,  
 Till I kill thousands more, instead of tens.  
 I'll make them know they have no right to rule,  
 And cause them shortly all sing up port-yeull.  
 That town, said Ramsay, long they cannot keep;  
 The walls are low, altho' the ditch be deep,  
 Which our good men can very quickly fill.  
 Then we may march a thousand at our will.  
 The South'ron pride perhaps we then may quell.  
 Wallace was pleas'd and both rode to Dunkell.  
 There three full days away their time they past,  
 And all their projects wisely did forecast.  
 Ramsay caus'd make great big machines of tree,  
 By the best workmen cou'd be had for fee;  
 And down the water in a little space,  
 Does carry them to the appointed place.  
 Then all the host unto St. Johnstoun past,  
 With earth and stone fill'd up the ditches fast.  
 Flaks there they made of Timber fresh and tight,  
 Then to the walls a passage made on sight.  
 Bastalies strong they suddenly up-rear,  
 Then do advance with glittering sword and spear.  
 Sir John the Graham, and Ramsay that bold knight,  
 The turret bridge besiege with all their might.  
 Wallace himself with his good men around,  
 Doth take his post at mid-side of the town.

The South'ron much perplexed in their minds;  
Defend themselves with new and strange engines;  
Wherewith they furiously, and very fast,  
Great numbers of prodigious stones do cast.  
Yet the brave Scots, that hardy still had been,  
With swords and spears, that cliver were and keen:  
At bandy blows no sooner with them met,  
Than in their blood their weapons all were wet.  
Tho' English there, like gallant men and brave,  
Into that conflict boldly did behave:  
Yet suddenly they were put to the worse,  
The Scots upon them enter in by force.  
A thousand o'er the wall got speedily,  
Then in the town arose a prodigious cry.  
Ramsay and Graham, such was their luky fate.  
Soon gain'd, then enter'd at the turret gate.  
A squire true, who Ruthven was to name,  
At that assault was with Sir John the Graham,  
And thirty men who laid about them well,  
As to their smart the South'ron there did feel.  
Then the true Scots came in upon all sides,  
And bravely curry'd all their English hides.  
Two thousand there they kill'd upon the street,  
And in the kennel tread beneath their feet.  
When Sir John Stewart saw the town was lost,  
He like a coward fled and left his host:  
Then sixty men in a light barge, and he,  
Scour down the water, streight unto Dundee.  
Wallace abode till the fourth day at morn,  
But left none there that were in England born.  
Great riches got, and ev'ry thing was good,  
And then the town repeopl'd with Scots blood.  
Ruthven he left, their captain there to be,  
That post by right, full well deserved he:  
He sundry gifts got more in heritage,  
His service so did Wallace heart engage.  
Thus after Wallace settled matters so,  
He to the north prepares himself to go.  
In Aberdeen he caus'd proclaim and cry,  
That Scotsmen there should meet immediately.  
To Couper rode, to view that Abbacy,  
From which the Abbot he thought fit to flee.  
Good Bishop Sinclair, without longer stay,  
Met him at Glams, and travell'd on the way

To Brechin, where they lodged all that night.  
Then on the morn, Wallace, by it was light,  
Caus'd noblemen, all in their rich array,  
The Scottish banner fairly there display.  
Then instantly proclaim upon the spot,  
To kill all South'rons where they could be got.  
In battle rank, then thro' the Merns they march,  
And diligently after South'rons search.  
Who frighted all before the host do flee,  
Unto Dunnotter, standing in the sea.  
To that great strength, they all in haste do throng,  
Their number then made up four thousand strong.  
Some in the church their sanctuary took,  
The rest march'd up all to the craigy rock.  
With whom the Bishop fairly treated so,  
To spare their lives, if from the land they'd go.  
Like fools, they on his words would not rely,  
Therefore a fire was brought speedily :  
Which burnt the church and all those South'ron boys.  
Out o'er the rock, the rest rush'd with great noise.  
Some hung on craigs, and loth were for to die,  
Some lap, some fell, some flutter'd in the sea.  
And perish'd all, not one remain'd alive.  
What man could think such rogues could better thrive.  
When Wallace men saw them all dead and gone,  
They ask'd the bishop absolution.  
Wallace he thought their fault it was but small :  
Then leugh, and said, " I do forgive you all.  
Remember our brave barons hang'd in Air,  
What pity did the South'rons show us there ?"  
To Aberdeen then Wallace quickly past,  
Where Englishmen were sitting very fast.  
Numbers of ships, resembling growing woods,  
Lay in the harbour to turse off their goods.  
At an ebb sea, the Scots did make a trip,  
And seiz'd the servants there of ev'ry ship :  
Took out the goods, the ships they set on fire,  
The men on land they burn'd both bone and lyre.  
The priests and children, maids and married wives,  
They sav'd, and freely let pass with their lives.  
To Buchan next, good Wallace he does ride,  
Where the Lord Beaumont order'd was to bide.  
Earl he was but short time made before,  
And after bruik'd it very little more.



When he got notice Wallace was in view,  
 Unto the Slains he privately withdrew;  
 Took shipping, and return'd to England back,  
 Had little of his government to crack.  
 Wallace rode on, both over hight and plain,  
 At Cromarty hath many South'ron slain,  
 And then return'd back to Aberdeen,  
 With his blyth host, upon the Lambas ev'n,  
 Where to his friends a welcome sight was he.  
 Then with his army march'd unto Dundee.

## C H A P. IV.

*How Wallace laid Seige to Dundee, and gave Battle  
 to Kirkingham, Treasurer to King Edward, and the  
 Earl of Warran at Stirling Bridge.*

**W**ALLACE his valiant soldiers does oblige,  
 Most vig'rously the castle to besiege.  
 Wisely disposes all, no time is lost,  
 And to each man assigns his proper post.  
 By this Sir Aymer, that unnat'ral foe,  
 In haste for England does prepare to go:  
 Like to b—th—t himself, with pannic fear,  
 Packs up his baggage, all his goods and gear.  
 Among the South'ron like a poor exile  
 To lurk, and to abscond himself a while.  
 There Wallace actions all he doth relate,  
 Which did oblige the English to regret.  
 Their sad misfortunes, and unlucky chance,  
 Which now had put their measures to a stance.  
 Edward to Scotland could not go that time,  
 Yet still the more to aggravate his crime,  
 He Kirkingham, his treasurer, does command,  
 And Earl Warran, with a numerous band  
 Of horse and foot, on Scotland for to fall,  
 To worrie Wallace, and destroy up all.  
 This numerous host do march with all their speed,  
 The Earl Patrick them receiv'd at Tweed,  
 Inveterate malice who 'gainst Wallace bore,  
 As like a rogue he always did before.  
 And to his native country now does strive  
 To work all mischief that he can contrive.

The English now a muster do intend,  
 And find their host full sixty thousand men.  
 Then march they all streight unto Stirling bridge,  
 And in their way the cattle do besiege.  
 When of those news, Wallace had got some taste,  
 He then indeed bestir'd himself in haste.  
 A captain plac'd, of vigilance and care,  
 For to command the siege was lying there.  
 Two thousand good, in number they would be,  
 North-country men, and dwellers at Dundee.  
 Then march'd his men, all cliver, young and tight,  
 And in St. Johnstoun quarter'd that same night.  
 At Sheriff-muir them up in order drew,  
 Where narrowly he did them all review.  
 Then with brave air, spoke Sir John the Graham,  
 The glory of that noble ancient name,  
 "Great fates we have performed in the field,  
 With smaller force, and stronger foe made yield."  
 "Who fight, said Wallace, for just righteous ends,  
 God unto them assistance always sends;  
 Then tho' the en'my were ten thousand more,  
 Let's up and beat them as we've done before.  
 Near Stirling bridge, I purpose for to be,  
 There to contrive some subtile jeopardie.  
 Wherein we may our South'ron foes ensnare,  
 So soon as the fat lugged lowns come there.  
 We'll keep the bridge with our true men and stout,  
 They're not acquainted with the way about."  
 Wallace sends Jop, to tell that Tuesday next,  
 To fight the South'ron, was the day prefixt.  
 On Saturday, unto the bridge they rode,  
 Which was well join'd with good plain boards and broad.  
 Watches he set about him ev'ry-where,  
 That none might know, what he was working there.  
 A cunning carpenter, by name John Wright,  
 He quickly calls, and falls to work on sight.  
 Caus'd saw the boards immediately in two,  
 By the mid trest, that none might over go.  
 On cornal bands caus'd nail it very soon,  
 Then fill'd with clay, as nothing had been done.  
 The other end to stand, directeth there,  
 On wooden rollers, with great art and care.  
 When one was out, that all the rest might fall,  
 The carpenter below, he caus'd withal,

In a close cradle, cunningly to fit,  
And loose the pin, when Wallace thought it fit,  
Which by one blast, he of a horn would know,  
Then to be sure, to let the roller go.  
The day of battle does approach at length,  
The English then advance with all their strength,  
And fifty thousand march in battle rank,  
Full six to one, yet Wallace never shrink.  
The rest they lay about the castle hill,  
Both field and castle, thought to have at will.  
The worthy Scots, together close did bide,  
In the plain field, upon the other side.  
Hugh Kirkingham, the van-guard on led he,  
With twenty thousand likely men to see.  
The Earl of Warran thirty thousand had,  
If all were good, the number was not bad.  
Thus fifty thousand silly South'ron sots,  
Proudly march up against nine thousand Scots.  
When Kirkingham his twenty thousand men,  
Had past the bridge, quite to the other end;  
Some of the Scots in earnest, without scorn,  
Thought it high time to blow the warning horn.  
But Wallace he march'd stoutly thro' the plain,  
Led on his men, their number did disdain.  
Till Warran's host, thick on the bridge did go,  
Then he, from Jop, did take the horn and blow:  
So loud and shrill, he warn'd good John Wright,  
Who soon struck out the roller with great sight.  
Then all went down, when the pin was got out,  
At which arose, a fearful cry and shout.  
Both men and horse, into the river fell,  
Honest John Wright did act his part so well.  
The hardy Scots, with heavy strokes and sore,  
Attack the twenty thousand that came o'er.  
Wallace, and Ramsay, Lundie, Boyd, and Graham;  
With dreadful strokes, made them retire, by shame!  
The South'rons front they fought, all face to face,  
Who, to their ignominy and disgrace,  
Did neither stand, nor fairly foot the score,  
But did retire five acre breadth and more.  
Wallace on foot, with a great sharp sword goes,  
Amongst the very thickest of his foes.  
On Kirkingham, there such a stroke he got,  
In spite of all his armour and mail-coat,



That kill'd him dead : none durst him there rescue,  
Then to that valiant captain bad adieu.  
When Kirkingham dead on the spot to ly,  
The South'ron saw, then they began to fly :  
Who, tho' they had fought it most bloody hot,  
Ten thousand lost, and left dead on the spot.  
The rest they fled, was none durst stay behind ;  
Succour they sought, but none at all could find.  
Some east, some west, and some fled to the north ;  
Seven thousand flutter'd all at once in Forth :  
Who from that river, little mercy found ;  
For few escap'd, and most of all were drown'd :  
On Wallace side, no man was kill'd of note,  
But Andrew Murray, a true hearted Scot.  
When Warran's men, saw all was lost and tint,  
They fled as fast as fire does from the flint,  
Ne'er look'd about, nor once a Scotsman fac'd,  
But to Dumbar, march'd in a dev'lish haste.  
Thus thirty thousand English, in a word,  
Like cowards fled, without one stroke of sword.  
Then Wallace host pursu'd with all their might,  
Took up the bridge, and loos'd good John Wright.  
The Earl Malcom from the castle past,  
And with his men pursu'd the South'ron fast.  
Thro' the Tor-wood, the Earl Warran fled,  
Where many of his men got a cold bed.  
He had the rogue Corspatrick for his guide,  
With whip and spur they both away did ride,  
Streight to Dumbar, and left their scatter'd host,  
Who in their flight, were all cut down almost.  
The Scottish horse they had pursued so,  
Were so fatigu'd, no further could they go.  
Wallace and Graham, who still together rode,  
At Haddington, a mighty slaughter made.  
Ramsay and Boyd, Adam of Richardtown,  
Richard of Lundie, are all lighted down :  
With them three hundred brave Scots cavalerie,  
Which Wallace was extremely glad to see.  
The Earl Malcom, he was also there,  
Where, blyth and glad, all sumptuously fare.  
The Earl Warran, and Corspatrick are,  
By this time, safely got into Dumbar.  
Whom Wallace did most hotly there pursue,  
But missing him, had little more to do,

Having at least, full thirty thousand slain,  
In the pursuit, and upon Stirling plain.  
In Haddingtoun, he quarter'd all that night,  
Then back for Stirling, march'd by morning light.  
On the assumption-day, this battle's fought,  
Where the brave Scots, have perfect wonders wrought.  
Then after all, sure sicker work to make,  
Of all the barons he an oath does take,  
That as Scots Warden, they would him respect,  
And he with all his power, wou'd them protect.  
Sir John Montieth, who was of Arran Lord,  
Most readily unto it did accord:  
And faithfully, himself by oath he bound,  
To stand by Wallace, and defend the crown.  
All those who freely would not thus comply,  
He caus'd be punish'd with severity.  
Some put to death, and some to prison sent;  
His glorious fame thro' both the kingdoms went.  
Soon after, by a tyrant got Dundee,  
And yet the men fled all away by sea.  
The English captains that were free to stay,  
Their castles left, and then stole all away.  
So that in Scotland, when ten days were gone,  
An English captain there you could see none.  
Except in Roxburgh, and in Berwick town,  
Which to reduce, Wallace intended soon.

That time there was a baron of great fame,  
Who Chrystal Seaton was unto his name:  
He with the South'ron often did contend,  
And did in Jedburgh wood himself defend.  
From the Scot's faith, to swerve he never would,  
Not for a million of King Edward's gold.  
Heabottle, who did Jedburgh then command,  
When he the South'ron saw expell'd the land,  
He suddenly did from the castle flee,  
With all his men, seven score, in company.  
Chrystal with forty Scots, does him pursue,  
Most of the men, and captain there he slew.  
Great store of riches, gold and household stuff,  
From South'ron got, and purely swing'd their buff.  
Jedburgh he took, plac'd Ruthven captain there,  
Brave Seaton then to Lothian did repair:  
Of him hereafter, greater fates, and more  
You'll hear, then what he did to the sevenscore.

And whoſo pleaſe the Bruce's book to read,  
 Will ſee him fam'd for many a valiant deed.  
 Wallace does now conſider and adviſe,  
 Where to find out good faithful men and wiſe,  
 Who by experience did underſtand,  
 Rightly to manage and govern the land.  
 Captains he made, and ſheriffs very good,  
 Some of his own, and ſome of other blood.  
 His couſin Crawford, governor to be  
 Of Edinburgh. and the caſtle order'd he.  
 Now Scotland's free, lives in great peace and eaſe,  
 And South'rons are fled home to toaſt their cheeſe.  
 Wallace much like a prince, doth rule and reign,  
 Waiting a time to get his lawful king,  
 From Edward, who keep'd him in London town,  
 Moſt wrongfully from his own righteous crown.

+++++=====+++++

## B O O K VIII.

+++++=====+++++

### C H A P. I.

*How Wallace put Corſpatrick out of Scotland.*

**F**IVE months, thus Scotland had peace and reſt,  
 From war, wherewith they were ſo much oppreſs'd.  
 Then a convention's call'd of the eſtates,  
 To ſettle matters, and end all debates.  
 And in St Johnſtoun are aſſembled all,  
 Except Corſpatrick, who did mock their call.  
 Then Wallace he addreſs'd that parliament,  
 And humbly aſk'd, if they would all conſent,  
 For to forgive Corſpatrick what was paſt,  
 Providing he wou'd own his fault at laſt;  
 And ſwear fidelity unto the crown,  
 To which they all conſented very ſoon.  
 A letter then they ſpeedily indite,  
 And in moſt kind and friendly terms they write;  
 Beſeeching him, with handſome compliment,  
 He would accept ſhare of the government.  
 Which kindly meſſage all did prove in vain,  
 He leugh, and it condemn'd with great diſdain.



“ We have great need, said he, now of a king,  
When Wallace, he as governor does reign.  
That King of Kyle, I cannot understand,  
Of him, I never held a fur of land.  
That Bauchler thinks, and does believe it well,  
That fortune, she will never change her wheel.  
As for you lords, I let you understand,  
I’m not oblig’d to answer your demand :  
As free I am in this realm to reign,  
Lord of my own, as either prince or king.  
Great lands in England, there I also have,  
Whereof no subject, rent of me can crave.  
What would you then, I warn you I am free,  
No answer more your letter gets from me.”  
Back to St Johnstoun this fine speech is sent,  
And laid before the lords of parliament.  
At reading which, Wallace no patience had,  
But storm’d and star’d, as he’d been almost mad.  
Himself could not recover for a while,  
’Cause in disdain, he call’d him King of Kyle.  
Then up he rose, and without more or less,  
Unto the lords he did himself address.  
“ My lords, said he, there can be but one king,  
Who can at once over this kingdom reign.  
If Earl Patrick take such ways and gates:  
And suffer’d be thus to insult the states:  
I plainly think, and I shall add no more,  
We are in worse condition then before.  
Therefore, I vow to God, if that he be  
In this realm, one of us two shall die.  
Unless he come and own his lawful king,  
’Gainst the false title Edward takes to reign.  
His taunt and scorn, he shall repent and rue,  
Who calls me king, that am a subject true.”  
He took his leave of all the council then,  
And march’d away with two hundred good men.  
Towards Kinghorn does hasten very fast,  
And on the morrow o’er Forth he past.  
Then into Musselburgh does safely get,  
Where he with honest Robert Lauder met.  
Who ’gainst the crown did never yet rebel,  
And hated Edward as he hated hell.  
’Gainst Earl Patrick, was most glad to go,  
Who to his country was a bloody foe.

Chrystal of Seaton, with his men, e'er long,  
Came and made Wallace full four hundred strong.  
A squire Lyle, that did the country ken,  
At Lintoun, he came up with twenty men.  
Told that Corspatrick and his men of war,  
From Cockburn's path, were marching to Dumber.  
"Come on, said Lauder, let us faster ride,"  
"No, no, said Wallace, he'll our bellum bide.  
Another thing pray also understand,  
A hardier lord is not in all our land."  
By east Dumber they march'd, and tarry'd not,  
But Earl Patrick of them notice got.  
Who in a field near Innerweik, did then  
Draw up nine hundred able fighting men.  
Wallace with his four hundred, stout and tight,  
Approached fast, and came within their fight.  
Who fiercely up to Earl Patrick ride,  
Where they like furies fight on ev'ry side.  
That conflict was both terrible and strong,  
On either side, and did continue long.  
Much Scottish blood was spilt, they fought so fierce,  
More than with pleasure, I can here rehearse.  
But Earl Patrick left the field at last,  
Some few with him to Cockburn's path they past.  
Towards Dumber march'd Wallace, but was told,  
That no provisions left were in the hold:  
Nor men of worth the castle to defend.  
When he that story heard from end to end,  
Dumber he took, and no resistance fand:  
Gave it to Chrystal Seaton to command.  
After the Earl, Wallace marches then,  
To Cockburn's path, with him three hundred men.  
Whom in a range about the park he led,  
To Buncle wood, Corspatrick then he fled:  
Then out of that to Norham passed he.  
When Wallace saw that better could not be,  
To Coldstream rode, and lodged upon Tweed.  
Then Earl Patrick made great haste and speed,  
And passed by e'er Wallace's men arose:  
To Ettrick forrest without resting goes,  
Into Cockholm, Corspatrick took him rest.  
Then for more force Wallace march'd to the west.  
The Earl Patrick, he goes by and by,  
For England, seeking some more new supply.

To Bishop Beik, he there complained fore,  
Whom Wallace had from Scotland chas'd before.  
Who all Northumberland, with great surprize,  
Caus'd quickly with the Earl Patrick rise.  
Then order'd Bruce, likewise to Scotland go,  
To win his own, they coxed him up so.  
Made him believe Wallace set up for king,  
A most redic'lous, and calumnious thing.  
Whereas, the whole design he had in hand,  
Was to bring Bruce free home to his own land.  
Thus from Oyls water, to the river Tweed,  
An host of thirty thousand pass'd with speed.  
And from the Thames, came ships immediately,  
To watch Dumbar, that none should them supply.  
With twenty thousand all bred up in war,  
The Earl Patrick does besiege Dumbar.  
The Bishop Beik, and Robert Bruce did then,  
Abide at Norham with ten thousand men.  
Then Wallace, like a sudden thunder crack,  
Came with five thousand Scotsmen at his back,  
All shining in their armour clear and bright,  
For to rescue the Seaton wife and wight.  
Then under Yester, that night lodged he,  
Where Hay came to him with good cavalry.  
Who in Down forrest all that time had been,  
And had the coming of the South'ron seen.  
Fifty good men that Hay had with him there,  
Corspatrick's case to Wallace all declare.  
"My counsel is, said Hay, you battle give,  
It is a pity he so long should live:  
If with your men you could them overset,  
Such pow'r again he would not quickly get."  
Wallace he thank'd him for his counsel kind,  
Yet after all, consulted his own mind.  
By this, Corspatrick caus'd a fellow pass,  
Who told to Beik that Wallace coming was.  
He of the tidings was exceeding glad,  
Amends of him, fain wou'd he there have had.  
But more ado, thro' Lammer-muir they rode,  
Near the Spot-muir in ambush there abode.  
Most cunningly so close together drew,  
That of their coming Wallace nothing knew.  
Then, which was worse, did suddenly espy,  
Corspatrick marching very furiously,



On a plain field, with all his num'rous host,  
 Of whom, the Braggadocio much did boast.  
 Brave Seaton, who was a most welcome guest,  
 To Wallace's assistance came in haste.  
 Yet prudently the Scots concluded then,  
 Themselves too few for twenty thousand men.  
 Jop musing also, did advise at length,  
 That Wallace would retire into some strength.  
 "To lose your men great folly were, therefore,  
 I'll go with speed, and quickly bring you more."  
 "A dang'rous chace, said Wallace, they may make,  
 We are too near, such counsel now to take.  
 Therefore I'll never flee, nor yet give o'er,  
 So long as I have one against their four.  
 There's twenty here with us this very day,  
 Would them attack, altho' I were away.  
 If they be numerous, we are stout and strong:  
 Let's up and fight them, for they'll ne'er stand long."

## C H A P. II.

*How Corispatrik brought into Scotland, Bishop Beik  
 and Robert Bruce and how Wallace gave them  
 Battle, and put them out of Scotland.*

NOW warlike Wallace 'gainst Corispatrik goes,  
 And both the armies fast together close.  
 The bloody battle quickly does appear,  
 Each with his hatching sword and piercing spear:  
 Against his fellow, furiously does ride,  
 And havock great makes there on ev'ry side.  
 Some were kill'd dead, some got their mortal wound,  
 Some from their horses suddenly knock'd down.  
 On South'ron side, five thousand on the spot  
 Lay dead: the Scots did push so very hot,  
 And did their front cut down so furiously,  
 That all the rest were on the wing to fly.  
 But Earl Patrick in the wars expert,  
 Keep'd still his ground, and caus'd his men take heart.  
 The Scottish host, men of renowned fame,  
 Did cut down cleanly all where e'er they came,  
 Wallace and Ramsay, and the Graham, worth gold,  
 Richr d of Lundie, and the Seaton bold,

And Adam Wallace true, of Richardtown,  
Both Hay and Lyle, all men of great renown.  
Boyd, Barclay, Baird and Lauder, true and tight,  
Numbers of English men kill'd in the flight.  
Yet Earl Patrick, fiercely still fought on,  
With his own hand, to death put many one.  
Then the brave Scots so boldly him accost,  
Great slops they made through all the English host.  
The South'ron then, plainly began to flee,  
Till Bishop Beik, approaching fast they see.  
The ambush all at once does quickly then  
Break up, consisting of ten thousand men.  
Whom, when good Wallace saw so fast appear,  
He thought it fit on horseback to retire.  
But yet his men together stuck so fast,  
Fain wou'd he try the South'ron as they past.  
He so surrounded was with this fresh host,  
On either side, that he was almost lost.  
The worthy Scots so fiercely fought again,  
Of Beik's new men, abundance they have slain.  
The Earl Patrick, sturdily he fought,  
Thro' all the throng, and there for Wallace fought.  
To whom he did in spite o's coat of mail,  
Give such a blow as wounded him a deal.  
Then Wallace drew against that traitor lown,  
A stroke which mist him, but clove Maitland down.  
Who racklefly, betwixt the two did pass,  
Such his hard fate, and sad misfortune was.  
Good Wallace now, he is left all alone,  
And quite surrounded by the South'ron,  
His horse is stick'd, he's forced to alight,  
And fight on foot the best way that he might.  
Who laid about him without fear or dread,  
With his good sword that trusty was indeed.  
The Earl Patrick then, commanded soon,  
With spears that they shou'd bear good Wallace down.  
Who like a Champion brave stood on the field,  
Hew'd off their heads, and scorned for to yield,  
The worthy Scots of this they little wist,  
Got to good Graham, when they their Chistain mist.  
Lauder and Lyle, and Hay, that were so wight,  
And Ramsay bold, that brave and gallant knight.  
Lundie and Boyd, and Chrystal Seaton true;  
Five hundred horse brought, Wallace to rescue.

Then in among them furiously they rade,  
Large room about them quickly there they made.  
The Bishop Beik was trampled on the ground,  
Without respect unto his lordship's gown.  
E'er he got up, a great deal there they flew,  
Then gallantly, brave Wallace did rescue.  
Upon a horse they mounted him on sight,  
Then to a strength rode off with all their might.  
Where he four thousand of his men did find,  
To the great satisfaction of his mind.  
To Bishop Beik, Corispatrik does return,  
Curses misfortune, and begins to mourn;  
When as he found seven thousand men were lost,  
And kill'd that day for all the bishop's boast.  
Of Wallace men, five hundred kill'd I guess,  
But not one chiftain, so he car'd the less.  
The Bishop Beik with what men he had there,  
Left Lammer-muir, and quartered elsewhere,  
Who, when the field of battle he had past,  
To Wallace all the country flocked fast.  
Crawford of Edinburgh, brought with him on sight,  
Four hundred men all in their armour bright.  
From Tevfordale, came many a good man,  
From Jedburgh also, with what speed they can.  
Sir William also, the Lord of Douglas came,  
With fourscore men of most undoubted fame.  
Two thousand fresh new men do there propose,  
A full revenge that night upon their foes.  
Wallace watches all good men and true,  
Attentively the South'ron's quarters view.  
Then after supper, Wallace quietly,  
To Lammer-muir march'd with his cavalry.  
Sir John the Graham, and Seaton that good hand,  
Lauder and Hay, three thousand did command,  
The rest himself most wisely he did guide,  
With him was Douglas, Ramsay, Barclay, Boyd:  
Richard of Lundie, a bold man and stout,  
And Adam Wallace, whom no man durst doubt.  
Who, by the time the sun was come in sight,  
Surpriz'd the English, unprepar'd for fight.  
And furiously, with sword in hand cut down,  
Many a proud and saucy South'ron lown,  
Some rose confus'dly, and some fled away,  
Some on the ground were smored where they lay.



Greave noise and cry arose all round about :  
Then came Sir John the Graham both bold and stout,  
With his brave men all chearful, blyth and glad,  
At sight of whom, ten thousand South'ron fled.  
Yet Bishop Beik behav'd well in that throng,  
And in the fight continued very long.  
One Skelton there, that was an English knight,  
Before him stood in shining armour bright :  
To save his lord, he fought most valiantly.  
Whom, there so soon as Lundie did espy,  
With his good sword, a backward stroke he gave,  
Which kill'd the English knight both stout and brave.  
Then fled they all, no longer durst abide,  
Patrick and Beik, away with Bruce do ride.  
Who with five thousand took the readiest way,  
To Norham house, with all the speed they may.  
The Scots, who were both able, young and tight,  
Pursu'd and kill'd great numbers in the flight.  
Thus twenty thousand South'ron in a word,  
In flight and battle, perish'd by the sword.  
Wallace returns from Norham without more,  
But for the Bruce his heart was mighty sore :  
Whom he had rather seen the crown enjoy,  
Than master been of all the gold in Troy.  
O'er Patrick's lands, Wallace he marched fast,  
Took out the goods, and castles down did cast.  
He twelve of them, that Mathamis they call,  
Broke quickly down, and them destroyed all.  
Within the Merse, and Lowthian left he none,  
To him belong'd, except Dumbar alone.  
To Edinburgh then, he march'd on the eight day,  
And on the morrow, he without delay,  
Unto St Johnstoun very quickly past,  
And told the barons all from first to last,  
How sacredly he kept his vow,  
And got a master to Corspatrick now,  
Who said of late, that he as free did reign  
In this realm, as either prince or king.  
Of what he's won, needs not great boasting make,  
Let him come back and now take up his stake.  
Great thankfulness the lords did there express,  
To Providence, for Wallace good success.  
Then Wallace with an open lib'ral hand,  
To men deserving dealt the rebels land.

To his own kin, no heritage gave he,  
 But offices, that ev'ry man might see,  
 All he propos'd, was this one very thing,  
 The nation's peace, and honour of his king.  
 For which, he would abide and stand the law,  
 So soon as he his king and master saw.  
 Now old and young, the girl and the boy,  
 Have peace and rest, and clap their hands for joy.

## C H A P. III.

*How Wallace march'd into England, and remained  
 there three quarters of a year, and returned without  
 Battle.*

OCTOBER now, by this time's almost past,  
 And cold November is approaching fast.  
 When to his shifts, those news King Edward puts,  
 And do confound him to the very guts.  
 Yet by Corispatrick's counsel does intend,  
 Once more an army 'gainst the Scots to send,  
 Wallace informed of their wicked plots,  
 Assembled quickly forty thousand Scots,  
 In Roslin-muir, where he the lords address'd.  
 "Edward, he said, our nation's common pest,  
 Us to invade, does threaten with bold face.  
 But, faith, I'll try if I can turn the chace,  
 And with an host be first on English ground,  
 In spite of all the subjects of his crown."  
 The lords they off'ed very chearfully,  
 To march along with all their cavalry.  
 Wallace he thank'd them, thought it needless then,  
 Choos'd of that number twenty thousand men,  
 With horse and harness, weapons new and tight,  
 Does them provide, and shining armour bright.  
 The rest to march, he quickly did command,  
 To their own homes, to cultivate the land.  
 "This army's big enough for my design,  
 If we be all of one and the same mind.  
 Then let us to it either do or die,  
 Who flies or yields shall never ransom'd be.  
 Our kingdom's poor, wasted by South'ron knaves,  
 We shall get gold or honourable graves.  
 Then all the host promis'd with heart and hand,  
 Clois to stand by him and obey command.

With Wallace also, Earl Malcolm's gone,  
A better lord and braver, could be none.  
And Campbel kind, the good knight of Lochow,  
To South'ron still a fearful grievous cow.  
Good Ramsay also, honour to his name,  
And the most valiant good Sir John the Graham.  
And Adam Wallace, whom no man durst doubt.  
And Robert Boyd, both trusty, true and stout,  
Lundie and Lauder, and brave Auchinleck,  
Seaton and Hay, all men of great respect.

This noble host with courage march away,  
To Broxe's field, in good and brave array,  
Where Wallace made a little haste, and then  
To Roxburgh gate, rode up with twenty men.  
Where boldly he did call on Sir Ralph Gray.  
Told him, for seiging now he could not stay.  
Therefore desired he would quickly please,  
To quite the castle and give up the keys.  
If he refus'd, then swore before them all,  
At his return, he'd hang him o'er the wall.  
Then wheel'd about, back to his army went,  
The like command to Berwick quickly sent,  
With Sir John Ramsay, who dispatch'd on sight,  
Then march'd the host all in their armour bright.  
Began at Tweed, and nothing spar'd they fand,  
But burn'd by force thro' all Northumberland.  
All Durham town up in a flame they sent,  
But churches spar'd, and abbeyes where they went.  
Then unto York they march'd, without delay,  
No sin they thought it, there to burn and slay.  
For South'ron had committed the same thing,  
When they as tyrants did in Scotland reign.  
Forts and small castles, Wallace did throw down,  
Burn'd to the gates and suburbs of the town.  
About the walls, full fifteen days they spent,  
And then at last, Edward to Wallace sent,  
A knight, a clerk, a squire of the peace,  
Intreating that from burning he would cease.  
Who promise in King Edward's name, and says,  
He would have battle within fifteen days.  
Good Wallace smil'd, and to the gentlemen,  
With noble air replied briskly then,  
I'll both desist from fire, and from sword,  
For forty days, if he but keep his word.



King Edward's faith under his seal they gave,  
That in that space, Wallace should battle have,  
Who quickly did consent unto the thing,  
Then they returned all unto their king.  
Who told that they, never as yet had seen,  
Such men for order and good discipline.  
Then spoke the king, when they were at an end,  
"It wisdom is, our enemies to commend,  
They're to be fear'd, as sure as shines the sun,  
They will resent the inj'ries we have done."  
Frighted, I leave them here to their new plots,  
And do return unto the valiant Scots.  
Wallace from York, did march the second day,  
With his whole host in noble good array.  
To the North-west, they peaceably go down,  
And pitch their tents near Northallertown.  
Proclaim'd his peace, and mercats all to stand,  
For forty days, throughout the whole land.  
There Sir Ralph Raymount, secretly did boast,  
For to surprize good Wallace and his host.  
Of which, some Scotsmen private notice got,  
Then unto Wallace did reveal the plot.  
Good Lundie then, he called to him there,  
And Hugh the Hay of Lochartquart, the heir.  
Three thousand men, he quickly with him sent,  
Then quietly out from the host they went.  
The men he took, that came to him of new,  
To be their guides, for they the country knew.  
Silence, profound, he order'd there to be,  
And then drew up the host most privately.  
Raymount, he with seven thousand did advance,  
Of English horse, who there did proudly prance.  
The ambush then, bambuss'd all their game,  
Who with pel-mel, the Scots upon them came.  
Three thousand whole they quickly brought to ground:  
And with a vengeance there were all cut down.  
Sir Ralph himself was sticked with a spear,  
Then all the rest in hurrv fled with fear,  
To Milltown, where Wallace pursued fast,  
Great numbers kill'd and seiz'd the town at last.  
Great store of riches he got in the town,  
Wherewith it did so very much abound.  
Plenty of victuals, ale, and noble wine,  
Sent to his host, a very sweet propine.

They ate and drank, truss'd off their whole desire,  
Broke down the walls, and set the rest on fire.  
Three days he liv'd at the expence and cost,  
Of South'ron, then returned to his host.  
Caus'd cast a ditch about him speedily,  
To keep his camp from sudden jeopardy.  
When Englishmen got notice of this thing,  
They from all airths, ride streight unto their king,  
Who lay at Pumfret; but his parliament,  
Battle to give, would not at all consent.  
Which carried was, by most of all their votes,  
Unless that Wallace were crown'd king of Scots.  
But if on him Wallace the crown would take,  
To give him battle all would ready make.  
This message quickly they to him dispatch'd,  
But in that snare he was not to be catch'd:  
The messengers he quickly did discharge,  
Out of his presence in a mighty rage.  
His council call'd, and told him all the plot,  
And treasonable message he had got.  
"It were, said he, a too presumptuous thing,  
Against my faith, to rob my righteous king.  
It's ne'er be said in country, nor in town,  
I'm such a rogue as to usurp the crown.  
But still my king and country, I'll defend,  
Let God above reward me in the end."  
Some cry'd to crown him, some said the consent  
Must first be had of a Scots parliament.  
Campbel the knight was there among the rest,  
Who, in his judgment thought it truly best,  
To crown him king solemnly for a day,  
And put an end to Edward's long delay:  
Which, when the Earl Malcom he did hear,  
Both he, and people all, were very clear.  
Yet Wallace in his mind abhor'd the thing,  
Tho' all cry'd out, to crown and make him king,  
Then in short terms he said, "It ne'er should be,  
Rest satisfy'd you get no more of me;  
But if you please to let the story pass  
That I'm crown'd, (tho' still the same I was)  
Assuredly, we quickly then shall know,  
Whether they do design to fight or no."  
Then to the messengers the news they bring,  
Make them believe, Wallace was crowned king,

Who like poor credulous and lying fots,  
Affirm'd they saw Wallace crown'd King of Scots.  
Then said the lords, " He did so well before,  
Now when he's king, he'll certainly do more.  
If we give battle, he's so fortunate,  
We may repent it when it is too late."  
Then spake another, " He must battle have,  
Or waite our land, there's nothing else can save,  
Thro' all his conquests, first since he began,  
Nothing but death, ransoms an English man."  
Woodstock said, " Tho' we fight and them defeat,  
They've men enough behind that will debate :  
If Wallace be but safe they do not care.  
Therefore, methinks, more safe and sure it were,  
To keep each strength, castle and walled town,  
And save our men, than to expose our crown "  
Then all approv'd, what Woodstock he did say,  
And cowardly the battle did delay.  
Thus, thro' their falsehood and subtilty,  
Thinking that Wallace of necessity,  
Thro' want of food, his ground could never stand,  
But be oblig'd to steal out of the land :  
Advis'd the king, to cry the mercats down,  
From Trent to Tweed, in ev'ry burgh and town.  
That in the bounds, no man should victual lead,  
Under the pain of death, without remead.  
Wallace lay still, while forty days were gone,  
Waiting to fight, but battle got he none.  
The Scottish banner, then he did display,  
Trode under foot the English seal that day.  
An ignominious, but deserving thing,  
To such a base, and cowardly false king.  
Then rais'd he fire, burn'd Northallertoun,  
March'd thro' Yorkshire, boldly up and down.  
Destroy'd that land, as far as they could ride,  
Seven miles about they burn'd on ev'ry side.  
Proud palaces and towers, they did cast down,  
Gardens and orchards, there did all confound.  
Nothing they spar'd, of all came in their lurch,  
But women, children, and the holy church.  
To York they march, and then they very soon,  
With all their force closely besiege the town.  
A strong defence, they do prepare within,  
And they without a grand assault begin.



## C H A P. IV.

*The Siege of York.*

**W**ALLACE his army does in four divide,  
And then the town invests on ev'ry side.  
Himself, with Lauder, that good cliver hand,  
At the south port, to take the chief command.  
The Earl Malcom, noble, stout and great,  
With valian Boyd, commanded the west gate.  
Campbel the Knight, and Sir John Ramsay brave,  
At the north gate, their post assign'd them have.  
To the east gate, Wallace he does direct,  
Sir John the Graham, Crawford and Auchinleck.  
One thousand archers of the Scottish side,  
At the four gates, caus'd equally divide.  
Full seventeen thousand South'ron then appear  
Upon the walls, with all their bow and spear,  
Who furiously do sally out, but got  
A warm reception, from each worthy Scot.  
In spite of all their arrows and big stones,  
Were driven back, with fore and bloody bones.  
Who, when they got within the town at last,  
Faggots of fire, out o'er the walls do cast,  
And great prodigious red hot gades of iron,  
Which from old Nick, their master, they did learn.  
Hot burning pitch, and scalding stinking tar,  
And other curs'd contrivances of war :  
Nevertheless, the Scots that were without,  
So valiant were, so hardy and so stout,  
They fiercely burnt the bulwark of the town,  
Their barmkin wan, and cast great turrets down.  
The wearied host with great fatigue oppress'd,  
And night approaching, think of taking rest.  
Most carefully : first, they wash ev'ry wound,  
Their watches set and then sleep safe and sound.  
Next day their clothes were scarce well on their back,  
When all cry'd out for a new fresh attack.  
Drew up again, as they had done before,  
And then the town assaulted wond'rous sore.  
The Scottish archers all so leilly shot,  
Numbers they kill'd, in truth they miss'd them not.

Then burning fire set to ev'ry gate,  
So mortally they did the South'ron hate.  
Yet notwithstanding, the fierce Englishmen,  
Themselves and town, did gallantly defend.  
When that whole day was spent, and come the night,  
To his pavilion, went each weary wight.  
The English then, with vigilance and care,  
For a fresh sally, do themselves prepare.  
Sir William Morton, and Sir William Lees,  
Most cunningly they draw up by degrees,  
And make a fearful furious sally then,  
On Earl Malcom, with five thousand men.  
Wallace himself, as he rode the grand-round,  
Seeing them coming, caus'd a trumpet sound.  
The harnish'd Scots, that kept guard that night,  
Took the alarm, then mounted all on sight.  
Then briskly charg'd the cruel South'ron foe,  
With sword in hand and many a bloody blow.  
Wallace, who knew the Earl was too hot,  
That he would fight, tho' die upon the spot,  
Up to him rides as quickly as he may,  
With a good sword, that paved well his way,  
The first he struck, fell dead upon the place,  
The second's nose he levell'd with his face.  
The hardy Earl did no South'ron spare,  
But hew'd them down, and left them crawling there.  
By this, the host were all in good array,  
And South'ron thought it was time to march away.  
Wallace knew well they could not stand it long,  
Wherefore he thrust into the thickest throng,  
And cliverly so laboured their buff,  
Their armour did not signify a snuff.  
The Scotsmen there behav'd extremely well,  
As the poor South'ron sensibly did feel.  
Then all the English left the field and fled;  
And Sir John Morton he was killed dead.  
Twelve hundred more, upon the field are slain,  
The rest fled back unto the town again.  
And then good Wallace with his valiant host,  
Return'd each man unto his proper post.  
And took them rest, wherewith so fresh they grew,  
They on the morn assault the town of new.  
Against the city all their force they bend,  
And fight as if they had been more than men.

But now the victuals to be scarce begin,  
Tho' little knew the Englishmen within.  
Who that same day, a parley caus'd be beat,  
At which good Wallace did appear in state.  
Attended by some of his chiefest friends,  
And boldly asketh what the parley means.  
To whom, the major in name of all did say,  
"We'll pay a ransom if you'll march away.  
We would give battle, or do any thing,  
Would purchase peace, but dare not for our king."  
Then with a countenance, austere and bold,  
Wallace reply'd, "We value not your gold,  
Your King he promis'd, we should battle have,  
Which faithfully under his seal he gave."  
The major did then reply most courteously.  
"He is the king, and we but subjects be,  
Therefore, we pray, as you would us oblige,  
To take the gold, and do remove the siege."  
Then with his council he consulted long,  
Who thought the town for siege was too strong;  
And victuals scarce, therefore it safer found,  
To take some gold, then march for Scottish ground.  
Wallace reply'd, "I'm not all content:  
Unless the town give us their whole consent,  
To let our banner blow upon their wall,  
And there to flourish in the sight of all."  
This answer soon was sent unto the major,  
Who did consent, with all the rest were there.  
The Banner set, to Scotland's great renown,  
Upon the walls, from eight to twelve at noon.  
Then was five thousand pound of English gold,  
Paid down in specie, to that army bold.  
Good bread and wine, they gladly to them gave,  
And all provisions that they pleas'd to have.  
Twenty long days at York remained they,  
Then gloriously in triumph march'd away.  
Unto the country back again they're gone,  
Burn'd and broke down fine buildings, spared none.  
All Myldame, they burn'd up into a fire,  
Broke down the parks, destroy'd all the shire.  
Wild deer they slew, for other beasts were none,  
And fed like princes on good vennison.  
Toward the south, they turned at the last,  
Made buildings bare, as far as e'er they past.



The commons now, for London all design,  
Where they most freely, tell the king their mind.  
Unless from wars, he would cause Wallace cease,  
They'd take protection, and accept his peace.  
No herald then, durst unto Wallace go,  
The king to him, his faith had broken so.  
And Edward, that was once so bold and pert,  
His army now, does cowardly desert.  
So long in England, there was never one,  
Since Bruto's death, except Wallace alone :  
That march'd from England without stroke of sword,  
Fy on the king, that broke his royal word.  
Great Julius, for all his strength and force,  
Was chas'd from England twice, and got the worse,  
With Arthur also, first when the wars he priv'd,  
Twice did they fight altho' they were mischiev'd.  
But awful Edward, durst not Wallace bide,  
In a plain battle, for all England wide.  
In London lay, at his own ease and rest,  
And brake his vows, which of them think you best ?  
Wallace's host, for Scotland long to go,  
So scarce the victuals ev'ry day did grow.  
Immediately good Wallace calls for Jop,  
In him, was all his confidence and hope ;  
Next unto God : because he knew the land,  
And still was ready to obey command  
Who said, " If you'll advis'd be by me,  
The plenteiest part of England you shall see.  
Good wine and wheat, you'll get in Richmond shire,  
And each thing else unto your heart's desire.  
Thither they went, their time did not purloin,  
Nine thousand Scots did there with Wallace join,  
All swinging, able, lusty, well-look'd men.  
He, and his host, had great rejoicing then.  
Into that shire, they plenty had of food,  
Both tame and wild, and ev'ry thing was good.  
Throughout that land, they march'd in good array,  
A handsome place they found upon the way,  
Ramswatch to name, then Jop to Wallace told,  
Fechew was lord and captain of that hold.  
Five hundred there, quickly assembled then,  
To save their lives and goods, from Wallace men.  
A noble house stood by the forrest side,  
With stately turrets, in great pomp and pride,

Well built about for strength ingeniously,  
With five great towers that mounted very high.  
Numbers of men upon the walls are seen,  
Bravading in their armour clear and clean,  
The host march'd by, not one word said at all,  
But they within aloud on Wallace call.  
Their trumpets blew, with many a warlike sound,  
Then Wallace said, "Had we yon gallants down  
On a plain ground, they shou'd get sport their fill,  
Such as his brother got on Tinto-hill."  
Sir John the Graham would at the bicker be,  
But Wallace soon the danger did foresee.  
Commanded him to let alone his haste,  
"We have no men so foolishly to waste.  
But yet to gratify your fond desire,  
Our first attack shall be with burning fire.  
I see their bulwark of old withered oak,  
Were that on fire, it would not bide a stroke.  
Houses and woods, in plenty here there be,  
Who hews best of this forrest let me see.  
Pull houses down, let each man take his turn,  
Old timber will make green wood bravely burn."  
At his command, most busily they wrought,  
Great store of wood unto the place they brought.  
The bulwark won, then closely at the last,  
Unto the barmkin heaps of timber cast.  
The bow-men fiercely shot on ev'ry side,  
But South'ron worsted were, for all their pride.  
Women and children, on their knees do fall,  
And loud for mercy do on Wallace call.  
So pitiful he was, tho' bold and stout,  
He heard their cries, and let them safely out.  
Then fire and smoke, in fearful clouds arose,  
And burning flames, all round their castle goes.  
Barrels of pitch, which stood long there before,  
Went all in flame, the mischief was the more.  
Both man and beast, are all burn'd up with fire.  
Thus Wallace host, have got their hearts desire.  
Fechew himself smother'd with smoke and smell,  
Lap from a height, and on the barmkin fell.  
With a good sword, Wallace struck off his head,  
Five hundred more, were chock'd and burned dead.  
On the next day, the fire being spent,  
Wallace's men unto the castle went:

Struck down the gate, and took what they could find,  
Jewels and gold, great riches to their mind.  
Spoiled the place, and nothing else left there,  
But beasts, burn'd bodies, and great buildings bare.  
Then Wallace, to the widow of Fechew,  
Said, " Promise here, as you're a woman true,  
To turse your husband's head to London town,  
And tell King Edward, if he do not soon  
Give battle, I do swear by all the fates,  
This month once, to be at London gates.  
For if he keep not his faithful word to me,  
All the South-west of England I shall see."  
To London town, then without more she went,  
Where Edward lay, displeas'd and ill content.  
His nephew's head did him with anguish fill,  
And more and more increas'd his sorrows still.  
With great unease, upon his feet he stood,  
Weeping and wailing, for his tender blood.  
Then rose the council, praying him to cease,  
We England lose, unless we purchase peace.  
Woodstock for peace was clear, then in the end,  
The king consents, and bids a message send:  
No man the message there wou'd undertake,  
Because the king so oft his faith did break.  
The queen, when she saw all refuse the thing,  
Down on her knees she fell before the king:  
" Sovereign, she said, if it your pleasure be,  
I pray, permit me, Wallace once to see;  
Perhaps he may do more for woman far,  
Than for your men, that mind him still of war.  
If with him I prevail not very soon,  
I may return with little damage done "  
The lords were glad the queen was minded so,  
And humbly begg'd the king to let her go.  
To which the king, altho' much discontent,  
And backward to it, did at last consent.  
Some said, the queen did Wallace much admire,  
Who daily so much honour did acquire,  
And in her heart, by far, did him prefer,  
To most men for his brave character;  
And that she lov'd him: but till once they meet,  
I'll pass no judgment, 'tween themselves two be't.  
Meantime she's march'd, (to leave our drolls and jests,)  
With fifty ladies, and seven ancient priests.



Now Edward for Fechew does sigh and mourn,  
 But unto Wallace I must now return.  
 The worthy Scots among the South'ron ride,  
 And great destruction make on ev'ry side.  
 The host was glad, and blest their happy fate,  
 No force there was, that durst with them debate.  
 Riches and gold they got their very fill,  
 And ev'ry thing they pleas'd at their own will.  
 Soon they are march'd, and to St. Alban's gone,  
 In all that country, damage did they none.  
 The prior sent them vennison and wine,  
 Refresh'd the host, and made them bravely dine.  
 The night appeared shortly in the place,  
 Then pitch'd their tents from thence a little space,  
 Into a valley, by a river fair,  
 Where hart and hynd, on either side repair,  
 Their watches set, all in good order keep,  
 To supper went, and in due time did sleep.

## C H A P. V.

*How the Queen of England came to speak with Wallace.*

**U**PON the morrow, Wallace quickly rose  
 To take the air, out of his tent he goes.  
 And then the good, and reverend Mr Blair,  
 For morning service, quickly does prepare.  
 Wallace most nobly did himself array,  
 In shining armour, glorious and gay.  
 It's several parts are needless to rehearse,  
 From top to toe, he look'd exceeding fierce.  
 Boyd and Adam Wallace, wait on him with speed,  
 Along a river, thro' a flowery mead.  
 Thus, on the fields all pleasant sweet and green,  
 Fetching a walk, they spy the English queen,  
 Towards the host, riding most soberly,  
 With fifty ladies in her company,  
 And seven old priests, religious, grave and wise,  
 Who in all matters did the queen advise.  
 To the pavilion, with the lion, all  
 Ride, then light down, and on their knees do fall,  
 Praying for peace, with many a piteous tear.  
 Lord Malcolm said, " Our Chiftain is not here:

## 138 The HISTORY of

Pray madam rise, a queen I'll not allow,  
Unto a sub<sup>st</sup>. st. on her knees to bow."

Then did he lead her by the tender hand,  
To Wallace, where he like a prince did stand.

So soon's she saw him, she began to kneel,

Then Wallace did a mighty passion feel.

He her embrac'd, and kiss'd, but did no more,

The like to South'ron, he ne'r did before.

Then smiling, softly whisper'd in her ear,

"Madam, how please you our encamping here."

"Sir, very well, but we your friendship need,

God grant we may in this our errand speed."

"Madam, I must remove a little space,

With this Lord, then I'll wait upon your grace."

To the pavilion both they do repair,

And very quickly call a council there.

Where he enlarg'd, on women's subtilty,

How by their cunning men may tempted be.

"On pain of death, therefore your men command,

Or to their highest peril let them stand,

That none with them converse, but such as born

Of high blood are, and to this council sworn."

This, out in orders thro' the army's gone,

To ev'ry single, individual one.

Then to the queen, he and the earl went,

And courteously conducted her to the tent.

Went to a sumptuous noble dinner then,

All serv'd with stately handsome gentlemen.

Some of her chiefest royal dainties there,

The queen pull'd out, and kindly did them share.

Of ev'ry thing, the first did taste and prize,

"No poison's here, my lord, you may believe."

Soon after meat, all did themselves absent,

Excepting those that to the council went.

Meanwhile the ladies did the queen attend,

Until the council over was: and then

Good Wallace quickly waited on the queen,

And calmly ask'd what did her journey mean.

"Peace, said the queen, we have no other thought,

This raging war hath such destruction wrought.

Then grant it, Sir, for his sake dy'd for us."

"Madam, we cannot lightly leave it thus,

You ask no peace, but for your own self ends,

That cannot make us a sufficient mends,

For the injustice done our Royal Prince,  
The breach of faith, and blood-shed ever since,"  
"These wrongs, she said, ought all to be redrest."  
But Wallace still the more for battle prest.  
The queen she answer'd with great modesty,  
"Peace now were best, if it might purchas'd be,  
For which, if you a truce with us will take,  
Thro' England all, we shall cause prayers make,  
That matters go not on, from bad to worse."  
"Compell'd prayers, madam, have no force,  
Before that they get half way to the heavens,  
I hope for mends, then shall we all be ev'ns."  
Then to the queen, did all the story tell,  
At Alexander's death, what us befel.  
How Bruce and Baliol, long time did contend,  
Who should be king, at length did condescend,  
And did the matter to a reference bring,  
To the decision of her lord and king.  
And how unjustly Edward did decide,  
And then usurp the crown thro' hellish pride,  
In short, he told her all the story o'er,  
As I have told you in my book before.  
How Edward made him prisoner at Air,  
Broke a strict truce, and hang'd our barons there.  
How Heselrig kill'd his beloved wife,  
And therefore would hate South'ron during life.  
The silver tears (great pity to behold,)  
Came trickling down, when he his tale had told.  
The queen with Wallace so did sympathize,  
The tears that moment blinded both her eyes.  
"Curs'd days, she said, that Heselrig was born,  
On his account, many are now forlorn."  
"As queen or princess, madam, then said he,  
She in her time was full as dear to me."  
"Wallace, she said, from this discourse we'll cease,  
The mends thereof, is prayer and good peace."  
Three thousand pound she down before him told,  
All of the finest and true English gold.  
"Such tribute, madam, now we do not crave,  
Another mends of England we would have.  
For all the gold and riches of your reign,  
I'll grant no peace in absence of your king."  
When she saw gold, nothing would Wallace move,  
Then sporting said, "Sir, you are call'd my love,

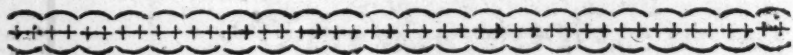


I've ventur'd here my life, laid at the stake,  
Methinks, you should do something for my sake."  
"In love, you South'ron, with your subtle craks,  
One thing pretends, and the quite contrair acts.  
With pleasant words, you, and such ladies fair,  
Would us decoy like birds into a snare.  
We'll take our chance, whatever may befall,  
No flattering words, nor gold, shall tempt us all."  
At which, a rosy blush her cheeks did fill,  
"Dear Sir, she said pray let me know your will.  
For solemnly, I here to you protest,  
I think a truce wou'd for us both be best."  
"With ladies, madam, truce I cannot make,  
Lest your false king hereafter do it break.  
Then have we none but ladies to reprove,  
That shall not be by him that sits above.  
The whole affair he on himself shall take,  
Of peace, or war what-e'er we chance to make."  
The queen she said it was sufficient,  
To which the rest did freely all consent,  
Yet sorry was she, and did blush for shame,  
That she obtain'd not all for which she came.  
Unto the host, the gold she freely gave,  
To ev'ry one that pleased for to have.  
When Wallace saw what every one had got,  
He said, that kindness should not be forgot.  
We you assure, our host shall nothing act,  
Till you a message from your king send back.  
Your heralds also, thither to and fro,  
May likewise very safely come and go.  
She and her ladies thanked him, and drank  
To Wallace and the lords of every rank,  
Her leave she took, no longer there abode,  
Five miles that night unto a nunn'ry rode.  
And on the morn to London travell'd they,  
To Westminster, where king and counsel lay.  
Wallace's answer show'd, and did report  
Most nobly of him, both to king and court.  
Upon his wit and manhood did comment,  
His freedom, truth and martial government.  
More chiftain-like he's in his armour seen,  
Than ever yet, I think, in England's been.  
From honour he, on which he's so much bent,  
Will not retract for all the kingdom's rent,

Then purchase peace, and I shall add no more,  
Or else all England may repent it fore.  
Meantime, unto your heralds he gives leave,  
To come an' go, and no man dare them grieve.  
The king and council in their mind were eas'd,  
Thanked the queen, and all were bravely pleas'd.  
Then all concluded, it was only best  
To take a truce, else they would get no rest.  
Then do dispatch a herald wise and grave,  
To whom safe conduct, Wallace frankly gave.  
Then Clifford, Beaumont, Woodstock, do procure  
To treat with Wallace, a most ample pow'r.  
Thus these three lords, to him rid all in state,  
Where subtilly Woodstock did there debate.  
To which good Wallace did reply again,  
You speak in sophisms, but I'll tell you plain.  
Roxburgh and Berwick, you must us restore,  
Which was our right and heritage before.  
Also we ask, by virtue of this bond,  
Our native king, so long keep'd from his own.  
Those you shall grant, on your king's faith to me.  
To which, on sight the Lords did all agree.  
The Randal young, whom there he did demand,  
And the Lord Lorn, were granted to his hand.  
The Earl Buchan, tender but, and young,  
He did obtain for the wind of his tongue.  
Cumming and Soules, he caus'd deliver als,  
Who, after to King Robert proved false.  
Vallance for fear, durst scarcely keep his bed,  
But like a thief, to Piccardie he fled.  
The noble Bruce, alas! was gone away,  
Before that time to Calais many a day,  
Unto his uncle Gloucester: which thing,  
King Edward prov'd so Wallace wants his king.  
The Earl Patrick, who at London staid,  
No more allegiance unto King Edward paid,  
But unto Wallace speedily came down,  
And held his hands all of the Scottish crown.  
An hundred horse, with brave Scots noblemen,  
Came trooping gladly all to Wallace then.  
Under his seal King Edward then did send,  
And caus'd deliver to the Scottish men,  
Roxburgh and Berwick. Five years peace ensues,  
To ancient Scotland great and glorious news,

Which unto Wallace quickly was sent down,  
 And fairly sign'd clos by Northallertoun.  
 To Bamburgh, came the Scottish army then,  
 Which did consist of sixty thousand men.  
 To Carham-moor, came all in good array,  
 With hearts rejoicing upon Lambas-day.  
 The priest next day, in church did Wallace please,  
 Deliver'd him Roxburgh and Berwick keys.  
 Berwick, to Ramsay he gave on the spot.  
 And noble Seaton, Roxburgh castle got.  
 With Earl Patrick, Wallace, without more,  
 Rode to Dumbar, and there did him restore.  
 Scotland all o'er, from Ross to Sollway-sand,  
 Wallace he did give statutes to the land.  
 Unto the Lennox then, he did repair,  
 Sir John Monteith, that time was captain there.  
 And twice before had Wallace's gossip been,  
 Yet now no friendship was betwixt them seen.  
 Upon a rock, a house he founded there,  
 Then to the march he did again repair.  
 In Roxburgh then, he choos'd a handsome place,  
 And built a tow'r within a little space.  
 Jop twice he sent to Bruce of Huntington,  
 Beseeching him to come and take the crown.  
 Such counsel of the Saxons false took he,  
 In all his life, he Wallace ne'er did see.  
 Three years the kingdom quiet had and rest,  
 And ev'ry man his own with peace possest.

*Here ends the first Conquest of Scotland.*



## B O O K IX.

### C H A P. I.

*Now the King of France wrote to Wallace by his  
 Herald, and Wallace's answer.*

**T**HE king of France, hearing of Wallace's name,  
 His mighty valiant acts, and glorious fame;  
 In's royal mind, did long most vehemently,  
 This much renown'd Scots Champion to see.



Wonder'd how Wallace, with so small a pow'r,  
Made Englishmen, before him fly and scour.  
And force their malice, spite of hell to cease,  
Then pitifully truckle for a peace.  
The king a herald calls, and without more,  
To Wallace writes, as to a conqueror,  
Beloved Sir, worshipful, wise and wight,  
Restorer of thy native land's true right,  
In the defence of righteous Royal Blood,  
For which thou always loyally upstood.  
Old prophecy which did thy birth adorn,  
Said, happy Scotland, that time thou was born,  
I do beseech with all humility.

Thou wilt accept my letter graciously :  
Give credit, and believe in any ways,  
Whate'er my herald, from me, to thee says.  
The herald bow'd, and to the ship is gone,  
And then in Scotland does arrive anon,  
Went streight unto Sir William Wallace, where  
He found him in the ancient town of Air.  
The letters humbly in his master's name,  
To Wallace does present, and he the same,  
Most courteously upon his bended knee,  
Receiv'd from him in all humility.

The herald then made him to understand,  
All that his master gave him in command.  
Your valour, Sir, and honour, all do own,  
And to the king my master's so well known ;  
That he intends your worship to advance,  
As high as any subject born in France.  
Wallace reply'd, as God my soul shall save,  
A speedy answer you shall quickly have.  
The herald staid with Wallace twenty days,  
And was regal'd with feasting, sport and plays.  
Then courteously, Wallace wrote to the king,  
A satisfying answer to each thing.

Unto the herald, presents rich he gave,  
Then to the sea convey'd him, and took leave.  
Wallace his voyage soon intends for France,  
Prepares fit equipage, and purveyance.  
Good Lord James Stewart, Scotland's steward then,  
Made governor till he return'd again.  
At Rochel now, the herald does arrive,  
A blyther man, sure there was none alive.

To Paris went, then peerless for renown,  
 The king thought well Wallace was come to town.  
 Asked the herald with concern, anent  
 Old Scotland's welfare, and how matters went.  
 Saw thou brave Wallace, Chieftain of that land,  
 Yes, Sir, said he, a man of great command.  
 In all my travels, wheresoe'er I've gone,  
 A braver knight, sure saw I never one.  
 Great worship there, and honour's to him paid,  
 His piercing eye, almost made me afraid.  
 With rich rewards, and presents, as you see,  
 For your grace sake, he complimented me,  
 Here is his answer: then the king was glad,  
 Most graciously receiv'd it, and it read  
 "Most Royal Sir, and righteous crowned King,  
 Of great renown, your herald here does bring  
 A letter writ by my unworthy hand  
 In answer to your majesty's command.  
 You well do know how Scotland's daily vex'd,  
 And by our neighbouring nation sore perplex'd.  
 No bands will bind them, but with open face.  
 Do break their faith, to Christian's great disgrace,  
 On which account, I pray, Sir, understand,  
 I scarce dare leave this poor distressed land.  
 Yet by God's grace, if living that I be,  
 Within a year, your Majesty I'll see."  
 O how this answer greatly pleas'd the King!  
 Who was as blyth as bird upon the wing.

## C H A P. II.

*How Wallace went to France, fought the Red-River,  
 and took him Prisoner.*

**T**Owards his voyage, Wallace does advance,  
 And at Kircudbright shipping takes for France:  
 With fifty brave stout Scottish gentlemen,  
 Above what I describe can with my pen.  
 'Mongst whom were four of his own kinsmen near,  
 Two Wallaces, Crawford, and Cleland dear,  
 Drank their bonalies, in good wine and ale,  
 Then chearfully for sea bois'd up their sail  
 Sail'd that whole day, and all the following night,  
 Then on the morn when the sun shined bright,

The ship-master sprang quickly up a rope,  
Where suddenly he spy'd, from the main-top,  
Sixteen great ships, that boldly up did bear,  
And towards him a steady course did steer.  
In colour red, which with the sun-shine bright,  
The sea all o'er illuminate with light.  
At which the master almost fell a-fwoon,  
Affrighted sore, he quickly then came down.  
Alas! said he, that ever I was born!  
Without remead, our lives are all forlorn.  
Curse on the time that I did take in hand  
This voyage, O! that I were back at land,  
And buried were into some lonely grave,  
So Wallace's life with honour I might save.  
"Master, said Wallace, what needs all this moan?"  
"Oh Sir! here's sixteen sail against our one.  
Him that commands, nought but our blood will please,  
He sixteen years has been king of the seas."  
Then Wallace ask'd, "Wot's thou what he may be."  
"The Red-River, a tyrant strong is he,  
He saveth none, for gold or other good,  
But kills, and drowns all, in the brynie flood."  
"Since better may not be, I pray thee show,  
Some mark, said Wallace, how I shall him know."  
"The Master said, at first sight you will ken,  
And soon may him distinguish from his men.  
A handsome proper man, as is in France,  
And of a manly Scottish countenance.  
Taller than any of his men a deal,  
And cloth'd in scarlet 'bove a coat of mail.  
The foremost ship that does pursue us so,  
Himself is in, and that you'll quickly know.  
When he comes near, he boldly will you hail,  
Then speedily be sure to strike your sail.  
He'll enter first himself most hardily,  
These are the signs that you shall know him by.  
A bar of blew, into his shining shield,  
A bend of white, desiring ay the field.  
The red betokens blood and hardiness,  
The white, his courage strongly doth increase,  
The blew he wears, 'cause he's a Christian.  
Then Wallace said, "He must be no good man,  
For sure I am, this is no Christian deed.  
Get you below, may the great God us speed."



The ship-master and the steer men also,  
He made go down into the hold below.  
His fifty men, who were the very best  
That he could choose, soon were in armour drest.  
Forty and eight, close on the deck caus'd ly,  
On William Crawford, then in haste did cry.  
When the Red-River hails us, strike amain,  
At my command hail up the sail again.  
Dear cousin Cleland, take the helm in hand,  
Here on the deck close by thee I will stand.  
May the great God, us and our ship both guide.  
The River's barge came then close by their side,  
Himself he stood aloft, with a drawn sword,  
And bad the steers-man, lay along the board.  
Aloud he cry'd, "Strike dogs, or you shall die."  
Crawford let down the sail, then speedily.  
The captain enter'd first, no-ways aghast,  
Then Wallace gripp'd him by the gorget fast,  
And threw him down on the deck where he stood,  
While mouth and nose all gush'd out of blood.  
A dagger-knife, Wallace in haste drew out,  
Then with pale face, the River look'd about.  
Mercy, he cry'd for him that dy'd on rood,  
To mend my life, that have spilt so much blood.  
In Latin tongue, to Wallace then said he,  
"For God's sake, Sir, pray grant my life to me."  
His weapons all, Wallace did quickly take,  
Him by the hand did lift, and pris'ner make,  
Then made him swear on his sharp sword and long,  
From that day forth, he never should him wrong.  
"Command thy men, said Wallace, to the peace,  
And quickly cause their shot of guns to cease."  
A glove the River held up on the spot,  
Seeing the sign, his men forbore their shot.  
His largest barge, to him he then did call,  
"Give over war, our true friends these are all."  
Then asked at what port Wallace wou'd be,  
Unto the Rochel, quickly answer'd he.  
The River bids his men to Rochel steer,  
They tack about, when his command they hear.  
Wallace said, "Pray what countryman art thou?"  
"A Frenchman, Sir, and my forefathers too."  
Wallace then ask'd, "How came thou to this life?"  
"By the mischance, Sir, of a sudden strife,

At court, I kill'd a man dead at one stroke,  
Which did the king most hainously provoke.  
Thro' friends in court, I 'scaped off that place,  
And since could ne'er obtain his royal grace.  
To Burdeaux, thereafter made a trip,  
And on a night, did seize an English ship.  
Ill doers to myself, I soon got mee,  
And in a little multiplied so,  
That I these sixteen years have rung at sea,  
And shed much blood, for which, oh! wo is me.  
And now, for the great mischiefs I have done,  
In spite of fate, I'm vanquished by one.  
Thus I confess to my eternal-shame,  
My bloody life. But pray, Sir, what's your name,  
That with your own single, but valiant hand,  
Does me, and all my sixteen sail command.  
None but brave Wallace, the Scots champion  
Could thus have baffled me and all my men.  
None else I know, encounter me should dare,  
It were great honour to serve in his war."  
Then Wallace smiling, answer'd modestly,  
"Scotland had need of many such as thee:  
What is thy name?" thinks Wallace wants a peel,  
"Monsieur, said he; Thomas of Longoville."  
"Well bruick thy name, yea, here shall end our strife,  
If thou'll repent and mend thy by-past life.  
For which, thy faithful friend I'll ever be,  
I'm that same Wallace whom thou now does see.  
Upon his knees, then Longoville fell down,  
As Wallace had been king that wears the crown.  
"That I'm fallen in your hands, I'm pleas'd much more,  
Than I had gotten florins sixty score."  
Wallace reply'd, "Since thou art here by chance,  
And that the king has sent for me to France,  
I'll tell him, that for my reward, I want  
Thy peace and pardon, which I hope he'll grant."  
"Could you my peace obtain, Longoville says,  
Most faithfully I'd serve you all my days."  
"No service, Thomas, shalt thou give to me,  
But such good friendship as I'll keep with thee."  
With that they fill'd the wine, and merry made,  
And upon sight they in the Rochel rade.  
Now the town is in a sudden fear,  
When the Red-River and his ships appear.

Some ships they fled, and others run ashore.  
When Wallace saw they frighted were so sore,  
He did command none in the hav'n should go,  
But his own barge, which pleas'd the people so,  
That they no sooner the Red-lion saw,  
In the Scots banner, but they gave huzza.  
Lift up the port, receiv'd them in the town  
With great respect, then entertain'd them round.  
Wallace they saw a goodly Scottish man,  
And honour'd him with all respect they can.  
Four days he tarried at the Rochel, then  
Gave strict command to Longoville's men,  
That they discreetly would behave, and well,  
And nothing act that might be thought hostile:  
For shortly he would either send or bring,  
Unto them all, a pardon from the king.  
"Your captain to the king shall go with me,  
By help of God, I shall his warrand be."  
Like his own men, he cloathed Thomas so,  
There was no man that Longoville could know.  
Both blyth and glad as any men alive,  
They march, and then at Paris do arrive.  
In splendid order to a garden went,  
Then gallantly before the king present.  
Fifty and two upon their knees do fall,  
Salute the king most fine like princes all.  
Their speech they do govern, and so well rule,  
As they'd been taught at Julius Cæsar's school.  
The queen got leave (so curious was) to see,  
Brave Wallace, and his company.  
The king he dines, as did the court also,  
Then after meat, does to the parlour go.  
He and his lords commun'd on ev'ry thing  
With Wallace, who did greatly please the king.  
In Latin tongue his answer does advance,  
With a serene and manly countenance.  
The king he ask'd where the Red River was,  
And marvell'd how that tyrant let him pass.  
"You with the herald might have writ to me,  
For power to convey you thro' the sea."  
"I thank you Sir; no need thereof had we,  
Blessed be God. we're all safe as you see."  
Then said the King, "Wallace, I wonder much,  
You have escap'd that bloody tyrant's clutch,



Who on the sea such cruelties has wrought,  
Could we him get, he should not 'scape for nought."  
Thomas he quack'd, began to count his beads:  
When as the king related his misdeeds.  
Wallace gave ear, but feigned in some part,  
"Forsooth, said he, we found none in that airt.  
But Sir, with leave, would ye the River know?"  
"Fy, since I saw him, it is long ago.  
These words of yours, Wallace, are all in vain,  
Ere he come here, many he'll cause be slain."  
Then Wallace said, "Great Sir, of my men all,  
Who is the man likest to him you'd call."  
The king reply'd, with a quick piercing eye,  
"That large long man, that next to you stands by."  
Then on his knees, the worthy Wallace fell,  
"O royal king, said he, pray hear me tell,  
How Saxon-seed hath Scotland sore distrest,  
Our el'ers kill'd, and royal blood opprest.  
Your Majesty, methinks, should interpose,  
In our behalf, and curb our lawless foes.  
And that by virtue of the league and band,  
'Twixt France and Scotland, does so firmly stand,  
Next, since at your command, come here I have,  
One favour, Sir, I humbly of you crave."  
The king reply'd, "I'll grant, or pay you down  
Whate'er you ask, except my queen or crown."  
"Most royal Sir, said Wallace, all I want,  
Is, that you'll graciously be pleas'd to grant  
Peace to this man, whom I brought here through chance,  
And I'll disclaim all other gifts in France.  
This same is he, you may believe it well,  
Of whom you speak, Thomas of Longoville.  
Receive him as a free leige of your land."  
At which the king was put unto a stand.  
Yet for his promise, and good Wallace's sake,  
Into his peace, he Longoville did take.  
The king he ask'd at Wallace how and where,  
He met with Longoville, who did declare,  
And there rehearse the manner how all o'er,  
As you have heard the story told before.  
Wallace to Thomas, also purchas'd then,  
Peace unto all his fourteen hundred men.  
Then on the very spot where he did stand,  
Was knighted by the king's own royal hand.

Syne to his nearest heir left his estate,  
Then with brave Wallace went and took his fate.

## C H A P. III.

*How Wallace past into Guyen.*

**T**HREE weeks at Paris Wallace did remain,  
But longed much to try the wars again:  
To march for Guyen he esteem'd it best,  
Because that country Englishmen possess.  
Then of the king took leave, on's knees did fall,  
But took no Frenchmen with him then at all;  
Except Sir Thomas, and a warlike crew  
Of valiant Scots, nine hundred stout and true;  
Who furiously with him to Guyen ride:  
And fire raise thro' all that country wide.  
Forts and strong castles quickly they break down;  
And put to death many a South'ron lown.  
A warlike town, Scemen, stood in that land,  
Which Englishmen had under their command.  
The town it stood upon a water side,  
Within a park that was both long and wide.  
Towards that place, most valiantly then,  
Wallace he march'd with his nine hundred men.  
Four hundred to himself took speedily;  
The rest with Crawford caus'd in ambush ly.  
Wallace his men all gallantly array'd,  
Before the town their banner there display'd.  
The lion rampant, all in gold, did flee;  
Which sight before that country ne'er did see.  
The park they range, great booty drive away,  
The war-men issued to rescue the prey:  
But worthy Scots have many English slain:  
The rest fled back unto the town again.  
Forty good Scots pass'd with the prey along;  
Then ish'd again a thousand English strong.  
Wallace he caus'd his men let go the prey;  
Then soon assembled all in good array.  
A fierce encounter there you might have seen,  
'Mongst those wight war-men in their armour clean.  
Vast numbers lost their lives on South'ron side;  
And yet the rest most nobly did abide.

Some worthy men there of the Scots they slew ;  
Then William Crawford, who the time well knew,  
Out of the park he made his ambush fair  
Into the field where they all fighting were.  
He at his entry many an one caus'd die ;  
Yet Englishmen were very loath to flee.  
But bravely fought, altho' they lost much blood :  
So few, so long, 'gainst Wallace never stood.  
Yet at the last were all oblig'd to fly ;  
Whom Wallace did pursue most furiously.  
And never knew, till he amidst the throng,  
Was in the town his South'ron foes among.  
With him was Crawford, Richard, Longeville,  
Fifteen in all, and no more I wot well.  
A cunning porter got upon the wall ;  
Pull'd out the pin, let the portculzies fall.  
Then cruelly the English on them set,  
But to the wall the Scots their back did get ;  
Cut down the South'ron, all their force dery'd,  
Then Richard Wallace, he the porter spy'd,  
Knock'd out his brains, with little noise or din,  
Got up the port, let all the Scotsmen in.  
Who spared none that they before them fand,  
If they a sword or weapon had in hand.  
All other lives most Christianly did spare,  
But seiz'd the goods and riches all were there.  
The town with French replenish'd quickly, then  
Wallace the field takes briskly with his men.  
At which the king delay'd not very long,  
But rais'd an army twenty thousand strong :  
All faithful subjects of the crown of France,  
Led by his brother, Duke of Orelance.  
Thro' Gúyen land a speedy march they make,  
At Burdeaux do Wallace overtake.  
Some said that town did mightily incline,  
To fight good Wallace, but soon chang'd their mind.  
And sent express to Piccardy by post,  
Telling of Wallace, and the new-rais'd host.  
Glocester, then, captain of Calais went,  
And told all to the English parliament.  
Some plainly said, Wallace had broke the truce,  
Others said nay, that was ne'er his use.  
Lord Beaumont said, with judgment most profound,  
Wallace for Scotland, not for France was bound.



Yet Woodstock from his malice could not cease,  
 But still affirm'd Wallace had broke the peace:  
 And told the king, if he'd his counsel take,  
 Now was the time, on Scotland war to make.  
 What Woodstock said, all did conclude it right,  
 By sea and land, a force they raise on sight.  
 Gloucester he leads on the army's van,  
 Longcastle does the middleward command:  
 Then Sir John Psewart to the sea was sent,  
 Who all the north-land perfectly well kent.  
 Vallance the knight before the army went,  
 Who all the mischief did he could invent.  
 And made some Scots, with his enticing word,  
 Yield up the castles without stroke of sword.  
 E'er the best sort, knew it was war in plain,  
 In Bothwell castle, he was set again.  
 And Sir John Psewart, who came by the sea,  
 Soon got St Johnstoun by a jeopardie.  
 Dundee they took, left not a man on life,  
 Then plundered, and soon possessed Fife.  
 And the south, from Cheviot to the sea,  
 O barbarous, and cruel enemy!  
 To Rauchty fled good Adam Wallace then,  
 And Robert Boyd to Bute, two gallant men.  
 Sir John the Graham, in Dundaff durst not bide,  
 But marched to the forrest fair of Clyde.  
 Lundie, from Fife, he stole away by night,  
 Eighteen with him that cliver were and tight.  
 And his young son, then but of tender age,  
 To Dundaff muir, they all away do page,  
 Thinking to meet with Sir John the Graham,  
 Who often made the South'ron fly with shame.  
 Thomas of Thorn, took Lanerk the next day,  
 Lundie and Hay no longer there durst stay,  
 But to South-Tinto quickly did repair,  
 And good Sir John did quickly meet them there.  
 Vallance had order'd great provisions then,  
 Under a guard of fourscore Englishmen,  
 For Bothwell castle, but unto their shame,  
 Were soon surpriz'd by Lundie and by Graham.  
 Who with some hardy Scots, fifty, I trow.  
 Of fourscore South'ron, sixty there they slew;  
 Got gold and goods, and all remain'd alive,  
 On the Scots side, excepting only five.

Then marched all away upon a night,  
Unto the Lennox, in their armour bright.  
Seaton and Lyle, they lodged in the Bass,  
But Hugh and Hay, sent unto England was.  
Then the north country lords do in the end,  
The Squire Guthrie unto Wallace send.  
At Aberbrothwick shipping took for sea,  
And safely at the Sluce soon landed he.  
To Wallace went, and told in sorry mood,  
How sadly matters now in Scotland stood.  
Then Wallace said, O South'ron! all mansworn!  
For perfidy, such rogues were never born!  
Their former treachery, did we not feel,  
Ev'n when the truce was sign'd with their great seal,  
Who notwithstanding, most unchristianly,  
Caus'd eighteen score of our brave barons die.  
To the great God my vow I here do make,  
Peace with that king, hereafter ne'er to take.  
He shall repent, that he this war began,  
If it please God I be a living man.  
Then does address the king for liberty  
To go to Scotland with his company.  
With much ado the king did condescend,  
With that proviso, when the war did end,  
And he triumph'd had o'er his South'ron foes,  
He should return to France, and no time lose.  
Which, if he did, he freely might command,  
At his return, a lordship of good land.  
Wallace takes leave, goes streight for Flanders then,  
With good Sir Thomas, and his country-men.  
The Squire Guthrie's barge, at Sluce lay still,  
To sea they went in haste, with a good will.  
Fair wind and weather, nothing worse they fand,  
Then at Montrose, they safely all do land.  
Good Sir John Ramsay, and the Ruthven true,  
Barclay and Bisset, with men not a few:  
Do Wallace meet, all canty, keen and croufs,  
And with three hundred, march to Ochter-house.

## B O O K X.

## C H A P. I.

*How Wallace won St. Johnston.*

**U**NTO St. Johnston Wallace quickly prest,  
 Which by the English, then, was re-possess.  
 Under Kinnoul, e'er it was day, lay down,  
 Then spy'd six South'ron servants from the town,  
 Driving three empty carts upon the way,  
 In order to bring home their master's hay.  
 Which, when they were a loadning, suddenly,  
 Guthrie and's men, made all the six to die.  
 Wallace in haste caus'd take their upmost weed,  
 And men to fit them, ordered with speed.  
 Wallace himself, and Ruthven brave also,  
 Guthrie and Bisset, and good yeomen two;  
 Each took a suit, and then with subtle art,  
 Five men with hay, they cover'd in each cart.  
 Then to the town those carters took their way,  
 And carefully, drove on their carts of hay.  
 Good Sir John Ramsay lay in ambush, till  
 He warning got, then marched with good will.  
 Over the bridge the carters quickly past,  
 Enter'd the gate, and their cloaks do cast.  
 Wallace with three good strokes, which there he got,  
 The porter kill'd, and two more on the spot.  
 Guthrie and Bisset, Ruthven of renown,  
 Most manfully did cut the South'ron down.  
 The armed men, that snug lay in the carts,  
 Came fiercely out, and bravely play'd their parts.  
 When Ramsay's spy, saw all that there was done,  
 The ambush broke, both bridge and port have won.  
 E'er Ramsay came, with his men good and true,  
 The twenty one, there forty South'ron flew.  
 And so soon as the ambush enter'd in,  
 They spared none that were of South'ron kin.  
 There Longoville, that brave and warlike knight,  
 Nobly behav'd, and did their doublets dight.  
 The South'ron, when they saw the town was tint,  
 Fled then as fast, as fire does from the flint.



And Sir John Pſewart at the next gate paſt,  
 To Methven-wood, he ſcour'd off wonder faſt.  
 One hundred men fled to the church in vain,  
 But Wallace ſpared none for all were ſlain.  
 Four hundred South'ron kill'd were in the ſtrife,  
 And ſeven ſcore only 'ſcaped with their life.  
 Wallace got riches, good things not a few,  
 And with true Scots, plenish'd the town of new.  
 Firſt to the Gaſk did Sir John Pſewart paſs,  
 Then unto Fife, where Vallance ſheriff was.  
 Gather'd of men a num'rous company,  
 To Auchterarder, then drew privily.  
 And to be ready, ordered them all  
 For to attack St. Johnſton, at a call.  
 Wallace made Ramſay his great captain there,  
 And Ruthven ſheriff, a deſerving pair.  
 He charged them, that on firſt warning they  
 Should come to him without further delay.  
 On ſome exploit he quickly marched then,  
 With him one hundred of good fighting men.

## C H A P. H.

*The Battle of Black-Iron-Side, and how Wallace took  
 in Lochleven and Airth.*

**T**O Fife he march'd, that country's ſtate to view,  
 With his good men, that truſty were and true:  
 But Sir John Pſewart from the Ochle high,  
 Eſpying Wallace as he paſſed by,  
 All on a ſudden, 'gainſt him march'd then,  
 To Black-Iron-Side, with fifteen hundred men.  
 This ſudden march, good Wallace ſo alarms,  
 He and his men ſtand quickly to their arms.  
 With Biſſet and good Guthrie does adviſe,  
 What courſe to take againſt this ſad ſurprize.  
 We with the South'ron now are ſo beſet,  
 To our good friends at Perth no word we'll get.  
 It grieves me more that Vallance is the guide,  
 Than all the reſt upon the South'ron ſide.  
 Guthrie reply'd, could we get over Tay,  
 It were, I think, the ſure and ſafeſt way;  
 And warn good Ramſay, who commands the town,  
 He'd ſend a reinforcement to us ſoon.

It's safer, Wallace says, in my esteem,  
To fight the foe, than dangerously to swim.  
In Elchock park but forty men were we,  
Against seven hundred, and made South'ron flee.  
So may we now, thro' help of divine grace,  
Take courage lads, and bravely show your face.  
This wood we'll hold as long as we can stand,  
To the last man, we'll fight it sword in hand.  
The right is ours, let's to it manfully,  
I'll free this land once more before I die.  
Which speech did so their hearts to him engage,  
And put their spirits upon such an edge,  
That some call out to take the field in plain.  
Wallace said no, "Those words are all in vain:  
My thoughts and sentiments are no way such;  
This wood may prove to our advantage much:  
For tho' our courage be not wanting now,  
Yet, pray, believe good conduct's needful too."  
Then hewn wood, and planks of oak did take,  
A strong barrier then quickly did he make;  
And by the time that all was finish'd right,  
The English army came within their sight.  
Psewart attacks the wood with a bravade,  
But finds a strong and dev'lish barricade.  
There with a thousand men does wait and watch,  
And with five hundred, Vallance does detach  
To guard the wood, that not one single skin,  
Might 'scape the sword, of all that were within.  
Forty good archers, Wallace had that tide,  
Which gall'd the English horse on ev'ry side.  
The rest were spearmen, long in war expert,  
Honour was all the thing they had at heart,  
As evidently over all was seen,  
By their defence, at the encounter keen.  
A void was left, where South'ron enter might,  
Forty at first, were put to death on sight.  
Numbers of horse were killed with the shot,  
The wounded reel'd, and to a plain they got.  
Psewart rampag'd, to see both man and horse,  
So sore rebuted, and put to the worse.  
Vallance advis'd he would forbear to fight,  
And rest his men close by the wood that night.  
For hunger soon would drive them from their strength,  
Then might he charge them in the field at length.

Pfewart reply'd, 'tis dangerous to delay,  
If succour come to them, what will you say?  
Along with me, eight hundred men shall fare,  
All in a range to round the wood with care;  
The rest they shall with thee continue still,  
To fight or be commanded at thy will.  
Be brisk, said Vallance, quickly him beset,  
For now I think he's fairly in the net.  
Could you but slay, or take him upon life,  
King Edward sure, would make you Lord of Fife.  
When Wallace he their disposition saw,  
And Pfewart's charge with so much rage and awe,  
Brave lads, he said, yon Pfewart is a knight,  
Forward in wars, both hardy, wise and wight.  
Such an attack, against us, and a sore,  
He does intend, as you ne'er saw before:  
Since we're beset with foes on ev'ry side,  
And must perforce here in this forest bide;  
Take notice all, and mark well what I say,  
His first assault, boldly resist I pray.  
Crawford he left, and Longoville the knight,  
At the barrier to keep it safe and tight.  
Wallace himself, briskly encounters then,  
Pfewart, with sixty, 'gainst eight hundred men,  
Who fought so fierce and show'd their valour so,  
No Englishman durst from his fellow go,  
To break his rank, or foremost enter in,  
So bloodily the dispute did begin.  
On either side, the spears in flinders flew,  
Numbers of English there the Scotsmen flew.  
Vallance, at this time, sorely did assail,  
Crawford, and the brave knight good Longoville,  
Who boldly stood, and did defend their ground,  
And at the entry hew'd the South'ron down.  
Thus were the Scots attack'd on ev'ry hand,  
Fifteen to one, too numerous a band.  
Nothing they had now for't, but do or die.  
Pfewart surpriz'd was with such bravery.  
Who pressing on, with a good sword of steel,  
Kill'd a stout Scot who had behaved well.  
Wallace inrag'd, did quickly vow revenge,  
And a sound blow, with Pfewart to exchange.  
But troops of South'ron interveening soon,  
He miss'd his mark, tho' others he cut down.



Great floss the Scots made 'mong the South'ron ranks,  
From front to rear, and out thro' both their flanks.  
Eighty, that time, were slain without remead,  
And at the barrier, fifty killed dead.  
After this brisk repulse, and fair defeat,  
Psewart he quickly caused sound retreat.  
And then consults what's proper next to do,  
Curses hard-fate, 'cause beat by such a few.  
The worthy Scots go in to the barrier,  
Wash all their wounds, refresh and make good chear.  
At many bouts, said Wallace, I have been,  
But such a fierce attack have scarcely seen.  
Then from a strand of water running by,  
He all his men supply'd abundantly.  
Drank first himself, then said in sober mood,  
The wine in France, I ne'er thought half so good.  
Sir John concludes, in council, to be brief,  
To fight no more till he get fresh relief.  
And then to starve with hunger in the field,  
The Scots, if they stood out, and did not yield.  
Meantime, he charg'd John Vallance to abide,  
And keep them into Couper till he'd ride.  
Who said, such charge he wou'd not undertake,  
To fight all day, and then all night to wake.  
Psewart cry'd, stay, or under-ly the blame,  
I thee command, in good King Edward's name,  
Or here to God, I vow, without all scorn,  
If they break out, to hang thee up the morn.  
Wallace was blyth when that he heard such strife,  
Nothing e'er pleas'd him better all his life;  
And then drew near, at a fit time, withal,  
To the wood side, and did on Vallance call.  
You Knight I think would make a coward start,  
Come in to us, his brag's not worth a f—t,  
And thou shalt have a lordship in thy hand,  
Thy brother left behind him in this land.  
Vallance choos'd rather with the Scots to bide,  
Than venture's life upon the English side.  
So in a moment, all with one consent,  
He and his men, streight into Wallace went.  
Then Psewart said, I ne'er expected such  
Base treatment, but John Vallance mock'd him much.  
By this brave Ramsay, and good Ruthven then,  
To Black-Iron-Side came with three hundred men.

Pfewart the knight, well hath their coming seen,  
 Who choos'd a plain, and drew up on the green.  
 Twelve hundred men he had wanting a score,  
 The Scots five hundred, sixty, and no more.  
 Now to the wood good Wallace bids adieu,  
 Who all this time nothing of Ramsay knew.  
 But when he heard him shoot, and Ruthven cry,  
 How did his haart rejoice exceedingly.  
 On either side, quickly assembled they,  
 And set the battle all in good array.  
 The English, who were more in number far,  
 By Pfewart now, in two divided are.  
 The worthy Scots, so soon as they were drest,  
 Most furiously among them quickly prest.  
 And as they in the wood behaved well,  
 So on the plain, they fought as stout as steel.  
 Had small respite from rising of the sun,  
 Yet charg'd as fresh, as if but new begun.  
 Ramsay and Ruthven, came with fresh relief,  
 Unto the South'ron's sorrow and great grief,  
 And of their carcases took a sound mends;  
 Dissaver'd them in twenties and in tens.  
 When spears were gone, with swords of metal clear,  
 They pay'd their way, in haste from front to rear.  
 Wallace and his good men by strength of hand,  
 Made South'ron blood to stream out thro' the land.  
 Three hundred English, briskly in the end,  
 Surround Sir John, and bravely him defend.  
 The Scots who saw so many in a rout,  
 With Pfewart stand, and guarding him about,  
 Upon their flanks did them attack full sore,  
 And with their points their polish'd plates did bore.  
 Ramsay inclin'd, that Pfewart he should yield,  
 Rather than see him die upon the field.  
 No, he shall die, said Wallace, by God's grace,  
 He came to pay his ransom in this place.  
 The South'ron plainly saw that they must die,  
 Succour was none, suppose that they should fly.  
 Freshly they fought as they had enter'd new,  
 And some good men on the Scots side they slew.  
 To please our king, said Pfewart, and his laws,  
 We lose our lives in an unrighteous cause.  
 With that he struck brave Bisset to the death,  
 For which, good Wallace stopt his breath,

Who with one stroke cut him down with his sword,  
And after that he never spoke a word,  
But to the ground rush'd down with all his might,  
By Wallace hand, thus dy'd that gallant knight.  
The rest were kill'd, what could the Scots do more,  
Then all lament the loss of Bisset fore.  
Ruthven for Perth, to march he ready makes,  
And Sir John Ramsay, Couper castle takes.  
Wallace and Crawford, Guthrie, Longoville,  
With Richard, takes Lundores that night to bail.  
Vallance was Steward, who abundantly,  
With meat and drink, did bravely them supply.  
The English all flee fast before them now,  
As does the Bishop of St Andrews too,  
Who would not Wallace coming there abide,  
Was so dirt-fear'd, even for all Scotland wide.  
Their worthy knight that into Couper lay,  
Seiz'd all their riches on the second day.  
And at command of Wallace did cast down,  
And raze that place unto the very ground.  
Then to Crail did suddenly repair,  
Where he found nought but walls and buildings bare.  
The English then, troop'd off all in a string,  
And thro' all Fife the Scots did rant and reign.  
No Englishman was left, for all did fly,  
Save in Lochleven, one single company.  
A knight Musgrove, that did command Kinghorn,  
The meereft coward that was ever born;  
Hearing that Wallace would attack the place,  
Fled and deserted to his great disgrace.  
Wallace possess the house, and on the morn,  
To Scotland's well, does with his men return.  
When night was come they supp'd, and went to rest,  
But still Lochleven stuck in Wallace's breast.  
To which he pass'd near middle of the night,  
With eighteen chosen men, all stout and tight.  
Courage, brave boys, he said, and never flinch,  
The South'ron now ly sleeping in yon inch;  
Since honour's to be won, let's venture for't,  
If we get o'er, we shall have pleasant sport.  
Do you remain all here upon the spot,  
I'll try if I can bring you o'er their boat.  
Quickly he stript, with his brave sword and good,  
Bound round his neck, and leap'd into the flood.



Over he swims, and very quickly then,  
Seizes the boat, and brought her to his men.  
Who when array'd, no longer did abide,  
But jumped in, and row'd to th' other side.  
The Inch they took, boldly, with sword in hand,  
And spared none before them that they fand.  
To wives and bairns, he mercy still did shew,  
But thirty men upon the place he slew.  
To call good Ramsay, he hath orders giv'n,  
To dine with him, if he pleas'd, at Lochleven.  
Sent out a man, the South'ron horse to keep,  
Drew up the boat, then went to bed to sleep.  
The messenger, good Ramsay did surprize,  
Who, with unusual briskness, bid him rise.  
My Lord, good Sir, does kindly you invite  
Unto Lochleven, to eat a dish of meat.  
Ramsay got up, and march'd with all his men,  
And there carous'd, full eight days to an end.  
Turs'd off the goods that South'ron had brought there,  
Caus'd burn the boat, then unto Perth repair.  
There Bishop Sinclair, met them in a trice,  
And wisely gave to Wallace his advice.  
Jop to the north, for more supply was sent,  
For none alive, the country better kent.  
Good Mr Blair, in sacerdotal weed,  
Went to the west, to warn his friends with speed:  
How unto Wallace they might safely get,  
The South'ron had their passage so beset.  
Brave Adam Wallace, and good Lindsay, fare  
To Earl Malcom, where they welcome were.  
There was the noble Graham, and Lundie brave,  
And Boyd, like men, are new rais'd from their grave.  
Jop march'd on, Cumming Lord Buchan was,  
For old envy, he suffer'd none to pass.  
Yet poor men, came to Wallace as they might,  
For to defend old ancient Scotland's right.  
The Randal young, to serve his country bent,  
Good men from Murray, hath to Wallace sent.  
Jop did return unto his master soon,  
And told him all, tho' little he got done.  
But Mr Blair, such noble tydings brought,  
That of the Cumming, Wallace reckon'd nought.  
Wallace, who did the fit occasion ken,  
March'd streight from Perth, and with him fifty men.

Good Irish Stephen, and Kierly, that was wight,  
In watchmen's garb, to Wallace march'd on fight,  
Upon more force to wait he had no mind,  
And left the rest to keep the land behind.  
By Stirling bridge, to march, he did not please,  
For English men burn there as thick as bees.  
But over Airth, they ferry'd hastily,  
And lurked in a private place hard by  
A cruel captain dwelt in Airth that year,  
An Englishman, whose name was Thomlin Weir.  
One hundred men were at his lodging still,  
Posselt that land according to their will.  
A Scottish fisher seiz'd, who out of fear,  
Unto their service made the fellow swear.  
Jop early went, the passage for to spy,  
And on the fisher happened suddenly,  
Then ask'd him, what country man art thou?  
A Scot, he said, but South'ron made me vow  
Unto their service, sore against my mind,  
Pox on the pack, I love none of their kind.  
A fishing I came o'er to this north side,  
A Scotsman if you be, I'll with you bide.  
When Jop to Wallace, told the poor man's case,  
They all rejoic'd to see the fisher's face,  
Since with his boat, they might good passage have,  
Not valuing what the poor man should crave.  
To the South land, most gladly they did fare,  
Then broke the boat, when they were landed there.  
Out thro' the moss, they marched with good speed,  
To the Tor-Wood, the fisher did them lead;  
A widow there, brought tidings in short space,  
Of Wallace friend, that dwelt at Dunipace.  
Thomlin of Weir, had him in prison put,  
Which Wallace vex'd, and to the heart him cut.  
Dame, said good Wallace, he shall loosed be,  
The morn by noon, and set at liberty.  
They ate and drank, in quiet there abode,  
And on the morrow early took the road.  
Toward Airth-hill, his force with him he drew,  
Where was a strength that well the fisher knew.  
A private way, the fisher him directs,  
Then to the South'ron paid his best respects.  
O'er a small bridge, into the hall he got,  
And them salutes in rage and fury hot.

With shearing swords, clinking out o'er their crowns,  
There without mercy hew'd the South'ron down.  
Thomlin of Weir, he thro' the body clave,  
And his good men did soon dispatch the lave.  
Thro' all the room, the blood gush'd boiling hot,  
One hundred men lay dead upon the spot.  
Then to relieve his uncle went along,  
In a deep cave, who lay in fetters strong.  
Before that time, his uncle ne'er had been  
So glad, as when good Wallace he had seen.  
Into deep ditches, the dead corps were cast,  
And carefully their watches plac'd at last.  
Upon the morrow, gathered up the spoil,  
Both gold and jewels to reward their toil.  
South'ron came in, but quickly changed hues,  
For none went back to tell their neighbours news.  
Stephen of Ireland, Kierly that was wight,  
These two did keep the port the second night.  
E'er it was day, the worthy Scots arose,  
Turs' off their spoil, and to the Tor-wood goes.  
Now since at Airth the Scots has done their best,  
Let's see what came of them went to the west.

## C H A P. III.

*How Wallace burnt the English in Dumbarton.*

**W**ALLACE and his good men march'd all the night,  
And to Dumbarton came e'er it was light.  
Then at a widow's house did quickly call,  
And whisper'd softly to her thro' the wall.  
Whose voice, so soon as the good women knew,  
Unto her clothes, immediately she drew.  
In a clos barn, him and his men she got,  
Good meat and drink, in truth he wanted not.  
Then unto Wallace, gave one hundred pound,  
To make his supper go the better down.  
Nine sons she had, good likely men, and tight,  
An oath to him she made him swear on sight.  
There he remain'd secure, and never budg'd,  
But caus'd mark the doors where South'ron lodg'd.  
Then all march'd on, and silence closely kept,  
Unto the gate, where they securely slept.



An English captain, and nine of his mates,  
Drinking too late, did brag of mighty fates.  
Had I good Wallace, one said in a rage,  
I would think nothing with him to engage.  
Another there, his head and neck would pawn,  
He'd tye Sir John the Graham with strength of hand.  
A third, he'd fight the Boyd with a good sword,  
' I would set him better far to fight a t—d.  
Another wish'd for Lundie, by his life.  
And some for Seaton, in that drunken strife.  
When Wallace heard the South'ron make such din,  
He boldly all alone himself went in,  
Then with a brave bold countenance and stout,  
Sa'uted them most handsomely about.  
I'm from my travels come, Gentles, said he,  
Longing your conquest of the Scots to see.  
Some of your drink, and other cheer I'd have.  
The captain then, a saucy answer gave.  
Thou seem'st a Scot, likely to be a spy,  
And may'st be one of Wallace company,  
Which if thou be, nothing shall thee protect,  
From being hang'd up quickly by the neck.  
Wallace thought then, it was not time to stand,  
His noble sword, fast gripped in his hand;  
With such a stroke, the captain did surprize,  
As cut off all that stood above the eyes.  
Another there he killed in great ire,  
A third he threw into the burning fire.  
Kierly and Stephen, came in with courage true,  
And kill'd the rest of all the drunken crew.  
The hostler then, without further delay,  
Directed Wallace where the South'ron lay,  
Who set their lodgings all in a fair row  
About their ears, and burn'd them stab and stow.  
Then to Dumbarton cave, with merry speed,  
March'd long e'er day, a quick exploit indeed.  
Toward Rosneath, next night they past along,  
Where Englishmen possess that castle strong,  
Who that same day unto a wedding go,  
Fourscore in number, at the least, or moe.  
In their return the Scots upon them set,  
Where forty did their death-wounds fairly get:  
The rest scour'd off, and to the castle fled,  
But Wallace who in war was nicely bred,

He did the entry to the castle win,  
 And slew the South'ron, all were found therein.  
 After the flyers, did pursue with speed,  
 None did escape him, all were cut down dead.  
 On their purveyance, seven days lodged there,  
 At their own ease, and merrily did fare.  
 Some South'ron came to visit their good kin,  
 But none went out, be sure, that once came in.  
 After he had set fire to the place,  
 March'd streight to Faulkland, in a little space.  
 There Earl Malcolm was, of glorious fame,  
 Richard of Lundie, and Sir John the Graham;  
 Good Adam Wallace, that true hearted Scot,  
 Barclay and Boyd, and others of great note.  
 With them he keep'd his Yool, and holy days,  
 Who past their time in feasting, sport and plays.  
 Till tydings came of his mother's death,  
 Who, to Almighty, had resign'd her breath.  
 Then did he order Jop and Mr Blair,  
 To bury her, and no expence to spare.  
 Who posted off with speed, did not defer,  
 And honourably did her corps inter.  
 His mourning, Wallace soon threw off, for he  
 Had most at heart how Scotland he might free.

## C H A P. IV.

*How Sir William Douglas won the castle of Sanquhair by a jeopardy. How Wallace rescu'd him from the English, and put them out of those parts.*

**S**IR William Douglas, as old writers record,  
 Of Douglas dale at this time was the Lord.  
 By his deceased lady, he had now,  
 Two likely sons, for strength and courage too,  
 Whose nat'ral parts, all greatness did presage,  
 When at the schools, and but of tender age.  
 In knowledge, that they might the more advance,  
 They're quickly sent to the best schools in France.  
 Their father, that most noble valiant knight,  
 King Edward had detain'd against all right:  
 Till with the Lady Ferres he'd conclude  
 A match, which after prov'd not for his good.

Two sons he had by this young lady fair,  
And then got leave for Scotland to repair.  
Accordingly his lady, sons and he,  
Came all to Douglas, and lived pleasantly.  
King Edward thought that he had stedfast been  
To him, but faith the contrair soon was seen,  
The old Scots blood remain'd in him still,  
Which to the English never bore good will.  
That time the Sanguhair was a castle strong,  
From which, the Scots did suffer frequent wrong.  
An English captain did command the same,  
Was Bewford call'd, a pox upon his name,  
To Douglas lady, was a kinsman near,  
From him no harm on that account did fear.  
But when Sir William saw Wallace in plain,  
Was likely to free Scotland once again.  
He, as a true-born Scotsman, thought he should  
Give all assistance to him that he could.  
To which a chearful heart he ready found,  
Being by force to Edward only bound.  
To Thomas Dickson, a young man. and bold,  
His inclinations then he quickly told.  
How he design'd with all his pow'r and might,  
To frighten and surprize the English knight.  
I have, said Dickson, a good friend indeed,  
John Anderson, who fire-wood does lead  
Unto the castle, stout and true, like steel,  
To him I'll go, and all the case reveal.  
Into a moment, good Sir William then,  
Prepared thirty stout well chosen men.  
He told his lady, to Dumfries he went,  
To meet some English that had to him sent.  
Then march'd all night, upon them fast did draw,  
And in a cleugh, lurk'd by the water Crow.  
Dickson to Sanguhair goes, and tarries not,  
And with John Anderson makes up a plot,  
That he should take John's horses and his weed,  
By it was day, a draught of wood to lead.  
John was a cliver and auldfarrand boy,  
As you shall hear by the ensuing ploy.  
Meantime, good Anderson unto him told  
Ingeniously, the whole strength of the hold.  
Forty they are, all men of great avail,  
Be they on foot, they'll sorely you assail,



But if you chance the entry for to get,  
A great pole-ax on your right hand is set:  
Which may defend you stoutly in the throng:  
Be Douglas wife, he'll not stay from you long.  
Then Anderson, the ambush by and by,  
Near to the castle led most privately.  
Dickson is with the draught of green wood gone,  
Who to the castle whistling came anon,  
Array'd in Anderson's old rural weed,  
To whom the porter open'd with speed,  
Who said this hour thou might have staid away,  
Thou art untimeous, for its scarcely day.  
Dickson his draught got in by lucky fate,  
Then cut the cords, and all fell in the gate.  
The porter twice out o'er the head he struck,  
And kill'd him dead prodigious good luck.  
The ax he got, whereof his good friend spoke,  
And gave a sign, whereat the ambush broke.  
Douglas was foremost, faith he made no stand,  
But o'er the wood march'd streight with sword in hand.  
Three watch-men kill'd within the closs that hour,  
And won the gate that leads to the great tow'r.  
Ran up the stair where the good captain lay,  
Who trembling stood, and fain would been away.  
Too late he was, Douglas struck up the door,  
And stick'd him dead, where he stood on the floor.  
Then took the house, put South'ron all to death,  
None did escape, save one, with life or breath.  
The fellow fled in haste to Durisdeer,  
And told the captain all in panic fear.  
Who to the Enoch, caus'd another go,  
And warn Lochmabane, Tibber's muir also.  
The country also bragg'd no less to do,  
Than siege the castle and hang Douglas too.  
Sir William then, most prudently on sight,  
Dickson dispatch'd to warn the Wallace wight.  
Who in the Lennox, very boldly then  
Did ly encamped with four hundred men.  
On which he marches, makes no longer stay,  
Unto the castle of Kilsyth that day:  
Where Ravindale numbers of South'ron had,  
But was himself that time at Cambernald.  
The Earl Malcolm posted was hard by,  
In ambush with two hundred men to ly.

To guard the house, the rest himself he took  
Into the wood, and made one sharply look  
About, and spy when Ravindale he came,  
For they design'd him and his men some game.  
Who when betwixt the bushments two he got,  
He and his men were all kill'd on the spot.  
To siege the castle, would no longer stay,  
But march'd and burnt Linlithgow in his way.  
Where South'ron dwelt, and on the morrow sent,  
And burn'd Dalkeith, then to Newbottle went.  
Lauder by this, and Seaton of renown,  
Came from the Bass, and burn'd North-Berwick town.  
And with an hundred men, in armour bright,  
Do Wallace meet, which was a joyful sight.  
Dickson he also met with Wallace now,  
Who promis'd soon the Douglas to rescue.  
Brave Hugh the Hay, in noble order, then  
To Peebles came, with fifty valiant men.  
And Rutherford that ever true had been,  
With sixty men, cruel in war, and keen.  
Couragiously all marched then along,  
And numbred were, good men six hundred strong.  
By this the South'ron Sanquhair does beset,  
Thinking they had brave Douglas in the net.  
But news of Wallace came with such a thud,  
As quickly put a fear unto their fud.  
For Wallace scarce to Crawford-muir had got,  
When shame a tail remain'd upon the spot.  
The siege thus rais'd in hurry and great fray,  
The bumbaz'd South'ron scamper'd all away.  
Which news, when Wallace heard, he that same night,  
Three hundred horsemen choose, in harness light.  
The Earl Malcolm, quickly order'd he,  
To follow on, a good rearguard to be.  
Thro' Durisdeer pursues this Chiftain bold,  
The plainest way. 'bove Morton then does hold.  
At Cloosburn, when the South'ron came in sight,  
He charg'd and kill'd seven score into the fight.  
When South'ron saw the case had happened so,  
To rally then, they make a faint sham-show,  
With Wallace to debate in open fields,  
But Earl Malcolm cloos was at their heels.  
At which they thought it was not time to stay,  
But each man fled, and made the best o's way.

Wallace and the good Earl do pursue,  
And in the flight demolish'd not a few.  
Five hundred good, they and their men have cast,  
Dead to the ground, e'er they Dalswinton past.  
The wearied horses, march no farther can,  
Tho' all the men were fresh as they began.  
Wallace and Graham, must then dismount perforce,  
And take their foot, good fate it was, no worse.  
So fierce they follow, without fear or dread,  
None but the horse could equal them in speed.  
Their strokes so heavy, dreadful were, and sore,  
Whom e'er they hit, did grieve the Scots no more.  
Then a new party, men of note and fame,  
With good fresh horses unto Wallace came.  
Good Currie, and the Johnstoun stout and gay,  
Kirkpatrick, and the trusty Halliday.  
Sevenscore new men came up, a brave recruit,  
Who noble service did in the pursuit.  
Good Currie there, brave Wallace hors'd again,  
Who quickly hath three English captains slain.  
Of Durisdear, Enoch, and Tibber's muir,  
The dint of his good sword none could endure.  
The Maxwell also, out of Carlav'rock drew,  
And did the South'ron furiously pursue.  
Beside Cock-pool found payment there they got,  
Some drowned were, and some kill'd on the spot.  
Wallace return'd, and in Carlav'rock bode,  
And to Dumfries upon the morrow rode:  
Proclaim'd his peace to all within those bounds,  
That would assist against the South'ron lowns.  
No longer there at that time did abide,  
For South'ron fled from Scotland on each side.  
The towns and castles Scotsmen then possess'd,  
And rul'd the land, and then the land had rest.  
Brave Douglas had behav'd so nobly there,  
Was keeper made from Drumlanrig to Air.  
Mean time, his lady counterfeits her spite,  
And like a serpent, waits her time to bite.  
By this the English captains all did flee,  
Excepting Morton that held out Dundee.  
Which Wallace vex'd, and greatly disoblig'd,  
Wherefore he march'd, and closely him besieg'd.  
Morton does beg his life, and then he'd go,  
For England streight, but Wallace answer'd no.



All England shall example of thee take,  
 Thou shalt be hanged for King Edward's sake.  
 When Wallace had confirm'd the siege, then he  
 The Scrimzor made constable of Dundee.  
 One Ballinger of England, that was there,  
 Past out of Tay, and came to Quithy fair;  
 To London wrote, and told of Wallace vow;  
 And in what pickle, Morton labour'd now.  
 Which tydings put King Edward to a stance,  
 And call'd him home, who fighting was in France.  
 Then did he charge and summon Bruce by name,  
 To answer, or to under-ly the blame:  
 And all the rest, who liv'd under his crown,  
 Bishop and baron, got a summon soon.  
 I leave him here to his new hellish plots;  
 From which, good God preserve the fakeless Scots.  
 The English, that time, Guyen land posselt,  
 And did that country very much infest.  
 On which account, a herald does advance,  
 Express to Wallace, from the King of France,  
 Praying he'd come and charge the South'ron towns,  
 And once more chase them from his Gallic bounds.  
 This message from the king, received he,  
 When busy at the siege before Dundee.  
 The herald there, he entertain'd at large,  
 Most splendidly on his own proper charge.  
 And told him all the great fates he had done,  
 But that he could not give an answer soon.  
 Until he saw what Edward did contrive,  
 And plot against the Scots, ill may he thrive.  
 The wits of France, have with the herald sent,  
 A brave description, and a fine comment.  
 On Wallace actions, and his person rare,  
 To either which the age could not compare.  
 In stature he was full nine quarters high,  
 When measur'd, at least, without a lie.  
 Betwixt his shoulders, was three quarters broad,  
 Such length and breadth wou'd now a-days seem odd.  
 Was no fatigue, but what he could endure,  
 Great, but well shaped limbs, voice strong and sture.  
 Burning brown hair, his brows and eye-bries light;  
 Quick piercing eyes, like to the diamonds bright.  
 A well proportion'd, visage long, and sound;  
 Nose square and neat, with ruddy lips and round

His breast was high, his neck was thick and strong;  
A swinging hand, with arms both large and long.  
Grave in his speech, his colour sanguine fine,  
A beauteous face, wherein did honour shine.  
In time of peace, mild as a lamb would be,  
When war approach'd, a Hector stout was he.  
Riches he mock'd, submitted all to fate,  
Gave what he wan, like Alexander, great.  
To Scotsmen he great trust and credit gave,  
But a known foe could never him deceive.  
Such qualities, men did to him advance,  
Who were the very greatest wits in France.  
Which Mr Blair mark'd all in Wallace's book,  
On which you're kindly welcome now to look.  
But at the siege, as Wallace earnest lay,  
Jop brought him tydings on a certain day:  
How Edward came with a great force along,  
An army of an hundred thousand strong.  
Wallace commands Scrimzior quickly then,  
There to command eight thousand of his men,  
And close besiege the South'ron in that place,  
That none might thence escape in any case.  
Wallace himself did with two thousand ride,  
To Perth, where he some few days did abide.  
Toward the south, his march did then begin,  
With his brave lads all in a merry pin.  
King Edward does to young Lord Woodstock send,  
And orders him to march ten thousand men.  
To Stirling bridge, and there to keep the pass,  
Who when he came, behav'd just like an ass.  
Without respect to orders, cross'd the Forth,  
And with his men march'd streight unto the north,  
But for his folly, very soundly paid,  
Who had his king's command thus disobey'd.

## B O O K XI.

## C H A P. I.

*The Battle of Falkirk.*

YOUNG Woodstock now, all in his airs is got,  
He'll Wallace fight, rescue Dundee, what not?  
But was surpriz'd, when looking round about.  
He Wallace saw, with him eight thousand stout.  
Old hardy boys, which made him change his hue.  
And on a sudden, look both pale and blue.  
But finding them in number less than he,  
Resolves to fight, and not a foot to flee.  
On Sherriff-muir Wallace drew up his men,  
Who had eight thousand, 'gainst Lord Woodstock's ten.  
There furiously the armies do engage,  
Each other in a desp'rate bloody rage.  
The hardy Scots together stuck so true.  
In rank and file, seven thousand South'ron flew.  
Three thousand more, who fought, and would not yield,  
Were quickly all cut down upon the field.  
Lord Woodstock dead among them also lay,  
Not one escap'd the sword that fatal day.  
Silver and gold, horses and other spoil,  
Scotsmen got to renumerate their toil.  
Without a halt to Stirling bridge they ride,  
And all pass over to the other side.  
Then carpenters and crafts-men quickly call,  
Who presently undo the passage all.  
To the Dridfoord, Wallace, he sent them syne,  
Who ordered all according to his mind.  
Then made he Lauder very quickly pass  
Along the coast, where any vessel was,  
And men with him, who searched ev'ry nook,  
And from each boat a board or two they took.  
In Stirling then, lay with his foot and horse,  
Watching what way the English bent their force.  
The Earl Malcolm came to Wallace then,  
With the brave Lennox lads, true hearted men.



Sir John the Graham, came also speedily,  
Attended with a glorious company.  
Who tidings brought, King Edward was at hand,  
Ev'n at Torphichen, with his South'ron band.  
Stewart of Bute, with a great number next,  
To Wallace came, for battle bravely fixt.  
Who on the morrow with the Cumming arch,  
Each with ten thousand to Falkirk did march.  
Ten thousand also of brave valiant men,  
Wallace drew quickly up in order then.  
There Earl Malcolm was, of mighty fame,  
And that renowned knight Sir John the Graham.  
Seaton and Lauder, Boyd the stout and tight,  
And Adam Wallace, a most noble sight.  
Then by express, came information sure,  
The South'ron all were in Slamannan muir,  
Pitching their tents, setting pavilions down,  
Be south Falkirk, little above the town.  
Jop view'd their number as they march'd along,  
Which was compute one hundred thousand strong.  
Nevertheless the Scots do courage take,  
At sight of Wallace, and all fear forsake.  
The Cumming here, fy on him for a Scot,  
'Gainst Wallace does contrive a hellish plot.  
Told the Lord Stewart, Wallace had no right,  
To lead the van before him in the fight.  
Which bred great heat betwixt the gallant two,  
So subtilly, Cumming the coal did blow.  
The Stewart then does toward Wallace make,  
Pray Sir, what courie is proper now to take,  
For Edward comes with a prodigious pow'r.  
To fight, said Wallace; there's no other cure.  
With far more troops, I've seen yon king appear,  
And soundly beat with fewer men than here.  
Let's to it then, for we have men anew,  
Likely and good providing they be true.  
Then Stewart said, the van-guard he would have.  
Wallace reply'd as God my soul shall save.  
That shall ye not. I'll grant you no such thing,  
Nor no man else, except my righteous king.  
Twice have I rescu'd this my native land,  
And shall I now resign my old command.  
I let you know, its neither brag nor boast,  
Will bully me out of my righteous post.

So much a fool I am not, Sir, by half,  
At such a time: to quit my marshall staff.  
To which the Stewart answered again  
The owl did of his feathers once complain,  
At which dame nature took a feather fair,  
From every bird, and him deliver'd there.  
Which gift the owl no sooner did receive,  
Than he thro' pride rebuted all the leave.  
Why then so high Sir? does it not appear,  
That you condemn all but yourself are here;  
Then of your men be not so vain, but mind,  
Had each his own, you should have few behind.  
Wallace enrag'd, flew in a flame of fire,  
And too, too rashly call'd the Stewart liar.  
No owl I am, for I have often been,  
At the noon-day, where thou durst not be seen,  
Fighting thy foes, for glory, not for pelf,  
(This parable thou speak'st against thyself.  
It is the Cumming has thee thus advis'd,  
I know his speech, tho' masked and disguis'd.  
From danger great, I did relieve that slave,  
And this is all the thanks I now receive.  
No succour then expect from me this day.  
Then wheel'd, and with ten thousand rode away.  
Great comfort this did to the English yield,  
And almost forc'd the Scots to leave the field.  
At which the Stewart grieving much, he swore,  
Cumming should rue his base advice full sore.  
For that he now did very plainly see,  
His plot was only self and treachery.  
The Earl Hartford 'gainst the Stewart then,  
Advanc'd with thirty thousand Englishmen.  
Whom the brave Stewart charg'd so fierce and hot,  
That Hartford's men in heaps lay dead upon the spot.  
When spears were broke boldly their swords they drew,  
And twenty thousand of the South'ron flew.  
The rest they fled unto their king with grief,  
Who sent ten thousand for a fresh relief.  
Which when the noble Champion Wallace saw,  
And the brave Scots up in battalie draw.  
Held up his hands, and fervently did say,  
O God assist yon lord, I humbly pray,  
And tho' he be with fresh force overset,  
Grant he the victory o'er his foes may get.

By this the Bruce and Bishop Beik do then,  
Fiercely advance with forty thousand men.  
When Wallace did the Bruce's banner know,  
Good God, said he, how does this world go,  
To see a man so forward and so rude,  
As fight against his native flesh and blood.  
Were I but free of my rash oath and vow,  
I'd either die, or Stewart brave rescue.  
Kindness said, pray rescue him from the foe,  
But will said nay, why fool wilt thou do so?  
Kindness reply'd, they are good Scottishmen;  
On that, said will, I cannot much depend.  
Had they been good, as one we all had been,  
The contrair whereof now is plainly seen.  
Tho' one be false, said kindness, that ne'er shall  
Make us neglect the rest, and lose them all.  
Who have behav'd so well, and South'ron slain,  
Rescue them now, and thereby honour gain.  
Then on the rogue, occasion'd all the strife,  
Avenge thyself, if he be found in life.  
Will said, this day they shall not helped be,  
What I have said, shall still be said for me.  
With that the tears, unto their great surprize,  
Burst out and trickled down from both his eyes.  
Sir John the Graham, and many others more,  
For the brave Stewart, weeped wondrous sore.  
To see him with such numbers overpower'd,  
While cowardly the Cumming fled and scour'd.  
The men of Bute, before their lord they stood,  
Defending him in streams of their own blood.  
Till at the last, so faint and weary grown,  
They by the Bruce are all quite overthrown.  
And brave Lord Stewart, scorning for to yield,  
With his good men lay dead upon the field.  
Then Wallace turn'd about to his men true,  
My lords, said he, what's proper now to do?  
If we turn east, for strength in Lowthian land,  
They'll us pursue with all their numerous band.  
Take we the muir, King Edward is before,  
We have but one thing for't, without words more:  
To the Tor-wood, in order all complete,  
Thro' Bruce's host we'll fight a brave retreat.  
To which they all did chearfully consent,  
And as one man were all alike content.



Good Wallace, then mounting his horse on sight,  
March'd at their head, in shining armour bright.  
With harnish'd horse, when to the host he drew,  
The cry arose, and spears in pieces flew.  
So fiercely fought the Scots, that by and by,  
Eight thousand South'ron on the field did ly.  
E'er Bruce and Beik, their men got in array,  
Wallace pass'd thro', and cleanly cut his way.  
Then gave command to march his host on sight,  
To the Tor-wood, with all the speed they might.  
He and Sir John the Graham, and Lauder then,  
Stay'd with three hundred stout west country men.  
Expert in war, would hazard any thing,  
Who do attack some of the enemies wing.  
No spears they had, but swords of temper'd steel,  
As to their smart the Englishmen did feel.  
For e'er the Bruce thereof could knowledge have,  
Wallace had sent three hundred to their grave.  
With thirty thousand men, Bruce did pursue  
His native Scots, the South'ron to rescue.  
And order'd Beik for a relief to be,  
Which when good Wallace did observe and see,  
A'as! he said, how Bruce with all his might,  
Does ruin and destroy his own true right.  
Wallace commands his men to their own host,  
And staid behind for all the Bruce's boast.  
Yea, on their front so fiercely in he broke,  
A South'ron there he slew at every stroke.  
But when retiring, woe is me therefore,  
Under the haunch the Bruce did wound him sore.  
At which the Graham and Lauder so inrag'd,  
Did cut down all with whom they once engag'd.  
For they alone bravely maintain'd their ground,  
While Wallace was a-dressing of his wound.  
Who with three hundred very quickly came,  
To rescue Lauder and the noble Graham  
Then with fresh force does Bishop Beik appear,  
Who makes the Scots seven acre broad retire.  
Yet were the two delivered there full well,  
By Wallace's hand, and a good sword of steel.  
At this successful, brisk and bold rescue,  
The awful Bruce, three gallant Scotsmen slew.  
Then with great fury, with a spear or lance  
At Wallace struck, but miss'd him by good chance.

To whom a backward stroke good Wallace gave,  
Which his horse neck and spear asunder clave:  
Bruce was at ground, e'er Wallace look'd about,  
But was re-hors'd by valiant men and stout,  
And Wallace all alone left in the scour,  
Which Graham perceiving, spite of all their power,  
Bravely advanc'd and struck an English knight,  
Before the Bruce, upon the basinet right,  
So furiously, that with a single blow,  
He cut him down, and then away did go.  
But oh my heart does grieve and bleed to tell,  
What after this the noble Graham befel.  
A subtle English knight, there suddenly  
An open 'twixt his harness did espy.  
Thro' which, alas! who can forbear to tear?  
He in his bowels, thrust his bloody spear  
And yet the Graham for all his mortal wound,  
Turn'd, kill'd the knight, and rush'd him to the ground.  
Then christianly, in temper calm and sweet,  
To the Almighty, did resign his sp'rit  
When Wallace saw the gallant Graham was gone,  
How did it rack him to the very bone.  
Like one demented, and from reason rent,  
Amidst the South ron host with fury went.  
Enraged at the loss of Graham that day,  
He cut down all that came into his way.  
When Bruce perceived Wallace in such rage,  
He order'd spearmen with him to engage,  
To kill his horse, that he might not escape.  
They thought him all a devil in man's shape.  
Then did the South'ron spears on every side,  
Pierce his good horse with cruel wounds and wide.  
In this sad pickle, Wallace by and by,  
Thought it convenient for him now to fly.  
Spur'd up his horse, lamenting still for Graham,  
Then to his folks at Carron-water came.  
The sea was in, they stopped there and stood,  
Aloud he cry'd, and bade them take the flood.  
Accordingly the host they all obey,  
He follows on in all the haste he may.  
Who clad was with a heavy coat of mail,  
Which made him fear his wounded horse would fail.  
Yet thro' the flood, he bore him to the land,  
Then fell down dead (poor beast) upon the sand.

178 The HISTORY of

But Kierly soon re-mounted Wallace wight,  
Upon a horse, both able, sound and tight.  
Rode to his host, but oh! Graham was away,  
And fifteen more brave Scots on Mags'lane day.  
Yet thirty thousand of the South'ron crew,  
Most certainly that day the Scottsmen flew.  
What by the Stewart stout, and Wallace wight,  
To Edward sure a most confounding fight.  
To the Tor-wood Wallace commands his host,  
Kierly and he march along Carron coast.  
A party on the other side they spy,  
Bruce marching first, who does on Wallace cry,  
What art thou there? a man, Wallace did say.  
Yes, said the Bruce, that hast thou prov'd this day.  
Abide, he said, thou need'st not now to flee.  
Wallace reply'd, it's not for fear of thee.  
To talk with thee, the Bruce said, I desire.  
Say on, said he, thou may'st for little hire,  
Ride from thine host, let them abide with Beik,  
I fain would hear what thou inclines to speak.  
What is the cause, said Bruce, thou wilt not cease  
From bloody wars, who mayest live in peace.  
It's thy own fault, said Wallace, be it known,  
Who shamefully dost fight against thy own.  
I claim no right to rule, but to defend  
My native land, from Edward and his men.  
This day thou'st lost two noble knights, and bold,  
Worth more than millions of the finest gold.  
The Stewart stout, the gallant Graham and wise,  
With that the tears came trickling from his eyes.  
Thou that should be our true and righteous king,  
Destroys thy own, a cruel horrid thing.  
But 'gainst the South'ron, I must tell you, Sir,  
Come life, come death, I'll fight with all my bir.  
But wilt thou do as I shall counsel give,  
Said Bruce, and as a lord thou mayest live  
At thine own will, and enjoy every thing  
In peace, if thou wilt hold of Edward King.  
No, no, said Wallace, with disdain and scorn,  
I'd rather choose be hang'd upon the morn.  
The great God knows, the wars I took in hand,  
Was to keep free, what thou does now 'gainstand;  
In cursed time thou was for Scotland born,  
O runnagado, faithless, and mansworn.



I vow to God, may I thy master be,  
In any field, thou shalt far rather die,  
Than Turk or Pagan; this I shall keep good,  
Thou grand devourer of thy native blood.  
Bruce smil'd, and said, with power you're overset,  
You'll ne'er the upper hand of Edward get.  
Wallace reply'd, this day we're stronger far,  
And I am sure much more expert in war,  
Than when at Biggar, where he run for fear,  
And left his host, so doubtless shall he here.  
Shall I leave Scotland now in such a plight!  
No faith, not I, till I redress its right.  
Well, said the Bruce, it now draws towards night,  
Will you meet me the morrow when it's light,  
At Dunipace, and I do promise fair,  
By nine o'clock to hear thy council there?  
No, Wallace said, tho' Edward had it sworn,  
I'll have a bout with him e'er nine the morn.  
But if thou'll meet me at the hour of three,  
By all that's good, I doubtless shall thee see.  
Bruce promis'd with twelve Scotlines to be there,  
Wallace with ten, which both kept to a hair.  
Thus did they part, and Bruce rode on his way,  
Near to Linlithgow where King Edward lay.  
Into the king's pavilion then does get,  
Where with the lords he was at supper set.  
Bruce sitting down in his own vacant seat,  
Call'd for no water, but went streight to meat.  
Tho' all his weapons and his other weed,  
Were stain'd with blood, yet he began to feed:  
The South'ron lords did mock him in terms rude,  
And said, behold yon Scot eats his own blood!  
The king he blush'd at this so home a jest,  
And caus'd bring water to the Bruce in haste.  
They bade him wash, he told them he would not,  
The blood is mine which vexes most my thought.  
Then did he sadly to his mind recal,  
And did believe what Wallace told him all.  
With rueful thoughts, the Bruce most sadly tost,  
I leave, and follow Wallace to his host.  
At the Tor wood, where speedily he goes,  
Slept a little, and thereafter rose.  
His host consisting of ten thousand men,  
Drew quickly up in noble order then,

The Earl Malcolm, Ramsay, Lundie wight.  
 Command five thousand gallant men and tight,  
 Wallace himself, Lauder and Seaton have  
 Led on five thousand valiant men and brave  
 With them good Wallace was of Richardtown,  
 Who never spar'd, but hew'd the South'ron down.  
 All well array'd in armour bright and clean  
 March'd to the field, where the great fight had been,  
 There narrowly they search'd all the same,  
 And found the corps of good Sir John the Graham.  
 Whom when good Wallace saw he lighted down,  
 And did embrace that knight of high renown.  
 With sorrow great, beholding his pale face,  
 He kiss'd his mouth, and often cry'd alas!  
 My dearest brother that I ever had,  
 My only friend, when I was hard bestead.  
 My hope, my health, O man of honour great,  
 My faithful aid, and strength in every strait.  
 Thy matchless wisdom cannot here be told,  
 Thy noble man-hood, truth, and courage bold,  
 Wisely thou knew to rule and to govern,  
 Yea, virtue was thy chief and great concern.  
 A bounteous hand, a heart as true as steel,  
 A steady mind, most courteous and genteel.  
 When I this kingdom did at first rescue,  
 Great honour then I'm sure to thee was due.  
 Wherefore I vow to the great God, and swear,  
 Thy death shall be to South'ron bought full dear.  
 Martyr thou art for Scotland's right this day,  
 Which I'll avenge with all the might I may  
 With that he sigh'd, and hugg'd him o'er again,  
 Was no man there from weeping could refrain.  
 Then in Falkirk prepares his sepulchre  
 And does his noble corps in pomp inter.  
 On his tomb-stone, the following epitaph  
 They wrote, which put the South'ron in a chaff.

*Mente manumque potens, et Vallæ fidus Achates,  
 Conditur hic Gramius bello, interfectis ab Anglis.*

Of mind and courage stout,  
 Wallace's true Achates;  
 Here lies Sir John the Graham,  
 Fell'd by the English batics.

Unto the Bruce, Wallace he forthwith rade,  
To the appointment was betwixt them made.  
At sight of whom, his face flush'd in a flame,  
When he thought on the loss of gallant Graham.  
Does thou not rue, said he, in angry mood,  
Thy fighting 'gainst thy native flesh and blood!  
Oh! said the Bruce, rebuke me now no more,  
My foolish deeds do check and bite me sore.  
Wallace surpriz'd, was put to a stance,  
Fell on his knees, and chang'd his countenance.  
At which the Bruce embrac'd him in his arms,  
And thus the two came in good speaking terms.  
Pray Sir, said Wallace, leave that South'ron king,  
The Bruce said, that were an ignoble thing;  
I am so bound, faithful to be and leil,  
For England. I'll not falsify my seal.  
But here I promise unto God and thee,  
Hereafter Scots shall ne'er be harm'd by me.  
And if you victors be, as grant you may,  
I will not fight to save my life this day:  
But with King Edward I'll return again,  
Unless that I be taken, or be slain.  
And when my term with him is fairly out,  
May I escape, I'll come to thee no doubt.  
Thus Bruce took leave, and did to Edward post,  
And Wallace soon returned to his host.  
Crawford he made the Earl Malcolm's guide,  
To Inneravin the low way to ride,  
That South'ron watches might not them espy,  
The other host himself led hastily,  
By the South Manwell, where they were not seen.  
Of the out-watches, there had planted been.  
The Earl Malcolm enters Linlithgow now,  
Where a hot dispute quickly did ensue.  
Wallace and his, made little noise or cry,  
But on King Edward's host fell suddenly.  
And did their weapons gallantly imploy,  
To his great terror, but the Scotsmen's joy.  
Tents and pavilions were cast to the ground,  
Numbers of South'ron cut in pieces down.  
Edward he calls on Bruce to round him then,  
With twenty thousand of well harnish'd men.  
But the surprise, put them in such a ghast,  
That they were flying from all quarters fast.



Wallace his way, thro' them did cut so clean,  
As if he had more than a mortal been.  
Edward himself most bravely did behave,  
Which to his men both life and vigour gave.  
Yet nothing could the Scottish courage tame,  
When they thought on the loss of gallant Graham.  
They fought like furies in that dreadful throng,  
And 'mongst the South'ron rais'd a doleful song.  
The English commons fled on ev'ry side,  
But the best sort did with the king abide.  
'Mongst whom was Bruce, who did behold the dance,  
And looked on with feign'd countenance  
Lord Hartford then did make him for the flight,  
Unto his king a mortifying sight  
Who all this time, to flee a foot disdain'd,  
Until the Scots most seiz'd his bridle reins.  
His banner-man close by him Wallace slew.  
Next to the ground the banner quickly flew.  
At which the Scots were not a little glad,  
And then the king and all his army fled.  
Ten thousand dead, were in the town and field,  
Before King Edward once his ground would yield.  
Yet twenty thousand fled of South'ron men;  
Tho' at the first, brave Wallace had but ten,  
The Scots in haste the victory pursue,  
All brave bold men, stout like the steel and true.  
But Wallace wisely caus'd him close abide,  
In a full body, and good order ride.  
Left South'ron might at some convenient place,  
If they dispers'd, rally and turn the chace.  
In good array, thus rode they at his will,  
And all they overtook, did quickly kill.  
They came so close upon the South'ron rear,  
None from the army durst come off for fear.  
Ten thousand stragglers join'd the South'ron host,  
Thus thirty thousand fled to England post.  
Tho' the Scots horse were almost spent, yet they  
Caus'd Edward change his horses oft that day.  
And then the Scots so close upon them drew.  
Three thousand of the outmost men they slew.  
In Crawford-muir many a man was slain,  
Then Edward call'd the Bruce to him again:  
To charge the Scots with all his power and might,  
For which, he should be put in his own right.

Then said the Bruce, Sir, loose me of my band,  
And I shall turn, I give you here my hand.  
When from the Bruce this answer he did get,  
He knew his heart on Scotland then was set.  
From that time forth, Edward most subtilly,  
Over the Bruce, did cast a watchful eye.  
Bruce turned not, nor further language made,  
But with King Edward unto Solway rade.  
Who when he came upon the English coast,  
Found that he fifty thousand men had lost.  
Wallace returns to Edinburgh, without more;  
Makes Crawford captain as he was before.  
The like he did unto his judges all,  
Each in his former office did install.  
Thus he to Scotland, peace and great content  
Procur'd, and then streight to St Johnston went:  
Where all the Scottish lords assembld were,  
To whom he all his progress did declare.  
By this time Scrimizior had reduc'd Dundee.  
Then on a gallows Mortoun hang'd was high.  
Next was the castle all in rubbish laid,  
And Scots no more of South'ron were afraid,  
The noble lords Wallace did then address,  
And with good air, himself did thus express.  
My lords said he, since over all your force,  
You made me gen'ral, both of foot and horse,  
I hope your lordships plainly all do see,  
Once more I've set this ancient kingdom free.  
And yet for all my service, secretly,  
Some do reproach me, what a pox care I.  
What what's ignoble, I dare boldly say,  
There's none can charge me standing here this day.  
To stay at home, no longer I incline.  
My office therefore, freely I resign,  
No gift I ask as my reward or fee,  
I've honour purchas'd, that's enough for me.  
I'll back to France, where I had laud and praise,  
And spend the rest of my remaining days.  
The lords did all oppose it, but in fine,  
Was no man there could make him change his mind.  
Most heartily he bade them all farewell,  
Then march'd with eighteen men as stout as steel.  
The baron's sons of Brechin with him went,  
And Longoville, on honour always bent,

184      The HISTORY of

Simon and Richard, Wallace's nephews brave,  
Went both along, for honour, or a grave.  
Sir Thomas Gray the priest with him did fare,  
Good Edward Little, Jop and Mr Blair;  
And Kierly, who, had long with Wallace been,  
Thro' all the wars, and bloody bouts had seen.  
With those brave men he shipped at Dundee,  
Then hoisted sail, and fairly set to sea.

C H A P. II.

*How Wallace met with John of Lyn at Sea.*

**A**LONG the English coast they steered south,  
Till opposite they came to Humber mouth,  
Then in the sea a ship did soon descry,  
And on the top three leopards standing high.  
Which when the merchants narrowly did view,  
Discouraged were, and did their voyage rue,  
Knowing full well that it was John of Lyn,  
Scots blood to shed, who never thought it sin.  
Good Wallace smil'd, and said, be not dismay'd,  
Of oae poor single ship, why thus afraid?  
Those wood cats fled us, and were frightened sore,  
When twice so many, oftentimes before,  
On a fair field, so shall they be at sea,  
If South'ron they, and we true Scotsmen be.  
That he's a pirate, said the steers men, know,  
And saves no Scotsman, be he high or low.  
A flood he bears on his armorial coat,  
First kills, then drowns, what mischief does he not.  
Wallace reply'd, since that the case is so,  
I'll sail the ship, you cowards get below.  
Then his brave hardy valiant men and he,  
Array'd themselves in harness cap a-pee.  
Himself and Blair, and the knight Longoville,  
Command the mid-ship, and defend it well.  
Before were eight, six he be-est did send,  
And two he caus'd unto the top ascend.  
Gray steers-man was, which when the merchants saw,  
They courage took, altho' but soldiers raw.  
Some skins with wool they hastily did stuff,  
This was their harness, 'stead of steel and buff.



At which good Wallace very gently smiles,  
But does commend their artificial wiles.  
Then John of Lyn, with seven score in his barge,  
Comes up and calls to strike, a hasty charge.  
At which three arrows, Blair with a good will  
Shot, and a pirate at each shot did kill.  
The bloody rogues, and cruel hellish hounds,  
Before they clasp'd, mischief'd the Scots with guns.  
But when they clasp'd, this I wot right well,  
The Scottish spears did pierce their finest steel.  
The pirate's shot, drove thick as a hail show'r  
Most furiously the space near of an hour.  
When shot was gone, the Scots do courage take,  
And with stout handy-blows great havock make.  
The merchants in their woolen harness then,  
Behav'd themselves also like gallant men.  
Wallace and his, with sharp swords furiously,  
Cut down the rogues, and made them quickly die.  
Then John of Lyn was very much aghast,  
To see his men about him fall so fast.  
With eager will he would have been away,  
Bade teck the ship in all the haste they may.  
But all in vain, for now he plainly sees,  
His sails by Crawford set into a bleeze.  
Burn'd down in ashes without all remead,  
And sixty of his best men lying dead.  
Boarding the pirate, Wallace in the sea,  
Did throw a rogue, then killed other three.  
Brave Longoville the knight, and Mr Blair,  
No quarters gave to any they found there.  
Off John of Lyn, Wallace the wight and brave,  
The head and helmet from his body drave.  
And then his men did cut down all the rest,  
That did so long the seas before infest.  
Then to the Sluys, streightway did Wallace sail.  
With a successful and a prosperous gale.  
Took all the gold and silver that he fand,  
The merchants got the ship. then he to land.  
Thro' Flanders rode, soon passed o'er the same,  
Then enter'd France, and unto Paris came,  
Which tydings came unto the king in haste.  
To whom, good Wallace was a welcome guest.  
Unto the parliament the king did then,  
For a good lordship Wallace recommend.

Who, 'cause that Guyen was out of their hand.  
 They thought it best to gift him all that land.  
 For well they knew he bravely fought before,  
 And did the South'ron mortally abhor.  
 This decreet soon they shew'd unto the king,  
 Who highly was displeased at the thing,  
 But Wallace said, no land pleas'd him so well,  
 And that the South'ron they should quickly feel.  
 Immediately the king he made him knight,  
 And gave him gold for to maintain his right.  
 And order'd all the army of that land,  
 For to obey what Wallace did command.  
 I thank you Sir, said he, for this reward,  
 Yon South'ron, faith, shall be no longer spar'd.  
 And now my time I will no longer waste,  
 But to the wars I will prepare in haste.  
 The Scotsmen all that were into that land,  
 About him flock'd, and came with heart and hand.  
 With Longoville a num'rous force arose,  
 And to the wars all with good Wallace goes.  
 Ten thousand men in number then were they,  
 Who did the Scottish banner soon display.  
 To Guyen march'd all those good men and true,  
 Cast castles down, and many South'ron slew.  
 They carry'd all before them in a word,  
 None could, or durst resist their fire and sword.  
 Shemon, which Wallace took before, they win,  
 And kill the South'ron all were found therein.  
 Into that town Wallace made his abode,  
 And did subdue all that country broad.  
 The Duke of Orleans with twelve thousand bright,  
 Came to assist him, and defend his right.  
 Thus in his town I leave him fairly fix'd,  
 And must speak something now of Scotland next.

## C H A P. III.

*How Edward King of England came into Scotland,  
and made whole Conquest thereof.*

**V**ALLANCE the knight, to Scotland did repair,  
 The false Monteith, Sir John, did meet him there.  
 Sir John the Lennox greatly did desire,  
 To whom, Sir Aymer promis'd it in hire,

To hold in fee, and other lands moe,  
Of Edward, if to London he would go.  
Thus they accorded, and to London went.  
Which pleas'd King Edward to his heart's content.  
Monteith on sight was bound to that fierce king,  
In Scotland to assist him in each thing.  
Then both return'd, no longer there did wait.  
Pox on their nesty sinouts for villains great.  
For the Monteith told Edward every thing,  
And that the Scots designed Bruce for king.  
Within the space, I think, of forty days,  
King Edward did a swinging army raise.  
To Scotland march'd, and no resistance fand,  
Were none that time that could his force withstand.  
All the Scots forts and castles, in a word,  
He got without a single stroke of sword.  
So fierce, so cruel, was this king and bold,  
The noble lords that would not of him hold,  
To English prisons he did quickly send,  
Where good Sir William Douglas made his end.  
The Earl Thomas, Lord of Murray then,  
And the Lord Frazer, two brave noblemen.  
With Hugh the Hay, and many nobles moe,  
With villain Vallance did for England go.  
Seaton and Lauder, in the bass did dwell,  
And Lundie that could act his part full well.  
The Earl Malcolm, and the Campbel brave,  
Bute, as their place of refuge taken have.  
Ramslay and Ruthven both fled to the north,  
Unto their cousin the Lord of Fillorth.  
He past with them thro' Murray land outright,  
And there they found a gen'rous worthy knight,  
Clement to name, who ever still had been,  
Against the South'ron, valiant, stout and keen.  
He led those lords to Ross, with greatest care,  
And at Stockfoord a strength he builded there.  
Good Adam Wallace, Craigy, Boyd, those three,  
Fled all to Arran, one night by the sea.  
Into Dumbar Corpatrick dwelt at will,  
But paid his fewty to King Edward still.  
Lord Abernethy, Soules and Cumming als.  
And John of Lorn, that long time had been false,  
The Lord of Brechin, many others moe,  
To Edward's peace, for gifts did frankly go.



Then do the lords and others send exprefs,  
From Bute to Wallace with a long addrefs.  
Our hope, our health, our governor moft great,  
Our chiftain true, and help in ev'ry ftrait;  
Our lord and love, thy abfence does us grieve,  
For God's fake come, and once more us relieve,  
And take the crown, for we proteft and fwear,  
We'll not confent that Edward fhall it wear.  
This writ he got, which vex'd him in his mind,  
Tho' then an answer he did not incline.  
By this King Edward in Lord York's hand,  
From Tay to Dee had lodg'd the fole command.  
For's father's fake, and good Sire's, this was giv'n,  
Who both were kill'd by Wallace at Kincleven:  
Lord Beaumont to command the north was fent,  
And then from Perth, Edward to Stirling went.  
The Lord of Clifford who had Douglafdale,  
Was rider made of the fouth marches hail.  
All Galloway the Cumming got in hand,  
For fuch a rogue, too good and large a land.  
The Bifhop of St Andrews, Lambertown,  
At this time kept the Douglas of renown.  
To whom the Bifhop great affection bore,  
But durft not fhew it, when South'ron were before.  
Yet made he Douglas on a day to go  
With him to Stirling, caufe he lov'd him fo.  
Where from King Edward, tho' it prov'd in vain,  
He begg'd the Douglas land to him again.  
Who, when he knew him Douglas fon to be,  
Swore by St George, no land he's get from me.  
His father fought againft my crown alway,  
For which he in my prifon lies this day.  
No other answer there the bifhop got,  
Beaufe the Douglas was fo true a Scot.  
He gave the Merfe to Soules that limmer town,  
And made him captain too of Berwick town.  
When Stirling caftle Oliphant refign'd,  
He thought that writ would furely Edward bind.  
But Oh! fuch horrid treatment and abfurd,  
He violate his faith, and broke his word:  
Sent him to England, to a prifon ftrong,  
In mifery, where he continu'd long.  
When Edward had divided Scotland broad.  
Away in triumph the ufurper rode.

With him was Cumming, that sweet dainty dear,  
Who whisper'd softly in the Bruce's ear;  
If you'll keep counsel, I'll unto you show,  
What you before perhaps did never know.  
Say on, said Bruce, what you reveal to me,  
I promise, for my part, conceal'd shall be.  
Then said Lord Cumming, Sir, this is the thing,  
O'er this realm you should be righteous king.  
It's true, said Bruce, but tho' I righteous be,  
This is not now a proper time for me.  
At present I'm in Edward's hands, and loath,  
To break with him, and violate my oath.  
Yet tho' he promis'd back this land to me,  
Pray do not you and all the nation see,  
How he divides and deals my heritage,  
To Southron some, and some for traitor's wage.  
My lordships, Cumming said, I'll lay you down,  
If you'll resign your title to the crown.  
Or I shall help you with my pow'r and might.  
But Bruce reply'd, I will not sell my right.  
Yet tell me what's the lordship thou dost crave,  
Which for thy help, I promise thou shall have.  
Pray leave yon King, said Cumming craftily,  
For Edward hath all Galloway given to me.  
And Soules my nephew, Berwick does command,  
We both shall follow you with heart and hand.  
My other nephew, a great man of might,  
The Lord of Lorn, will help you to your right.  
My nephew third, Baron of Brechin bold,  
Shall rise with us, thus I my tale have told.  
Then said the Bruce, it were a lucky chance,  
Could we get Wallace back again from France,  
This kingdom he redeem might yet once more,  
We're too long strangers, which I rue full sore.  
This, with the Cumming, did not well go down,  
For he himself, an eye had to the crown.  
Yet that same night they did complete the band,  
And seal'd the same most fairly with their hand.  
This paper Bruce left with the Cumming there,  
Then with King Edward did to England fare.  
And did remain until it was made known,  
Three years and more before he claim'd his own.  
Some thinks that Cumming did disclose the thing,  
Because his wife was cousin to the king.

But had the Bruce gone to St Johnston town,  
By whole ascent he had receiv'd the crown:  
And then he might have execute the law,  
'Gainst Cumming, and keep'd all such rogues in awe.

))))))))))))))))))))))))))))))))))))))))))))))))))))))))

## B O O K XII.

### C H A P. I.

*How Wallace conquer'd the land of Guyen, and was  
made Lord thereof.*

**I**N Guyen, Wallace carried on the war,  
And had the better of the English far.  
In five set battles did them so defeat,  
To Burdeaux they all made their retreat.  
Wallace pursues, and did invest the town  
Full twenty days, broke forts and bulwarks down.  
But victuals falling short, it did oblige  
Him and his army to give o'er the siege.  
Then to the king in pomp he went at last,  
And gave account of all the actions past.  
Who did rejoice that Guyen land was won,  
And thanked Wallace for his service done.  
By this time came from Scotland an express,  
With a most humble, but a neat address,  
Unto the king, beseeching him to send  
Good Wallace home, his country to defend,  
From rage and fury of the South'ron foe,  
Which did the kingdom then all overflow:  
And that he would advise him soon withal,  
To take the crown, and ease them of their thrall,  
Which they did suffer from a king unjust,  
Or else in short the nation perish must.  
This was the very substance of the thing,  
Which the address contain'd unto the king.  
But yet the king conceal'd all was writ,  
Lov'd not to part so soon with Wallace yet



Who liv'd as great at Shemon as a prince,  
And none more happy liv'd there ever since.

About this time, a certain proud French knight,  
Did boldly claim an heritable right,  
Unto some office, and to sundry lands  
Of Guyen, which was then in Wallace hands,  
Whether the answer which the monsieur got,  
Pleas'd or displeas'd his worship, I know not.  
He an appointment does with Wallace make,  
Pretending service under him to take.

But that was not what the great rogue design'd,  
For something else was in his bloody mind.

With fifteen each, at the appointed place,  
Meet, and salute with a becoming grace.

But the false knight, his treachery soon display'd,  
Had forty armed men in ambush laid.

Who all, so soon as he with Wallace met,  
Had orders to enclose him in their net.

In angry mood then spoke the Gallic knight,  
Thou does possess my lands, by no good right.

In modest terms reply'd Wallace brave,

I have no lands but what the king me gave,

And which I wan in peril of my life,

From South'ron foes in a most bloody strife.

Then said the knight, thou shalt them here resign.

Or lose thy life, by all that is divine.

Then draws his sword, whereby he soon alarms

The ambush, which appear in glittering arms.

By which surprizing unexpected fight,

Wallace perceiv'd the treachery of the knight.

Are these the thanks, said he, I from your hand

Get, for restoring of your native land.

Altho' I armour want, as do my men,

Tho' but sixteen, 'gainst fifty-six, what then?

Here is a sword made of the truest steel,

Which thy deserving neck shall shortly feel.

Then with one single stroke cut down the knave,

And bade him purchase for himself a grave.

At which, the fifty-five fierce Gallics then,

Environ'd Wallace and his fifteen men.

Who like brave Scots, with noble hearts and true,  
Fought, and a great deal of the Frenchmen slew.  
'Mongst whom was the knight's brother stout and  
Who fought it like a fury very long. (strong,  
And dealt his blows about him very fast,  
But was cut all in pieces down at last.  
Clos by, nine Frenchmen were a mowing hay,  
Who do advance with all the speed they may.  
Each a sharp sythe into his rustic hand,  
As if forsooth, none might their force withstand.  
Nor was there any that could do it then,  
Save only Wallace, that brave prince of men.  
Who as soon as he could the rogues descry,  
Did leave his men, and then immediately,  
Most boldly, did towards the clowns advance,  
Mock'd such machines, and all the sythes in France.  
The first he met, ill may the carle thrive,  
At Wallace with his weapon made a drive.  
Had it a hit him, as it miss'd, I vow,  
No doubt, it would have cut his body thro'.  
But Wallace being hearty, brisk and blyth,  
Most cliverly he over-leap'd the scythe.  
Then with his sword gave such a backward blow,  
As kill'd the fellow, a brave rary show,  
As in that country e'er before was seen,  
To see his head hap, happing on the green.  
The next clown's sythe he also jumped o'er,  
And clove his shoulder half a yard and more.  
Unto the third most nimbly plaid the same,  
Then at the fellow such a stroke did frame,  
As gave him a prodigious mortal wound,  
Till he gasp'd out his last upon the ground.  
The fourth he clove him cleanly thro' the coast,  
Let him take that, for all his brag and boast.  
The three first sythes, Wallace did overleap,  
And by good providence did thus escape.  
Four men he kill'd, one at every stroke,  
Upon my word, it was a pretty joke.  
He that was last, was the first man that fled,  
Else he had got the cold ground for his bed.

Good Wallace then, the fifth does cloſe purſue,  
O'ertakes him quickly, and the fellow ſlew.  
Then marched back to his own men again,  
Who forty-nine had of the Frenchmen ſlain.  
Seven did eſcape, and fled with all their might,  
A marvellous, but true and bloody fight.  
Four of the mowers did no more incline  
To ſtay, but ſcour'd, and left their ſythes behind.  
Or elſe of them there had been news belyve,  
Such as, perhaps, beſel the other five.  
Thus was the knight and's men caught in the net,  
Which baſely, they had for brave Wallace ſet.  
For moſt of all were kill'd, the reſt they fled,  
At which, the king he was exceeding glad.  
For Wallace ſent, and pray'd him earneſtly,  
That he might one of his own houſhold be,  
Where he might live in peace, and reſt ſecure,  
Under the covert of his royal bow'r.  
For well he knew that ſome envious were,  
At favours which the king beſtow'd him there.  
No wonder, for he reſcu'd in few days,  
All Guyen land, to his immortal praiſe,  
In ſpite of all the South'ron's force and pow'r,  
Syne made them ſcamper off themſelves and ſcour.  
And when he fairly did it thus reduce,  
Did place the South'ron all to Burdeaux.  
Then two full years remain'd at the French court,  
And was diverted with all princely ſport.  
King, lords and ladies, much of him did make,  
Both for his own and ancient Scotland's ſake.  
'Cause 'twixt the kingdoms, there had been ſo long,  
A kind alliance, and a very ſtrong.

R



## C H A P. II.

*How Wallace kill'd the two French Champions.*

WITH the French king did dwell two champions  
Who mortally did the Scots Hero hate. (great,  
Express'd themselves in most satyric joke,  
And with disdain 'gainst Scotland always spoke.  
Which fired our brave champion very soon,  
With him such language would not well go down.  
This verifies the proverb, we may see,  
Two of a trade in one place ne'er agree.  
Save in the case of these French champions, who  
Linked in others arms did always go.  
At length it so fell out, and chanc'd that they  
Were all three left upon a certain day,  
Themselves alone discoursing in a hall,  
Where they no weapons us'd to wear at all.  
There did the champions talk of Scotland long,  
With great contempt, which Wallace said was wrong  
Since both our nations live in friendship great,  
And firm alliance, what means all this hate.  
Did we not help you lately in your need,  
We do deserve good words, for our good deeds.  
What would you say of the proud South'ron foe,  
When of your friends, you talk at random so?  
With slighting words, in their own language, they  
Disdainfully reply'd, and did say.  
The South'ron are our foes, we grant and own,  
But Scots for falsehood, every-where are known.  
At which good Wallace was enraged so,  
One of the champions got a fearful blow,  
Which foundred the proud coxcomb where he stood,  
Made mouth and nose gush out in streams of blood.  
The other struck at Wallace in great haste,  
Not doubting but his friend was now deceas'd.  
Whom Wallace gripp'd so fast and wond'rous fore,  
His spirit departed, and he ne'er spake more.

The first arose, and smote at Wallace fast,  
 But their death strokes he gave them both at last,  
 Upon a pillar he dash'd out their brains,  
 And said, let them take that up for their pains,  
 What devil ail'd the carles, they're to blame,  
 It would been long e'er I had troubled them.  
 Unto themselves, they only owe their pakes,  
 If they have won, let them take up their stakes.  
 And let all others learn when they are young,  
 Strickly to bridle the unruly tongue.  
 Many great lords of the first rank in France,  
 Were much displeas'd at this unlucky chance,  
 But the good king who knew the story all,  
 Did wave the thing, and kindly let it fall;  
 And did exoner Wallace the same day,  
 So after that no man had ought to say,  
 Nor once durst give him but a saucy look,  
 Or yet play boo unto his blanket nook.

## C H A P. III.

*How Wallace kill'd the Lion.*

**T**HE King of France by no means does neglect,  
 To put on Wallace marks of great respect,  
 For many battles had he fought and won,  
 And for the king great fates and service done.  
 Had Guyen land from South'ron foes redeem'd,  
 And was a mighty conqueror esteem'd.  
 Which gall'd the courtiers, almost put them mad,  
 That he was in such estimation had.  
 And cause he had the two French champions kill'd,  
 Were with envy, great spite and malice fill'd.  
 For plainly they discover'd now and saw,  
 It was the king protect'd him from the law.  
 For which two squires hellishly do plot,  
 How to destroy the brave heroic Scot.  
 Who near relations were, as you must know,  
 Unto the late deceased champions two.  
 And in this manner do they undertake  
 The Wallace brave, a sacrifice to make.

The king a cruel lion had, which scarce  
Could be govern'd, was so exceeding fierce;  
Which the two squires knowing, by and by,  
Came to the king, and forg'd a curled lie.  
This Scot, said they, his brag and boast doth make,  
And plainly says, that he will undertake  
To fight your lion, if you'll freely give  
Him your allowance, liberty and leave.  
This he desired us of you to ask,  
We're sure he'll have a most difficult task.  
To which, with great concern, reply'd the king,  
I'm sorry he desires such a thing,  
Yet I will not deny, whate'er may chance,  
The favour that he'll ask me, while in France.  
Gladly they went away to Wallace, where,  
Like rogues they counterfeited the story there.  
Wallace said they, the king commands that you  
Will fight his lion without more ado.  
Wallace replies, whatever is his will,  
Unto my pow'r most gladly I'll fulfill.  
Then to the king did instantly repair.  
A lord at court when he saw Wallace there,  
Most foolishly, ask'd him if he durst fight  
With the fierce lion, who reply'd on sight.  
Yes truly, if the king would have it so,  
Or with yourself, I fear none of the two.  
Let cowards from kings courts be all debarr'd,  
I may be worsted, but shall ne'er be dar'd,  
So long's my nostrils any breath retains,  
Or Scottish blood does circle in my veins,  
Like a true Scot, I'll fight and scorn to fly,  
For why, I know that man is born to die.  
Then by the king, in short, it granted was,  
That Wallace might unto the lion pass.  
Yet all this time knew nothing of the plot,  
So deeply laid against the noble Scot.  
Nor in the matter further did enquire,  
Thinking it was good Wallace own desire.  
Mean-time, of him so tender was the king,  
He order'd harness quickly there to bring.  
No, Wallace said, I leave that to the field,  
Almighty God shall only be my shield.  
Since this is but a beast, and not a man,  
With what I have, I'll fight him as I can.



And will encounter single as I go,  
 This strong rapacious, cruel savage foe.  
 About one hand he did his mantle wrap,  
 And in the other did his broad sword clap,  
 Then briskly without any further stay,  
 Came to the place where the fierce lion lay.  
 Who ramping rose, against him where he stood,  
 Dreadfully roar'd, expecting present blood.  
 Then Wallace drew a stroke from neck to heel,  
 With his good sword, made of the burnish'd steel.  
 And gave the lion such a dreadful blow,  
 As cut his body cleverly in two.  
 Then to the king he call'd aloud in ire,  
 Pray, Sir, said he, is this your whole desire?  
 Thus to expose me to the rage and will  
 Of your fierce lion, have you more to kill?  
 Cause bring them forth, such beasts since I must quell,  
 I will obey, so long's I with you dwell.  
 But now of France, for ever I take leave,  
 Some greater action I may soon achieve.  
 At Shemon, Sir, I thought the other year,  
 You would have other business for me here,  
 Than fight a cruel savage beast, wherefore,  
 To ancient Scotland I'll return once more.  
 The king perceiving Wallace in a fire,  
 Meekly reply'd, it was your own desire.  
 Else by the faith of a most Christian King,  
 I never would allow of such a thing.  
 For men of honour ask'd it in your name,  
 So you or they are only for to blame.  
 Wallace reply'd, I vow to the great God,  
 This seems to me a thing both strange and odd.  
 By all that's good, no higher can be sworn,  
 I know no more on't than the child unborn.  
 Of honour sure I have a better taste,  
 Than to be proud to fight a savage beast.  
 This is a trick devis'd by some of those  
 Who are my secret and malicious foes.  
 The king conceiving there was falsehood wrought,  
 Caus'd both the squires quickly to be brought:  
 Who, when they came, the crime could not deny:  
 But plainly did confess the treachery  
 For which and other most ungodly deeds.  
 The king commanded to strike off their heads.

Thus came the squires to their fatal end,  
As did the champions, to all men be't kend.  
The champions first, for their disdain and stout  
At Scotland, justly got their brains beat out.  
The squires next, for malice and envy,  
Did lose their heads, and most deservedly  
For our instruction then, we may reflect,  
Nothing from justice villains can protect.  
Each rogue, altho' with nick he should combine,  
Shall be discover'd, either soon or syne  
And may be certain of a rogue's reward,  
Virtue and honour who does not regard;  
As in the sacred scriptures we may read,  
But to my purpose further I proceed.  
When Wallace saw the court envy'd him so,  
To Scotland then he purposed to go:  
To aid his country, and to take his chance,  
Despising all the wealth he had in France.  
Once more his native land for to relieve,  
Which South'ron foes did now afflict and grieve.  
And to its pristine freedom it restore,  
Or else he vow'd that he should die therefore.  
The king perceiving Wallace that way bent,  
Gave him the letter that was lately sent  
From the Scots lords, which he read and perus'd,  
Then told the king he must have him excus'd,  
For he in France no longer could remain,  
But must return to Scotland back again.  
Since that his country was distressed so,  
Being invaded by the South'ron foe,  
But to abridge my story and be short,  
Wallace takes leave of king and all the court.  
At which the king did sorrowful appear,  
And to the chamber quickly did retire.  
Jewels and gold he gave him in that hour,  
For to support his honour and grandeur.  
But lords and ladies did lament and grieve,  
And weeped sore when Wallace took his leave.  
No man he took with him of note or might,  
To Scotland back, but Longoville the knight.  
Who loved Wallace with so true a heart,  
Whate'er befall would ne'er from him part.  
Towards the Sluce in goodly order past,  
A vessel got, and made to sea at last,

Eight seamen had, as good as were alive,  
And then at Tay did safely all arrive.

## C H A P. IV.

*How Wallace came again to Scotland, and the Battle  
of Elchock Park.*

WALLACE in silent watches of the night,  
Did land his men, long time e'er it was light.  
And by good luck, before the break of day,  
The ship shear'd off, and safely got away.  
From Ein's mouth, to Elchock-quickly then,  
He march'd with eighteen stout brave valiant men.  
Who when he had approached pretty near  
To Crawford's house, his own relation dear,  
In the backside, a window there did find,  
Thro' which he call'd for his cousin kind :  
Who when he knew that it was Wallace wight,  
Did not delay, but came to him on fight.  
Embrac'd and kiss'd, you may be very sure,  
It was a blythsome, glad, and joyful hour.  
How to dispose of Wallace and his men,  
Was the next point to be consider'd then.  
How to secure them, till they got some rest,  
And were with meat and drink, and sleep refresh'd.  
In a great mow of corn he them did darn,  
Most cunningly within a spacious barn,  
On the north side a private hole was wrought,  
Thro' which they had all due provision brought.  
For bed and board, nothing they lack'd at all,  
The time they lodg'd within that threshing hall.  
In their corn-castle most securely dwelt,  
For several days, and no disturbance felt.  
Till meat fell short unto the honest core,  
Then to St Johnstoun, Crawford went for more.  
Where subtil South'ron foes, most cunningly,  
Took notice what provision he did buy ;  
And thought the quantity a great deal more,  
Than he was wont to buy in times before.  
For which, immediately they him suspect,  
And honest Crawford's gripp'd by the neck.  
Where BREVI MANU, without any shade  
Of law or justice, he's in prison laid.



What guests hast thou, said one, and for who's sake  
Does thou so mighty great provision make.  
Crawford reply'd, Sir, I have ne'er a guest,  
All this is only for a kirking feast.  
But it was dreaded, and alledg'd by some,  
That Wallace he from France was lately come,  
And that they might know whether it was true,  
Most subtilly devise what next to do.  
Sets Crawford free, and in good harness then,  
Do quickly put eight hundred chosen men,  
And at a due convenient distance, from  
Good honest Crawford, they do dog him home.  
Whom, when good Wallace saw, he did exclaim  
Against his conduct, said he was to blame,  
Who did expose himself so much unto  
The cunning notice of the South'ron foe.  
In sleep this night, by vision, I was told,  
That thou had me unto the South'ron sold.  
Sir, that shall be the last thing I'll attempt,  
My neck has no such itching after hemp.  
Black be their cast, great rogues, to say no more,  
Their generation all I do abhor.  
Yea, for my country, since I went away,  
I did expect my dearest blood should pay,  
And that I should no doubt a martyr been,  
And never more the Scottish Hero seen.  
The prison strong and cruel, where I lay,  
Will testify the truth of what I say.  
Quickly get up, and take you to the fields,  
I greatly fear the rogues are at my heels,  
I'll give you all the assistance that I can,  
For I myself shall be the twentieth man.  
The worthy Scots got up with merry speed,  
Unto their arms, and were not slack indeed.  
Then suddenly, the South'ron all appear,  
Eight hundred men in armour bright and clear.  
And on their head was Butler that young knight,  
To twenty men a formidable fight.  
When Wallace saw his number was so few,  
He from the plains to Elchock park withdrew.  
Where he a certain sort of pass espy'd,  
Which nat'rally was so well fortify'd,  
With great and close-grown hollin on each hand,  
As might the South'ron's first attack withstand.

Great long tall trees across he there did lay.  
Then to his men courageously did say.  
The wood is thick, tho' small in breadth and length,  
Had we but meat enough, we'd keep the strength.  
Mean-time let us go on with heart and hand,  
And bravely fight so long as we can stand:  
For our old native country valiantly,  
Come let us to it, either do or die.  
Before they gain the pass, I'm much inclin'd,  
To lay some of their bellies to the wind.  
By this young Butler, eager, keen, and croufs,  
With all his men surrounded Crawford's house:  
But came too late, as he himself did own,  
He got the nest, but all the birds were flown.  
Poor Crawford's loving wife they seiz'd anon,  
And ask'd at her what way the Scots were gone.  
She would not tell for boast, nor yet reward.  
Then Butler said, too long thou hast been spar'd.  
And caus'd build a great prodigious fire,  
Then swore an oath, in horrid wrath and ire,  
That he would burn her quick, flesh, blood and bone,  
If she conceal'd what way the Scots were gone.  
Pray hold thy hand, said Wallace, do not so,  
For here I am, I own myself thy foe.  
Would thou torment an honest sakeless wife,  
Come forth to me, and we shall end the strife.  
It were great sin to kill the female Scot,  
Art thou a Christian, tell me, yea, or not:  
In all my victories, I here declare,  
Priests, women, children always lib'rate were.  
When Butler had good Wallace fairly seen,  
And that he was alone upon the green.  
He threw his face, sometime his lip did bite.  
His bosom swell'd with venom and with spite.  
It was no wonder, for to tell you plain,  
Wallace had both his dad and good fire slain.  
The South'ron then fiercely march up at length,  
And Wallace he retir'd unto his strength.  
Most hardily the Englishmen began,  
Attacked sore with many a gallant man.  
But Scots within did make a strong defence,  
And South'ron foes were soon repuls'd from thence.  
Who at first entry, fifteen men had kill'd,  
With English corps the pass was almost fill'd.

At which they all retire a little back,  
In order to another fresh attack.  
Wallace beheld, and did distinctly see  
Butler the knight divide his men in three.  
You knight, said he, in war is so expert,  
And has it so engraven on his heart,  
That he unto a very point does know,  
Each stratagem, and nice punctilio.  
For by the disposition of his men,  
I know for certain, that he does intend,  
So soon as he with his fresh men comes back,  
Us in three different places to attack.  
A brisk and brave defence, then let us make,  
Dear Longoville, thou six with thee shall take.  
As many with good Crawford here shall go,  
And five with me to stop the cruel foe.  
In three divisions march the English sparks,  
Butler's divisions, Wallace nicely marks.  
To the old pass, without all dispute more,  
They march, and do attack it very fore.  
Design'dly Wallace let some South'ron in,  
But to get out, the way could never find.  
The first seven men that march'd in the front,  
When they got in, look'd most confounded blunt.  
Wallace's five, each one a fellow slew,  
And Wallace two, then bad the seven adieu.  
Butler was next, no further he durst pierce,  
But did retire, he saw the Scot's so fierce.  
Good Longoville and Crawford fought so sore,  
That time the South'ron sallied them no more.  
By this the stars appeared in their sight,  
Then suddenly approach'd the darksome night.  
Butler the watches set, to supper went,  
But griev'd that he his time had so ill spent.  
Mean-time he eats a very plenteous meal,  
Of good provisions, bread and English ale.  
While the brave Wallace nothing had at all,  
But Adam's ale, which we cold water call.  
Yet with a cheerful countenance could say,  
Chear up my lads, it is not long, to day.  
What tho' we all should fast one single night,  
We fast for honour, and for Scotland's right.  
Perhaps our foes that now so fully feed,  
The morrow's night shall no more victuals need.



The Earl York, who Perth with troops did fill,  
Commanded Butler to continue still,  
At Elchock park, and he would reinforce  
Him with a fresh supply of foot and horse.  
And that he would in person come,  
With sound of trumpet, and with beat of drums;  
Couragious York, upon my word, well spoke:  
Was he in earnest, pray, or but in joke;  
To offer such a reinforcement then,  
Unto eight hundred, against twenty men.  
This sure must add much to his lordship's praise,  
And blaze his character in after days.  
But Butler fain would have the Hero yield,  
Before that York appear'd upon the field.  
That he himself might have the praise alone,  
Thanks to you Butler, forty men to one  
Then to the park, the English knight draws near,  
And calls on Wallace, asking him what cheer.  
Good cheer, said Wallace, you may take my word;  
Then laid his hand upon his awful sword.  
Here is the blade that still keeps up my heart,  
And many a time has made the South'ron smart.  
With many a bloody wound, both wide and deep,  
And may do so this day before I sleep.  
We'll, said the Butler, that is not my fear,  
But I would talk a moment with thee here.  
Content, said Wallace, for a little hire,  
I will not stand to grant thee thy desire.  
Does thou not sore repent, said Butler, now,  
That thou my father, and good sire slew.  
No, Wallace said, tho' it were thy whole kin,  
To kill my foes, I never thought it sin,  
Come they my way, I'll do the best I can,  
As God me save, to kill them every man.  
And hope I shall a good occasion have  
With these two hands, to send thee to thy grave.  
That is not likely, said the Butler, now,  
My prisoner I'll make thee first, I trow.  
Mean-time what I desire, I pray thee grant,  
And what I promised thou shalt not want.  
With all my heart, said Wallace, every bit,  
If safety and true honour will permit.  
Then Butler said, what profit wilt thou reap,  
Here to abide, since thou cannot escape.

And since thou sees it may not better be,  
Leave off thy folly, yield thyself to me.  
With frowning face, and mighty great disdain,  
The Scottish Hero did reply again.  
So great a fool, I never hope to prove;  
I'll yield to none, but the great God above.  
To him each day, twice I do yield and bow,  
But little Murther knight, pray what art thou?  
Bids yield to thee, for all thy haste and heat,  
Faith that is not what I design as yet:  
And tho' we be but twenty Scots, what then?  
I mock thee much and thy eight hundred men.  
To worship God, says Butler, thou does well,  
And to thy Maker twice a-day to kneel;  
Yet dost thou folly, and no conduct show,  
When with my men thou art environ'd so,  
And close surrounded, no way to get out,  
Thus to debate, tho' thou were ne'er so stout.  
Therefore come forth, and make no more ado,  
Thou'll find my counsel wholesome words and true.  
With great disdain, Wallace he smil'd and leugh;  
And answer'ing said, Sir you have talk'd enough,  
For tho' all England had the contrair sworn,  
I'll cut my passage through you once the morn:  
Or else this night, believe me what I say,  
This shall be done before nine of the day.  
Butler was careful then, when it grew dark,  
To plant his watches all around the park.  
There Wallace staid, no ways alarm'd or fear'd,  
Until the twinkling morning star appear'd.  
A rocky mist fell down at break of day,  
Then thought he fit to make the best o's way.  
Who, when he had made strict search round about,  
Found a convenient place, and then broke out.  
Then hasten'd to the place where Butler lay,  
And round about him did great numbers slay.  
Most nobly fought each gallant worthy Scot,  
But Crawford he was wounded on the spot.  
Whom in a moment Wallace did rescue:  
Then at one stroke, he the bold Butler slew.  
Got Crawford up in his two arms ere long,  
And bravely did defend him in the throng.  
About him made great room where he did stand,  
And cut five South'ron down with his own hand.

Bore Crawford out in spite of all were round,  
Nine acres breadth before he set him down.  
The South'ron finding Butler to be dead,  
And thirty more, for which was no remead.  
Do view the corps, what could the men do more,  
And then condole their loss exceeding sore.  
Wallace by this was quite out of their sight,  
The mist had so eclipsed all the light.  
At which he smil'd, and said to Longville,  
Upon my word this mist assists us well.  
Then let us quickly march to Methven wood,  
Where we shall get provision very good,  
We fasted have so long, in truth I trow,  
It's almost time we had our breakfast now.  
But by the time they had got to the height,  
The sun display'd his beams and radiant light.  
By which they did perceive, immediately,  
Thirty and four men in a company.  
Then said good Wallace, be they friend or foe,  
We'll meet them, since their number is no moe.  
When they approach'd, a noble knight it was,  
And a true trusty friend, Sir Hugh Dundass.  
With him a prudent knight, brave Sir John Scot,  
Who in Strathern was then a man of note.  
And with Dundass's sister led his life,  
A virtuous lady, and a loving wife.  
They and their men the road were passing on,  
To pay their fewty to the South'ron.  
Because the Lord of Brechin's strict command,  
Had forc'd them basely thus to hold their land.  
Who, when they saw that it was Wallace wight,  
Gave thanks to God for that blythe welcome sight.  
Glad of the succour he had sent them there,  
To Methven wood with joyful hearts repair.  
Where they refresh'd themselves to their own mind,  
With such provisions as they there could find  
Then were they hearty, cliver, brave and tight,  
And unto Birnane wood march'd all that night.  
There they with Ruthven met in a short space,  
Who long had liv'd an out-law in that place.  
From thence they march, and unto Athol go,  
Where eatables were scarce, and friends also.  
Then pass to Lorn, as little found they there,  
Of wild and tame that land was stripped bare.



Wherefore they most religiously anon,  
Address the heavens, and make a piteous moan.  
Good Sir John Scot, said he would rather die,  
And starve with hunger, then with infamy,  
To live a rogue, or let himself be bound,  
A slavish subject to King Edward's crown.  
Wallace his own distress with patience bore,  
But for the rest, he groan'd and grieved sore.  
Of all this want, said he, I am the cause,  
Yet since it is for Scotland's right and laws,  
That thus we suffer by the divine will,  
Let none of us once grudge, or take it ill.  
For he that made us by his mighty pow'r,  
Can feed us by his providence, I'm sure,  
With him is noither found deceit nor guile.  
Stay here till I remove a little while.  
In a short space I shall return again.  
Then walked he o'er a hill unto the plain,  
Where in a forrest underneath an oak,  
He sat him down, with spirit almost broke.  
His sword and bow, he leaned to a tree,  
In anguish great, then on his face fell he.  
Ah wretch! said he, that ne'er could be content,  
With all the wealth that God unto thee sent;  
The lordships great, long since to thee assign'd,  
Could never please thy fierce unstable mind.  
Thy wilful will to make thy nation free,  
Thro' God's permission's, brought this woe to thee.  
For worthier by far, than ever I,  
With hunger now are like to starve and die.  
O God, I pray, relieve them of their pain.  
And let not this my prayer be in vain.  
Then after sighs, and meditation deep,  
He slumbered softly, and did fall asleep.  
Five bloody rascals, boldly, with one breath,  
Had bound themselves under the pain of death,  
To take the Wallace wight, dead or alive,  
Which prov'd their ruin, for old nick did drive.  
Three of the base assassins, English were,  
Scottish vile villains were the other pair.  
Three days before, they travell'd had about,  
Like bloody hounds to find the Hero out  
With them a boy that us'd to carry meat.  
Among the hills and rocky mountains great.

When Wallace did retire to his brave men,  
The rogues most privily were lurking then.  
Saw his departure, dogg'd him in his way,  
And knew the place exactly where he lay.  
In covert of the rocks they pass and peep,  
And plainly did perceive him fall asleep.  
Near to his person then the rogues approach,  
Thinking they had him fast within their lotch.  
And then the bloody hounds put it to the vote,  
To take alive, or kill him on the spot  
One said, could we get him but safe to Perth,  
It were our greatest honour upon earth.  
His sword and bow no safety more affords,  
Then let us tie, and bind him fast with cords.  
This we may do, I'm sure, at our own will,  
And lead him by the backside of yon hill,  
So that his men shall nothing thereof know.  
Content, said they, then all to work they go.  
And thought thro' force him prisoner to make,  
But brought to bed soon of a grand mistake.  
For when they gripp'd him, a sour face he made,  
What is the matter, then he boldly said?  
About he turn'd him, out his arms he threw,  
And with his fists, made them both black and blue.  
The fiercest and the stoutest man took he,  
And dash'd his brains all out against a tree.  
Then with unparallelled strength arose,  
In spite of his four other bloody foes.  
And boldly seized the dead fellow's sword,  
Wherewith he made sound payment, on my word,  
Another South'ron at a single stroke,  
He hewed down before he left the oak,  
The other three fought, but full soon were glad,  
To take them to their heels, and so they fled.  
But to escape they all in vain did strive,  
None could do so on foot from him alive  
Then following fast, their nimble speed he try'd,  
Gave them their mortal wound whereof they dy'd.  
As he returned from the rogues with joy,  
He met with, and said to the servant boy,  
What does thou here? who with a pale dead face,  
Fell on his knees, and humbly asked grace.  
I little have to do indeed, said he,  
I lately hired was, for meat and fee,

With yon five men, had I known their design,  
Such service ne'er had enter'd in my mind.  
What's that thou carriest boy? Sir, it is meat.  
Then come along with me, it's time to eat.  
Meat at this time, is better far than gold,  
It's worth at present, cannot well be told.  
Then with a chearful merry heart and glad,  
Went to his men, who all were quickly fed,  
With good roast meat, plenty of bread and cheese,  
And did their strength recover by degrees.  
Thus fifty-four refresh'd were, who before,  
Had fasted full three days, and somewhat more.  
O mighty miracle, to see (God knows)  
A sleeping man surrounded by his foes,  
Ly open to their fury on the field,  
All weaponless, no help, sword or shield:  
Exposed thus unto their barb'rous will,  
And yet for all their wrath, no power to kill.  
Fifty and four, with hunger almost starv'd,  
And yet from sword and famine both preserv'd.  
When all had fully eat, and drank also,  
How came this meat, said they, pray let us know.  
There, where the bloody rogues all dead did ly,  
He fed them, and disclos'd the mystery.  
Fy, Sir, said they, a Chiftain should beware,  
And not expose himself by half so far.  
To which he answer'd in a merry mood,  
No matter since the success has been good.  
But now, said he, let us consider soon,  
What is the proper thing next to be done:  
Since we are blest with such deliverance great,  
From starving hunger in our pinching strait;  
And I from the deceitful bloody foe:  
Let's thank good fate, and to the lowlands go.  
Mean-time, pray little boy, does thou know where  
We'll get provisions till we once come there?  
To which, he meekly answered again,  
No Sir, until we come to Rannach plain.  
There with that lord, great plenty you shall find,  
He serves King Edward, tho' against his mind.  
Then I'll be guide, said Wallace, to the shell,  
I know the place myself exactly well.  
Thro' that wild land he led them brave and right,  
And to the Rannach brought them safe at night.



Where they the watch did seize, that was a Scot,  
On which account, they spar'd and kill'd him not.  
Who told them the condition of the place,  
Which they commanded in a little space.  
The gate they won, for castle they had none,  
But a thick mud wall without slime or stone.  
Wallace in haste struck up the chamber door,  
Made it in pieces ly upon the floor.  
Then all in fear, from sleep start suddenly.  
The lord gets up, and does for mercy cry.  
But when he knew that it was Wallace wight,  
Most heartily he thank'd the God of might.  
I was a true man all my life until  
I vanquish'd was by South'ron 'gainst my will.  
All Scots we are that now before you stand,  
And ready to obey what you command.  
Since for this land so great things you have done,  
What Scotsman dare hold his face to the sun,  
And yet resist you in so good a cause,  
Defending of our liberty and laws:  
If any one be found that is so bad,  
I'm very sure that fellow's worse than mad.  
Then all did promise with uplifted hands,  
Most frankly to obey his just commands.  
And the more fully to confirm the thing,  
Did swear allegiance to their righteous king.  
Then merrily went all to meat, I trow.  
No wonder, for the case was alter'd now.  
This lord with mighty pleasure also told,  
He had three sons, all valiant stout and bold,  
And twenty of his own near kinsmen more,  
As good as ever sword or target bore:  
Ready to serve him both with heart and hand,  
For the true honour of their king and land.  
To heaven, then Wallace turning up his eye,  
I thank thee, O my God, for this supply.  
Then did they pass the day as seemed best,  
At night set watches, and went all to rest.  
But on the morrow when the day did peep,  
Wallace arose fully refresh'd with sleep.  
And to the fields took all his men at length,  
To know what was his perfect real strength.  
There did he muster all his little force,  
And thanked God that matters were not worse.

Then to his men he champion-like did say,  
The royal banner, let us now display,  
For under it most faithfully we'll fight,  
In the defence of brave old Scotland's right.  
Ourselves no longer we'll abscond and hide,  
Friends will flock to us now on every side.  
They took such horses as they there could find,  
Then to Dankell march'd all with chearful mind.  
The English bishop to St. Johnstoun hastes,  
Wallace was none of his beloved guests.  
The Scots soon took the place, and in a word,  
Put all the South'ron quickly to the sword.  
On good provisions then did nobly fare,  
Which the Lord Bishop for himself brought there.  
Silver and gold, fine jewels there they got,  
All that their heart could wish they wanted not.  
Five days rejoicing merrily they spent,  
And on the sixth Wallace to council went.  
We have not men enough, said he, you know,  
Perth to invest, therefore we'll northward go  
In Ross our friends have made a strength, I'm told,  
Hear they of us, they'll come like warriors bold.  
Good Bishop Sinclair is in Bute also,  
Who when he hears the news, will not be slow  
To come and take his fate with chearful heart,  
He never yet did fail to act his part.  
The Westland men, when warn'd, we'll get them all,  
I never yet did know them sit my call,  
For like brave men, this region they throughout,  
Have been with me at many a bloody-bout.  
The council then with one voice did conclude,  
As he propos'd, for all was very good.  
They mount their horses, march without delay.  
The Englishmen kept all out of their way,  
Those that possess the strengths, staid within doors.  
The rest of them crept close in holes and bores.  
For all began to flee and scatter, from  
The very time they heard he was come home.  
Then with an army strong, the Scots at last,  
Most awfully thro' all the kingdom past.  
Strengths were deserted by the South'ron then,  
And soon possessed by the Scottishmen.  
Who in good order now, as could be seen,  
Seven thousand strong march all to Aberdeen.

But frighted South'ron post away in haste,  
And leave the town all desolate and waste.  
In all the land left nothing more or less.  
Lord Beaumont took the sea at Buchanness.  
Clement the knight of Ross, appeared then,  
With a brave company of gallant men.  
Took in the house of Nairn, with that brave core,  
The South'ron captain slew, and many more.  
From Buchan, and from Murray came anon,  
Numbers of Scots, in quest of Beaumont's gone.  
Who missing him, to Wallace march on sight,  
'Mongst whom was Sir John Ramfay that brave knight:  
Whom, when he saw, with many others there,  
That long ago his bold companions were,  
How pleas'd he was, I scarcely can describe,  
But thought himself the happiest man alive.  
Thus he the Northern parts recover'd, and  
Made good men judges over all that land.  
When this was done, that no time might be lost,  
March'd to St Johnstoun streight with all his host.

C H A P. V.

*The Siege of St Johnstoun.*

**W**ALLACE the town does here besiege, in short,  
And keeps a sturdy guard at ev'ry port.  
Where Bishop Sinclair came to him on sight,  
With cliver lads from Bute, all young and tight.  
Lindsay and Boyd, who did him ne'er beguile,  
From Arran came, and from the Rauchly Isle.  
As did the baron bold of great renown,  
Brave Adam Wallace then of Richardtown.  
In all the road no enemy durst be,  
Some fled away by land, and some by sea.  
Seaton and Lauder, and good Lundie now,  
Came in a barge to his assistance too  
And in the haven did their anchors cast,  
Where they two English ships secured fast.  
The one they burnt, the other loaden well,  
With warlike stores, and sturdy men in steel.  
To watch the port, they stritly were oblig'd,  
That men nor victuals, pass to the besieg'd.



From south to north, the flying South'ron mourn,  
Some left their lives in pledge they would return.  
The South'ron bishop that fled from Dunkell,  
To London rode, and told all that befell.  
Edward he sends for Aymer Vallance now,  
And asks at him what he thought best to do.  
Who like a traitor, answered, and said,  
Doubtless he by a friend must be betray'd,  
Or by some of his bone companions sold,  
Who have best liking to the English gold.  
For which I shall myself to Scotland go,  
And try the treason whether yea or no.  
King Edward therefore sign'd to him a band,  
That he would ratify and firmly stand,  
To whatsoever bargain he would make.  
Thus Vallance does the treason undertake.  
To Scotland comes, at Bothwell did arrive,  
To execute the plot he did contrive.  
Unto Sir John Montieth, express did send,  
To come and speak with him at Rutherglen:  
Who, when he came, disclosed all his mind,  
And laid before Sir John the whole design.  
I know, said he, that you no stranger are  
Unto the news of this new bloody war,  
Which, if it be not soon put to a stand,  
Will prove destructive to our native land:  
Nothing but blood and rapine we can see,  
Which will our great misfortune always be,  
So long as Wallace lives, who late and air,  
Insults King Edward boldly every-where.  
The country thus harass'd on every hand,  
There's neither trade nor culture in our land.  
Now good Sir John, if you'll advised be,  
To take a wholesome counsel once from me:  
It's in your pow'r to be an Earl now,  
And to do service to your country too.  
I know you are for certain one of those,  
In whom Sir William Wallace does repose  
Great trust and confidence in each respect,  
O would you then but grip him by the neck.  
As lords and earls, we might live and reign,  
Under King Edward our most gracious king.  
Fy, said Monteith, it were a mighty shame!  
Yea, you and I, shall both be much to blame,

If we betray a man, who late and soon,  
To king and country hath such service done.  
He's of our nation, and our forces all,  
Both Governor, and captain General.  
For my part, I declare, come well or wo,  
I'll never condescend to treat him so.  
Vallance reply'd, if you but understood,  
How great a shedder he's of Christian blood,  
You would not plead for him so much, I'm sure,  
But rather contribute to break his power.  
Besides, the King, could he but end the strife,  
Has no design to take away his life:  
But to confine him, so as make him cease  
From war, and not disturb the common peace.  
This put Monteith unto a little stand,  
Who wish'd that Wallace were in Edward's hand,  
Providing he his life would only spare,  
And make all good that Vallance promis'd there.  
When Vallance saw Monteith thus in a muse,  
Most cunningly his little time did use.  
Then in a moment down he quickly told  
Three thousand pound of finest English gold.  
This you shall have, and Lennox at your will,  
If that you the King's desire will now fulfill.  
Then he who was brave Wallace friend before,  
The strong temptation could resist no more:  
But did resign his honour and himself,  
To act the treason for the love of self.  
Receiv'd the gold, and then was strictly bound,  
To carry Wallace safe to English ground;  
And there to put him in the South'ron's hand,  
For which, he should be Lord of Lennox land.  
This Vallance promis'd to him without fail,  
Sign'd and confirm'd it with King Edward's seal.  
Thus part the villains, Wallace immortal foes,  
And Aymer Vallance straight to London goes.  
The curst tydings he did quickly bring,  
Of his good success, to the English king.  
The contract shows, told every thing that pass'd,  
And did obtain his gracious thanks at last.  
Which melancholy story makes me mourn.  
But to St. Johnstoun siege I now return.  
Where Wallace lay besieging all that time,  
Not dreaming of the treasonable crime.

Mean time, five hundred South'ron, bold and stout,  
Early one morning briskly sallied out,  
At the South port, against Dundas and Scot,  
Where they got a reception mighty hot.  
The English fought it for a while, but then  
Retir'd with no less loss than fourscore men.  
Yet tho' they were at that time soundly beat,  
They took the knight Dundas in the retreat.  
Presented him before the Earl York,  
Which put an end unto that morning's work.  
The knight Dundas nothing at all did find,  
But what was civil and exceeding kind.  
The Earl York, so merciful was he,  
Most gen'rously dismiss'd and set him free.  
For which the grateful Wallace by and by,  
Return'd him hearty thanks most courteously.  
Assuring him upon his honour, that  
He would his kindness soon retaliate.  
The Earl now of Fife, who had a truce  
With Edward, but an honest heart to Bruce;  
Perceiving Wallace like a faithful leige,  
To carry on the war, came to the siege.  
With him John Vallance, who was sheriff then  
Of Fife, and a brave train of goodly men.  
Into the ditch, faggots put very fast:  
Around the stakes, heather and hay they cast.  
With trees and earth they made a passage clear,  
Then o'er the walls do march quite void of fear.  
The South'ron they briskly resist again,  
While at the wall a thousand men were slain.  
Couragiously Wallace his men leads on,  
And hew'd down all before him, every bone.  
Of South'ron foes did dreadful havock make,  
But sav'd the Earl for Dundas's sake.  
In wax a lion on his cloak did set,  
As a safe conduct when with Scots he met.  
Gold in abundance there he told him down,  
And safely caus'd convoy him out of town.  
Women and children freely he let pass,  
As, still before, his gen'rous custom was.  
Then all the country liv'd in peace and rest,  
And with true Scots the town was re-possess'd.  
Thus having vanquish'd his proud South'ron foes,  
With cheerful heart straight to the south he goes.



Edward the Bruce, who had in Ireland been  
 The year before, is now in Scotland seen.  
 With fifty of his mother's noble kin,  
 Attacks Kircudbright, boldly enters in.  
 And with those fifty, for he had no more,  
 Most gallantly he vanquished nine score.  
 To Wigtoun next he and his men are gone,  
 The castle took, for it was left alone.  
 Where Wallace and his men did not neglect,  
 To meet him with all humble due respect.  
 Unto Lochmabane, then most chearfully,  
 Marched that brave and gallant company.  
 Where Wallace, like a true and faithful Scot,  
 Religi'd command to Edward, and why not.  
 And promis'd that if Robert Bruce, the King,  
 Did not come home in person for to reign,  
 He should in that case certainly and soon,  
 Have the imperial ancient Scottish crown.  
 Prince Edward in Lochmabane tarry'd still,  
 And Wallace went to Cumnock with good will.  
 Then with his friends he met at the Black Bog,  
 And with them drank a blyth and hearty cog.  
 Unto King Edward, news came recking hot,  
 Of all the victories that Wallace got.  
 And how he Scotland did again reduce,  
 And that he had received Edward Bruce.  
 The English commons deeply swore and said,  
 That Scotland they would never more invade,  
 For that it was great madness to go there,  
 If the Scots Champion Wallace living were.  
 Then to Monteith Edward wrote privily,  
 Told him the time was now fast passing by.  
 Dispatch, said he, the thing you took in hand,  
 For which you have my gold, and I your band.  
 The false Monteith read o'er the letter all,  
 And then in haste his sister's son did call,  
 To whom the plot he did discover all,  
 And made him swear he would not it reveal.  
 On Wallace wait, said he, and frankly tell,  
 You would with him as a domestic dwell.  
 Which if he grants, you must be very sure,  
 To watch him nicely, and the very hour,  
 When all alone securely taking rest,  
 Give me a call, and then I'll do my best.

The villain promis'd that it should be done.  
 Then gets himself in Wallace service soon.  
 But the brave Wallace never had a thought,  
 Of what the false Monteith against him wrought.  
 And he who now had Scotland thrice set free,  
 Nothing design'd but lasting peace to be.  
 For much fatigu'd with a long tedious war,  
 He thought it more illegible by far,  
 To serve God and his King in his old days,  
 That he in heaven might sing eternal praise.

## C H A P. VI.

*Now Wallace was betray'd by Sir John Monteith,  
 carry'd to England, and martyr'd there.*

**T**HAT Wallace foes might him no more traduce,  
 Jop quickly is dispatch'd away to Bruce,  
 Most earnestly beseeching he'd come down  
 To Scotland, and receive the ancient crown.  
 Since there was none that now durst him oppose,  
 Having subdued all his South'ron foes.  
 When Jop's credentials Bruce had fully read,  
 His heart exulted, and was mighty glad.  
 With his own hand he back to Wallace wrote.  
 And thank'd the Hero for a loyal Scot,  
 Intreating him the matter to conceal,  
 And quickly he would out of England steal.  
 To meet me then, said Bruce, be very sure,  
 The first of July next on Glasgow muir.  
 And let your company be very few,  
 For I shall have but a small retinue.  
 Which when good Wallace read, blyth was his thought,  
 And all his household then to Glasgow brought.  
 That month he order'd them there to bide,  
 Kierly he took with him each night to ride,  
 And the young man that false Monteith had sent,  
 None but those two knew what way Wallace went.  
 The vile young villain on the eighteenth night,  
 Warned Monteith, who sixty men on sight,  
 Caus'd mount, that were his own kinsmen born,  
 And deeply all unto the treason sworn.  
 Who from Dumbarton march, fy on them, fy,  
 And near to Glasgow town march privily.  
 A cunning spy out as a watch they sent,  
 To notice and observe where Wallace went.

Rabreston it was near to the way side,  
And but one house where he us'd to bide.  
There walk'd on foot till midnight it was past,  
Kierly and he lay down to sleep at last.  
Charg'd the young rogue, from whom no harm he fear'd,  
To waken him if any man appear'd.  
But as he soundly slept, the traitor bold,  
His uncle met, and like a villain, told,  
That now it was the only golden time  
For him to perpetrate the wicked crime.  
Then all the cursed vile barbarian crew,  
Surround the house, and honest Kierly slew.  
The ruffian servant, he to work does fall,  
Steals Wallace sword, his dagger, bow and all.  
To bind him then with cords, the barb'rous byke,  
Surround the Hero, but he Sampson-like,  
Got to his feet, finding no other tool,  
Broke one rogue's back with a strong wooden stool.  
And at a second blow, with little pains,  
Beat out another souty rascal's brains.  
As many as upon him hands could lay,  
By force do think to carry him away  
On foot alive, but that prov'd all in vain,  
He on the spot choos'd rather to be slain.  
At which the false Monteith his silence broke,  
And subtilly thus unto Wallace spoke.  
So long you have continu'd here alone,  
That notice is unto the South'ron gone,  
Who have beset this house all round about,  
That by no means at all you can get out.  
With the Lord Clifford, who doth here command,  
And with his party at the door doth stand,  
I spoken have, who promises your life  
Shall be most safe, if you'll give o'er your strife:  
That to Dumbarton you shall with me pass,  
And be as safe at home as e'er you was.  
You likewise see that we no weapons have,  
We came in mighty haste your life to save.  
Wallace believing he would do no wrong  
To him, who had his gossip been so long,  
Made the Monteith to swear he would fulfill  
What he had promis'd, then came in his will.  
As prisoner, the South'ron must you see,  
Or else by force they'll take you Sir from me.



Said false Monteith, then sily on his hands,  
They slipped cunning and most cruel bands,  
Which underneath, with ficker cords they drew.  
Alas ! the Bruce that binding sore may rue :  
For Scotland's ruin quickly came about,  
Occasion'd by the lois of Wallace stout.  
Who, when led out, little or nothing said,  
But missing Kierly, knew he was betray'd.  
Then was he carry'd south o'er Solway sands,  
And left in Vallance and Lord Clifford's hands.  
To Carlisle prison with him they do scour,  
Which to this day is call'd Wallace's tower.  
Some writers please to say, but that's not sound,  
That Wallace martyr'd was in Berwick town :  
That could not be, I'm very sure, for then,  
It was possess'd by brave bold Scottish men.  
For which, the traitors went not by the Merse,  
Nor durst they march thro' Berwick for their arse.  
Scotland, alas ! to whom wilt thou complain !  
From tears, alas ! how can thou now refrain !  
Since thy best help is falsely brought to ground,  
And Chistain bold in cruel fetters bound :  
Oh ! who will thee defend in thy true right,  
Or like brave Wallace ever shine so bright :  
Thy grief and anguish now approacheth fast,  
Thou shalt in sorrow soon be left at last ;  
Thy general, and noble governor,  
Is too, too nigh his last and fatal hour :  
Who shall defend thee now, and make thee free,  
Alas ! in war, who shall thy leader be ?  
Who shall thee now rescue from Saxon rage,  
And who their wrath and fury can assuage ?  
I say no more, but beg God of his grace,  
Miy thee in haste restore to wealth and peace :  
Brave Wallace now shall thee govern no more,  
Who to thy rights restor'd thee thrice before.  
'Mongst Wallace men, at Glasgow where they lay,  
Great sorrow was, when they found him away.  
Unto Lochmabane, Longoville did pass,  
In mighty haste, where good Prince Edward was,  
Where he, in greatest grief and sorrow, swore  
He never would depart from Scotland more ;  
Nor yet his native land of France would see,  
On Wallace's foes, till he aveng'd should be.

Thus did that knight in Scotland still remain,  
Until the Bruce returned home again.  
Was with the king when he St Johnstoun took,  
The second man that enter'd, says the book :  
With Charters lands was gifted by the king,  
From whom the Charters ever since do spring.  
Robert the Bruce came home on the third day,  
To Scotland after Wallace was away :  
And at Lochmabane with good Edward met,  
Where he the news of Wallace soon did get :  
At which, was so exceeding griev'd and sad,  
He almost lost his wits, was next to mad.  
Hold brother, Edward said, by all that's good,  
If we him lose, we shall revenge his blood :  
It's for your cause, he's now to England led,  
In your defence, Scotland he thrice hath free'd :  
And had he not a faithful subject been,  
The ancient kingdom we had never seen.  
Remember, when he offer'd was the crown,  
How he refus'd, and knock'd the project down :  
And now the traitor, that him basely sold,  
From you, he thinks, Dumbarton for to hold.  
Unto Dalswinton Edward order'd was,  
With men in arms, next day in haste to pass.  
And if he chanc'd to find the Cumming there,  
That by no means, his life he then should spare,  
Finding him not, they all return in peace :  
The king thereafter kill'd him in Dumfries.  
How that was done is needless to be shown,  
Since perfectly to every man it's known.  
First to the king came Douglas that brave knight,  
In all his wars, who worthy was and wight.  
Nor need I tell how Bruce did take the crown,  
And how Lord Soules deliver'd Berwick town,  
Galloway lost, how John of Lorn arose.  
Against the king with many other foes.  
How Brechin bold against the king did ride,  
With whom few honest Scotsmen did abide.  
And how the North was given from the King,  
Which made him long in painful war to reign.  
But Douglas still his loyalty did shew,  
And to the king was stedfast firm and true.  
A better chiftain, Bruce had never one,  
Save Wallace, who's without comparison.

Yet of the Douglas, more good knights have been,  
 Than in one house, was e'er in Scotland seen.  
 As Bruce's book doth plainly testify,  
 By Mr Barbour written faithfully.  
 With Clifford now, Wallace to London goes  
 A prisoner, among his mortal foes.  
 Then in a prison strong, clapt up was he,  
 Whose dismal hour King Edward long'd to see.

The following story favouring of the superstitious credulity of the people, and deceitful couzenage of the monks of these times, we have notwithstanding insert, lest we should seem at our own hands rashly to omit any thing that we found in our copy: to the end we may be admonished to study thankfulness to God, who hath now opened our eyes to see thro' the mist wherewith those former ages were blinded.

A monk there was in Bury abbey then,  
 The most religious of that sect of men,  
 Another there of the same order stood,  
 That knew his life chaste, innocent and good,  
 The younger monk, to know hid secrets fond,  
 Of the old Father did obtain a bond,  
 That after death he would return, and tell  
 What things he knew, concerning heaven and hell.  
 Whose spirit removing from the world vain,  
 Did at the time appointed come again,  
 To the young curious monk, in figure bright,  
 Fully resembling that of lantern light.  
 A fire-brand he in his forehead bore,  
 Which did surprise the monk, and fright him sore.  
 Then said a voice, God hath me granted grace,  
 To keep the promise I made in this place;  
 Where art thou now, I thee conjure to tell,  
 Said the young monk, whether in heaven or hell.  
 In purgatory, said the spirit, where  
 I must remain for half a year and mair.  
 And after that, shall have a passage even,  
 That will conduct, and lead me safe to heaven.  
 Yet unto thee I freely must declare,  
 Two, yet alive, shall be before me there.  
 The first of these, if you would know him then,  
 Hath in his life kill'd a great deal of men.



Yet shall a martyr die on Wednesday next,  
Which for that purpose is the day prefixt.  
I fear he shall not have so good a fate,  
Said the young monk, for God doth slaughter hate.  
It's Wallace, said the sp'rit, pray understand,  
That took a just and righteous war in hand :  
For his own country, 'gainst a cruel foe :  
Therefore to heav'n he certainly must go.  
Next a poor priest, to be commended much,  
Whose gratitude and thankfulness was such,  
That tho' his livings were but small and mean,  
Was satisfy'd, and never did complain.  
He certainly before me must also  
Unto the holy heavenly mansions go:  
I am the third, by the Almighty's grace,  
Brother he said, shall go unto that place.  
At which relation, said the curious monk,  
Tell I this story, folks will call me drunk,  
And tell me that I either dream or rave.  
Then said the sp'rit, this witness you shall have,  
The bells shall ring in spite of earthly pow'r,  
That day he's kill'd, the space of half an hour.  
Which came to pass, a thing both strange and odd,  
Was publish'd, and believ'd thro' Britain broad.  
The sp'rit departed, and the monk went home.  
But I proceed to Wallace's martyrdom.  
Who by the armed soldiers from his bed,  
Upon the fatal Wednesday forth was led:  
To be a victim to the South'ron's rage,  
Since nothing less their fury could alluage.  
Where meekly he casting his eyes about,  
Did for a priest religiously call out.  
Which Edward did refuse, and with next breath,  
Discharg'd his clergy all on pain of death.  
The Bishop then of Canterbury, broke  
Out in a holy passion, and thus spoke :  
Here I protest against such wickedness,  
In spite of thee, O King, I'll him confess,  
And if thro' force, thou stop me from this thing,  
I vow to God, my righteous heavenly King,  
O'er England all, I shall thee interdict,  
And make it known thou art a heretic.  
The holy sacrament I shall him give,  
Then take thy choice to starve or let me live.

It were more honour for thy crown, I say,  
To save his life, than thus to tak't away :  
Thou all thy life hast rung in sinful deed,  
As shall be seen on thee, or on thy seed.  
At which the King, inrag'd, commands to seize  
The holy Bishop, nothing else would please.  
His lords intreated he might not do so,  
But for the church's sake would let him go.  
Each good man thought the bishop in the right,  
Who gravely walk'd to Wallace upon sight :  
Hear'd his confession all unto the end,  
And humbly did his sp'rit to God commend.  
Then took his leave, no longer did abide,  
But to Westminster straight away did ride.  
Thirty long days, poor Wallace cruelly,  
They bound, and never did his hands or feet unty.  
Then with a chain unto an oaken stake,  
Most barbarously did fast the victim make.  
Next sent a clerk, to hear what he would say,  
O fatal, cruel, bloody Wednesday.  
Thou Scot, said he, that so great wrong hast done,  
Thou sees thy fatal hour approacheth soon,  
Thou should to mind recal thy wretched deeds,  
And seriously once more tell o'er thy beads,  
For now perforce, thou here must quickly die.  
To whom, the noble martyr did reply.  
You do not know whether I've done amiss,  
Your worthy bishop hath me promis'd bleiss.  
Thy rancour, malice, and thy cruel spite,  
Shall ne'er my courage, nor my conscience smite.  
My comfort is to know the way I go,  
My trouble, that I'm here so long below.  
Then said the clerk, I wonder at thy skill,  
Who might have had all Scotland at thy will,  
Providing that thou would thy arms lay down,  
And hold that kingdom of the English crown.  
Wallace reply'd, thou speaks a foolish thing,  
Had I got home, my own true righteous King,  
Cold death I should embrac'd, grievous and grim,  
Or else have made all England hold of him.  
Intirely then it should been in his will,  
What honest men to save, what rogues to kill.  
Well, said the clerk, I see thou wilt not grieve,  
For thy great sins, so long as thou dost live.

Thou's kill'd more men than any in thy time,  
And yet repents not of thy bloody crime.  
Methinks thou shouldst confess each sinful thing,  
And offer yet thy service to our king.  
At which the noble champion Wallace smil'd,  
And told the clerk that he was all beguil'd.  
I have, I grant, of South'ron slain a few,  
But not the half of what I wish'd, I vow.  
I mov'd no war, but to regain our own,  
As unto God and all the world's known.  
Therefore thy babling hold, let me alone;  
I in God's name command thee to be gone.  
At which, a Sheriff, who did there attend,  
The foolish railing clerk away did send.  
Wallace about him, from his child-hood kept,  
Where-e'er he went, whether he walk'd or slept,  
A psalter book, which he beseech'd the knight  
Lord Clifford, might be brought into his sight.  
Which done, he caus'd a priest upon the place,  
To hold it open straight before his face.  
On which he look'd, sometimes his eyes up cast,  
Religiously unto his very last.  
Then quickly came the executioner, who  
Gave him the fatal and the mortal blow.  
Thus in defence (that Hero ends his days)  
Of Scotland's right, to his immortal praise,  
Who's valiant acts were all recorded fair,  
Written in Latin by the famous Blair.  
Who at that time, the champion did attend,  
Was an eye-witness, and his chaplain then,  
And after that, as history does tell,  
Confirmed by Sinclair, Bishop of Dunkell.

F I N I S.



*Invida mors tristi Gulielmum funere Vallam.*

*Quæ cuncta tollit, sustulit*

*Et tanto pro cive, cinis pro finibus urna est,*

*Frigusque pro lorica obit.*

*Ille quidem terras loca se inferiora reliquit:*

*At fata factis suppressens.*

*Parte fui meliore solum cœlumque ; pererrat,*

*Hoc spiritu, illud gloria.*

*At tibi si inscriptum generoso pectus honesto,*

*Fuisset hostis proditi*

*Artibus Angle tuis in pœnas in partior esses,*

*Nec opacatim spargeres ;*

*Membra viri sacrandæ adytis, sed scin, quid in ista*

*Immanitate viceris.*

*Ut Valla in cunctas oras spargantur & horas,*

*Laudes tuumque dedecus.*

*The Author of the History of the Douglasses, hath  
translated the foresaid Verses thus :*

Envious death, who ruins all,  
Hath wrought the sad lamented fall,  
Of Wallace, and no more remains  
Of him, than what an urn contains.  
We ashes for our Hero have,  
He, for his armour, a cold grave :  
He left the earth, too low a state,  
And by his acts o'ercame his fate.  
His soul, death hath no power to kill,  
His noble deeds the world fill,  
With lasting trophies of his name.  
O ! hadst thou virtue lov'd, or fame,  
Thou couldst not have insulted so,  
Over a brave betrayed foe,  
Edward ! nor seen these limbs expos'd  
To public shame, fit to be clos'd,  
As relics in an holy shrine.  
But now the infamy is thine,  
His end crowns him with glorious bays,  
And stains the brightest of thy praise.

